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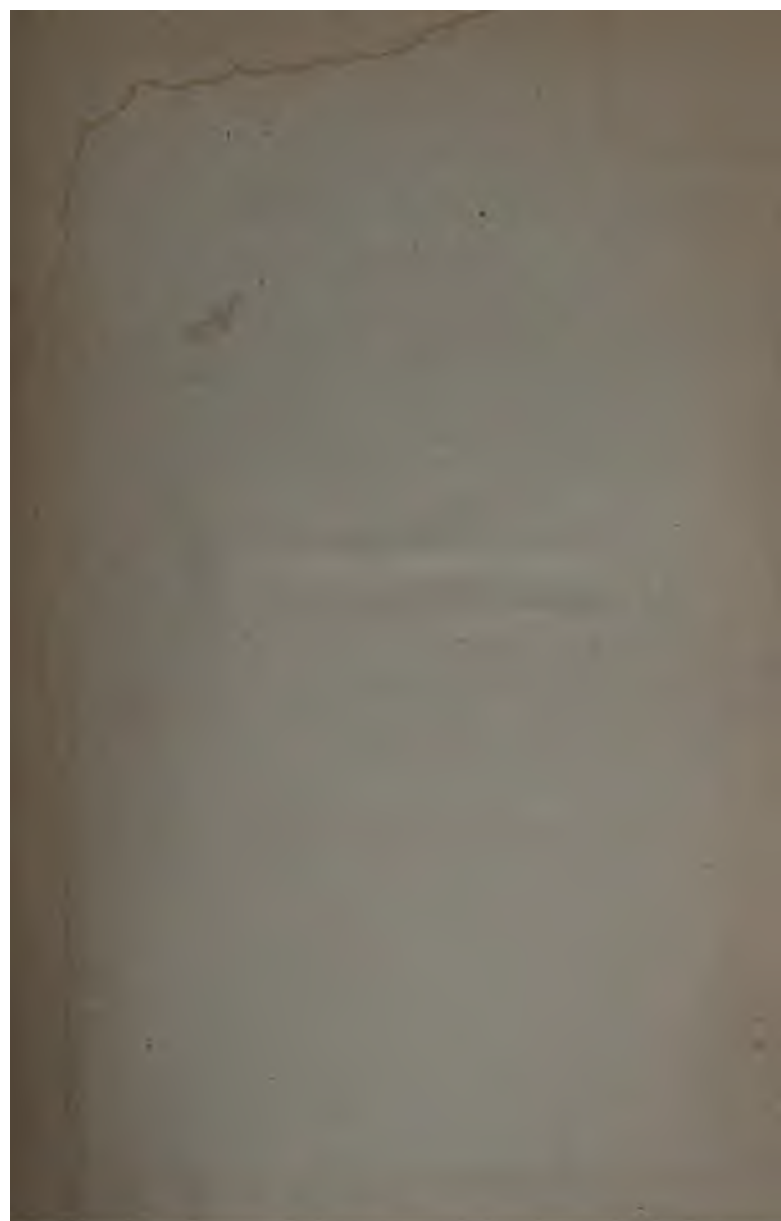
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Deen, H. H.

PREFACE.

THE narratives, anecdotes, etc., contained in the following pages are mostly taken from the writings of Friends, of ancient as well as of modern date. They have accumulated in the portfolio of the compiler during the last twenty years, and are now published with the hope that they may be found entertaining and instructive to young readers, and that the perusal of striking occurrences in the lives of members of our Society will lead to their books being sought after and read.

Although some of the articles are rather amusing than instructive, yet it is believed that a profitable lesson may be derived from the whole. The character for integrity and uprightness accorded to Quakers, and the counsel and example of our forefathers to walk under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, are legacies left to us who have succeeded them, and may well incite us to maintain the same standard, looking, as they did, unto the Author and Finisher of our faith for acceptance with the Father.

MARY S. WOOD.

NEW YORK, Fifth Month, 1857.

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AN EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

THE following account of a social meeting in New York, in 1839, was written from memory by a Friend who was present :

“Joseph John Gurney, having expressed a wish to meet the younger part of our Society in a social way, an invitation was circulated for them, and such others as inclined to attend, to assemble at the house of a Friend. About one hundred and eighty were convened ; and J. J. G., taking his place between the parlors, addressed the company in a familiar manner for about an hour. Sometimes every eye was seriously cast down by eloquent appeals to their hearts, and then again lighted up by some animated picture or genuine wit. This imperfect sketch will give but a faint idea of the very interesting subjects and graphic accounts to which we listened with delighted attention.

“He spoke of William Wilberforce, who was, of all men he ever knew, the most highly endowed by nature with great versatility of talent; he was very delicate—nursed in cotton from a boy—was small and deformed, or rather twisted; ‘yet what a great mind and gracious soul this body contained!’ At Norwich are held, in the fall of the year, many

meetings of benevolent societies ; and one autumn the house of the Gurneys, though large, was entirely engaged to their friends for the occasion. It was quite full, or engaged to be full ; but, hearing that Wilberforce was at a watering-place about thirty miles off, J. J. G. went to invite him to their house at the time of these meetings. Wilberforce said he would 'come on one condition—that they would receive, also, his wife, his sons, his daughters, their tutor, his private secretary, his men-servants, and his maid-servants!' Though the house was already full, yet thinking an affirmative answer the best, he was told to come as he proposed. At the time appointed they drove up—Wilberforce, his wife, his sons, his daughters, their tutor, his secretary, his men-servants, and his maid-servants!—and they were all taken in, bag and baggage. By the aid of some '*shake-downs*' they made out very well; the house seemed elastic on the occasion. Wilberforce was of great advantage to the meetings, from his eloquence and Christian philanthropy, and it was a most delightful visit to the family. He had a great deal of wit, but it was of a harmless kind. One day he was speaking of Friends, and remarked, 'they were like ducks; they had a sieve at the bottom of their throats, and nothing unclean could pass down.' (J. J. G. said he hoped Friends would endeavor to merit such a character.) In *tête-à-tête* he was perfectly delightful; he had the power to make those with whom he conversed think well of themselves.

"When Wilberforce was but just of age he was elected to Parliament by the city of Hull, where his father was a merchant. He soon after attended a contested election at York. This was the most important and extensive county in England, and it was considered a great honor to be elected from thence. At this time there was a contest for the station between two powerful families. This little twisted boy ascended some elevation in the vicinity of York Castle, addressed a very large meeting of landholders, on some popular political subject. He was so eloquent, his arguments so conclusive, his voice so mellifluous, that they elected him by acclamation, saying, 'we will have none other than this little, crooked man for our member.' Of course he resigned his right in the city of Hull and sat for the county of York. He was now in the height of his popularity; courted, caressed, and flattered by the nobility; his company sought for, and his eloquence delighted in; he was also a songster, and was called the joy and crown of the Doncaster races. This songster became the Christian senator; and this 'joy and crown' the untiring advocate for the abolition of slavery.

"Not long after this Wilberforce went to Nice, to visit a sick relative. He was accompanied by Isaac Milner, a man but little older or graver than himself. While riding in the carriage, a clergyman of the evangelical class was mentioned incidentally. Wilberforce remarked that he went beyond what was required; his companion said 'he was carried

out by Scripture;' Wilberforce rejoined, 'I will read the Bible with you to prove it.' Milner had a Greek Testament with him, and both being elegant scholars, they read it together; and from that careful perusal Wilberforce was converted; and afterwards, reading a religious book which he found in the chamber of his sick relation at Nice, he was by Divine Grace confirmed and established in his faith in the truth and efficacy of the Christian religion.

"' But who can tell how vast the plan
Which this day's incident began?
Too small, perhaps, the slight occasion
For our dim-sighted observation,
It passed unnoticed as the bird
That cleaves the liquid air unheard;
And yet may prove, when understood,
The harbinger of endless good.'

"It was soon reported in Yorkshire that their young member was gone mad. Wilberforce heard of it, and returned to England, threw himself among his friends in the county, and honestly told of the change that had taken place in him. They received him favorably, and his popularity was undiminished until his health obliged him to retire from public life. On taking his seat in Parliament he looked around for a subject on which to exert his powers with the greatest benefit to mankind. He selected the slave-trade, which he followed up with untiring perseverance until its abolition by England was obtained. The night before his death he heard that

the bill for the emancipation of slaves in the British provinces had passed the House.

"The last interview Joseph John Gurney had with him was at Bath, not having seen him in four years. He was struck with the change in the appearance of Wilberforce. He was extremely emaciated and very feeble, but his countenance was expressive of the greatest humility and devotion. After a season of silence our friend felt impressed with and repeated this passage: 'Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver and her feathers with yellow gold.' When about leaving him, Wilberforce, this great and good man, said, and tears flowed down his face as he said it, 'I have only the publican's hope—God be merciful to me, a sinner.' Three weeks after he was no more. Wilberforce's 'Practical View of Christianity' was the instrumental means made use of for the conversion of Legh Richmond, who told J. J. G. that of his tract, 'The Dairyman's Daughter,' three millions of copies had been distributed."

J. J. G. then spoke of Amelia Opie, who was the daughter of James Alderson, a physician of high reputation in Norwich. She was of a fine person, a cultivated mind, and superior talents. She was popular as a writer of novels, excelled in music, and was a songster. These qualities recommended her to the rich and the great, and her company was much coveted by the gay and even dissipated part of the nobility. She was brought up a Unitarian,

but at length saw that her peace consisted in withdrawing from those who denied the Atonement. With other societies she could not unite in their forms, and she went and sat down in Friends' meetings, rather from a feeling that they were of a negative character, than from any conviction of the truth of their principles.

"But the grace of God attended her, and she soon saw that novels, by which she made so much money, she must write no more; her music must be laid aside; her songs be sung no more by her; and that it was required of her to lay aside her gay dress and use the plain scriptural language. It was not without much conflict that she yielded to convictions of duty in these respects. How could she subject herself to the jeering remarks of her gay friends? many of whom would reject her from their society! At length she resigned herself to the convictions of the Spirit of truth, and said she found her true peace greatly augmented thereby.

"This charming woman became still more interesting after this change; her agreeable qualities greatly increased; and also her own real enjoyment. Even her friends among the nobility, whose acquaintance was worth retaining, valued her more highly than ever; and with the gay and frivolous she no longer wished to associate. She is a very striking instance of the effect of grace. She now devotes her time to benevolent pursuits. Truth is the root, and the practical fruits appear.

"Dr. Alderson, the father of Amelia Opie, was a

man of great abilities, a physician of eminence. His mind was given to cold speculation; he was an unbeliever, a skeptic, a scorner. Shortly after Joseph John Gurney's first appearance in the ministry, he was impressed with a sense that he must pay this great man a visit. This he found was exceedingly hard to the natural man, for he was very much afraid of the Doctor, who was satirical, and an old man, nearly seventy-eight years of age. J. J. G. was young, and so reluctant was he to go, that he combated the impression for a month; but obtaining no relief from it, he went; and, Amelia Opie assisting, obtained an interview with her father. Dr. Alderson poked the fire, and made many movements which indicated the extreme awkwardness he felt from the silence. At length some degree of quiet was obtained, and J. J. G., from having so long resisted the Spirit, could only blunder out a few words on the subject of redemption by Christ.

"Soon after the doctor, who, notwithstanding his age, was in the full vigor of his intellect, was called to London to see a sick person. On his return the horses to his carriage took fright, and leaped over a fence. He was for awhile in imminent danger of losing his life, and came home alarmed for the state of his soul—the subject of the Atonement principally filling his mind. Amelia Opie and her father occupied a large house—he, one floor of the building, and she the one above. He was in the habit of writing little notes to her when he wished to obtain any information, and soon after his

return home, he sent her one to this effect: 'Will you be so kind as to request Mr. Gurney to furnish me with passages of Scripture respecting the Atonement?' This note was sent off to J. J. Gurney, who gladly received it, and drew up the original of the letter on Redemption which has since been extensively circulated on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Dr. Alderson read the letter, and placed it under the cushion of the arm-chair in which he sat, and every day for five weeks, took it out and gave it a perusal, and probably compared the passages of Scripture referred to in it. In a few weeks, he became entirely convinced of the truth of the divinity of Christ, and of the necessity and efficacy of the Atonement. He said, 'there was not a doubt, a cloud, a skeptical idea remaining.' Our friend read a prayer to the company, which he found on Dr. Alderson's table, and by asking obtained it from him. It was remarkable for its simplicity, and the humility of the writer, who gave thanks for the atoning blood of Christ which washes from all sin. His disposition and character were entirely changed; all was softness and humility, contrition and gratitude. He was not able to get out after his conversion, but decidedly gave the preference to the principles of Friends. He soon after made a most peaceful close.

"Dr. Chalmers, a Scotch clergyman of gigantic intellect, of varied and most surprising talents, was formerly of very loose principles, and was thought to be an unbeliever. He neglected his clerical duties

for scientific pursuits. Dr. Brewster, the editor of the Scotch 'Encyclopædia,' when he reached the word Christianity, was at a loss by whom to have it written. He was himself thoughtless about religion, and wished it written by one not too serious. He gave it to Chalmers, who was ashamed to own that he knew nothing of Christianity, though he was a clergyman. He thought he would pursue the course he was accustomed to doing when he wished to write on any science. He then referred to the book which contained the most lucid account of the subject, and the Bible being the best authority for the religion of Christ, he took it up and gave it a careful perusal.

"Now, that one reading of the Bible altered the whole bend of the man's mind; he became convinced by internal evidence of the truth of Christianity. We know not what effects may flow from trifling causes. One reading of the Bible, which through Divine grace brought this mighty intellect to the side of Truth and Christianity, produced a great result. Our friend considered the article which Chalmers contributed to the 'Encyclopædia' as the best one on Christianity which has been written."

PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY.

To the Woomon ffrriends of the Quarterly Meeting
at Barnbury.

Deare ffrriends,—It so hapens that none of us
from Henly this year can conveniently attend the
Service of this Meeting.

These cums to let you understand that wee are in unity. Our week days Meetings are duly kept up. Our Poore are taken care of. Wee hope Truth prospers amongst us. And whear any thing is known to be amiss, care is taken for amendmt. This with the salutation of our Deare Loves, wee remaine your ffrriends in the Truth.

JUDITH GRIMSDALL.

LIDIA TOOVEY.

HENLY the 24th 4th mo 1726.

THE QUAKER OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Quaker of the Olden Time !—
 How calm, and firm, and true !
 Unspotted by its wrong and crime,
 He walked the dark earth through !
 The lust of power, the love of gain,
 The thousand lures of sin
 Around him had no power to stain
 The purity within.

With that deep insight which detects
 All great things in the small,
 And knows how each man's life affects
 The spiritual life of all,
 He walked by faith and not by sight,
 By love and not by law ;
 The presence of the wrong or right
 He rather felt than saw.

He felt that wrong with wrong partakes,
That nothing stands alone;
That whoso gives the motive, makes
His brother's sin his own.
And pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

Oh! spirit of that early day,
So pure, and strong, and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.
Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of Truth to bear;
And love, and reverent fear, to make
Our daily lives a prayer!

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

From James Backhouse's Journal.

"A BUSHMAN, residing near the Orange River, in the direction of Hardcastle Kloof, was hunting with some of his companions; but observing a considerable number of vultures soaring in the air, he concluded that some animal had been accidentally killed, of which he might possibly obtain a share; he therefore left his companions and repaired to the spot, where he found a hartebeest lying, off which he drove a number of these birds. On doing this, a lion, which he supposed had killed the hartebeest and satisfied his hunger, came from behind a neigh-

boring bush, and growled at him. Petrified with fear, the Bushman stood perfectly still. The lion walked round him so close as to brush him with its tail, uttering at the same time a low growl; it then went to a short distance and sat down, looking at the Bushman, who kept his eye upon it, and drew back a few paces; but when he drew back the lion advanced; he therefore stood quite still, till the lion retired a little, and lay down.

"The Bushman seized the opportunity, picked up a few straws of dry grass, and began to strike a light; but as soon as the lion heard the tapping of the flint and steel, he rose again and walked around the Bushman, brushing him as before. Again the Bushman was still, and again the lion retired. The Bushman once more plied his flint and steel, and again the lion advanced from his retreat. At this moment the Bushman succeeded in obtaining a light, but such was his terror, that forgetting himself, he continued blowing at it till it scorched his face. The lion made a stand when he saw the flame; and as this increased when the burning grass was dropped into a dry bush, the lion fled. The Bushman, who had been thus detained from noon to sunset, lost no time, when the lion was sufficiently far gone, in also making his retreat. He said he thought he never ran so fast before, and when he reached his companions he was pale and sick with fright."

"Hyenas were howling among the bushes around our wagon all night. I distinctly heard the foot-

steps of one of them among the leaves, under a large bush, to one side of which our horses were fastened, and on the opposite side of which our men were sleeping by the extinguished embers of their fire. Though the animal successively howled, and made noises like a loud laugh and a wailing, the men, as well as my companion, slept on undisturbed. The hyena could not succeed in alarming either the horses or the cattle, the latter of which were lying peacefully in front of the wagon, fastened to the drawing apparatus; neither would the dogs move for it.

"Had it succeeded in making any of them run, it would have attacked them behind, but it was too cowardly to venture an attack in front. On another hyena, that answered this, showing itself from among the bushes on the opposite side of the plain, the dogs immediately drove it back to its retreat. My bed being in such a position in the forepart of the wagon as to allow me to look out, by sitting up, I watched with interest the contempt with which these marauders of the night were treated by the cattle, and admired the soundness with which my companions slept through such a noise."

"After being amply supplied with oranges and lemons out of the extensive orchard of our kind host, whose house was the best we saw in this part of Africa, and had a good vineyard attached to it, we took leave of him and his family, and returned towards the Great Fish River. Although the

weather is extremely hot in South Africa, the only cases of hydrophobia I heard of occurred at Glen Avon. A dog first became affected, and it bit a colored man, who died of the disease. Hyenas are numerous here; they are suffered to prowl about the outside of the fence of the premises, where they clear off dead sheep and other offal.

"Robert Hart informed us that, in his earlier days, he had much riding in this part of the country. He usually went alone, regarding the tales he heard of people meeting with lions, and other dangers, of small account, never having met with any himself. But in passing, early one morning, through the bushy country, over which we travelled to-day, he cracked his whip, and a number of hyenas started up near him. This occasioned him to look around, and he perceived two lions on the carcass of a quagga. These he passed at a respectful distance, concluding that the hyenas were waiting for the leavings of the lions. From this time he was of the mind that it was safest not to travel alone in this country."

"One night there was much noise among the people, in consequence of a spotted hyena having got into the house in which the kids were kept, the door of which it had pushed away. The people discovered the thief, and chased him up and down the place; but he made his escape with a kid in his mouth, and three others were missing this morning. A hyena was taken here in a trap a few weeks ago,

which had in his stomach part of a milk-sack that it had stolen a few nights before. When some of the stations in this part of Caffraria were first settled, many cases occurred of hyenas entering the huts of the natives, and carrying off children from under the karrosses of their mothers as they slept."

"E. Thornhill told us that at one time he had a Hottentot in his service who was an excellent marksman, and frequently supplied his table with game; and that on a certain occasion the man was stealing quietly upon a buck, near an adjacent wood, when it suddenly started away and left him confronted with a leopard, which had been aiming for the same prey, from the opposite direction, unperceived by the Hottentot. The leopard immediately set up its back, looking surprised and ferocious; the man was too close to it to retreat; his gun was only loaded with buckshot, but he fired, threw down his gun, and ran away, hearing the leopard at the same time howl and make a terrific uproar. Finding it did not pursue him, he returned about half an hour afterwards, when, to his great satisfaction, he found his shot had inflicted a wound which had speedily proved mortal."

TENDERNESS OF HEART.

By Lydia Maria Child.

I ONCE asked John W. Edmonds, one of the Inspectors of Sing Sing Prison, how it was that a Wall

Street lawyer, brought into sharp collision with the world, had preserved so much tenderness of heart?

"My mother was a Quaker," said he, "and a serious conversation she had with me when I was four or five years old has affected my whole life. I had joined some boys who were tormenting a kitten. We chased her and threw stones till we killed her. When I came into the house, I told my mother what we had done. She took me on her lap, and talked to me in such a moving style about my cruelty to the poor helpless little animal, that I sobbed as if my heart would break. Afterwards, if I were tempted to do anything unkind, she would tell me to remember how sorry I was for having hurt the little kitten. For a long time after, I could not think of it without tears. It impressed me so deeply, when I became a man, I could never see a forlorn suffering wretch run down by his fellow-beings without thinking of that hunted and pelted little beast. Even now the ghost of that kitten, and the recollection of my dear mother's gentle lessons, come between me and the prisoners at Sing Sing, and for ever admonish me to be humane and forbearing."

THE BEAUTY OF PEACE.

By L. M. Child.

"Power itself has not half the might
Of gentleness!"—*L. Hunt.*

WHEN Captain Back went to the polar regions in search of Captain Ross, he fell in with a band of

Esquimaux, who had never seen a white man. The chief raised his spear to hurl it at the stranger's head; but when Captain Back approached calmly and unarmed, the spear dropped, and the savage gladly welcomed the brother man, who had trusted in him. Had Captain Back adopted the usual maxim, that it is necessary to carry arms in such emergencies, he would probably have occasioned his own death and that of his companions.

Raymond, in his "Travels," says: "The assassin has been my guide in the defiles of Italy, the smuggler of the Pyrenees has received me with a welcome in his secret paths. Armed, I should have been the enemy of both; unarmed, they have alike respected me. In such expectation I have long since laid aside all menacing apparatus whatever. Arms may indeed be employed against wild beasts, but men should never forget that they are no defence against the traitor. They may irritate the wicked, and intimidate the simple. The man of peace has a much more sacred defence—his character."

Perhaps the severest test to which the peace principles were ever put, was in Ireland during the memorable rebellion of 1796. During the terrible conflict the Irish Quakers were continually between two fires. The Protestant party viewed them with suspicion and dislike, because they refused to fight or pay military taxes; and the fierce multitude of insurgents deemed it sufficient cause for death, that they would neither profess belief in the Catholic religion, nor help them to fight for Irish freedom.

It was a perilous time for all men; but the Quakers alone were liable to a raking fire from both sides. Foreseeing calamity, they had, nearly two years before the war broke out, publicly destroyed all their guns and other weapons used for game. Thus, when afterwards the government ordered the inhabitants to give up their guns for the use of the army, none were found in the houses of the Quakers. Threats and insults were heaped upon them from all quarters; but they steadfastly adhered to their resolution of doing good to both parties, and harm to neither. Their houses were filled with widows and orphans; with the sick, the wounded and the dying, belonging to the royalists and the rebels. Sometimes, when the Catholic insurgents were victorious, they would be greatly enraged to find Quaker houses filled with Protestant families. They would point their pistols and threaten death if their enemies were not immediately turned into the street to be massacred. But the pistol dropped when the Christian mildly replied, "Do what thou wilt, I will not harm thee, or any other human being." They saw that this was not cowardice, but bravery much higher than their own.

On one occasion the insurgents threatened to burn down the house unless the owner expelled the Protestant women and children who had taken refuge there. "I cannot help it," said the Friend; "so long as I have a house I will keep it open to succor the helpless and distressed, whether they belong to thy ranks or to those of thy enemies. If my house is burned I must be turned out with

them, and share their affliction." The fighter turned away, and did the Christian no harm. It is an instructive fact throughout this bloody contest, that the houses of these men of peace were the only places of safety. The officers and soldiers of both parties had had some dying brothers tended by the Quakers, or some starving mother who had been fed, or some desolate little ones that had been cherished. Though in some counties the Friends were numerous, but one of their society fell a sacrifice. That one was a young man, who, being afraid to trust to peace principles, put on a military uniform, and went to the garrison for protection. The garrison was taken by the insurgents and he was killed.

During that troubled period no armed citizen could travel without peril of his life; but the Quakers regularly attended their meetings, going miles across the country, often through an armed and furious multitude. And by the high road they went unmolested; even their young women, without protectors, passed without insult.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE RECORDED IN NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.

The 30 of y^e 8th m^o 1663

We whose names are here under written are witnesses y^t at the us^uall Meeting house of Anthonie Wrights in Oysterbay; And in y^e presence of the Publicke assembly their gathered y^e day above sd

Samuell Andrewes and Mary Wright Intending Marriage and haueing given notice theirow before did then and their according to y^e practice of y^e holy men of God in the scriptures of truth and after y^e Law of god, take each other for husband and wife to live to gether in the feare of god faithfully soe longe as they shall live ;

SAMUELL ANDREWES

Witnesses are

MARY ANDREWES

JOHN VNDERHILL

HANAH WRIGHT

ELIZABETH VNDERHILL.

PRIVATEER MONEY RETURNED.

From the Christian Observer.

ABOUT the year 1775, Joseph Fox, of Fowey, Cornwall, who was a physician, and having no occasion to employ much of his capital in his profession, purchased a fourth part of two luggers or cutters, which sailed on the Cornish coast, and yielded their proprietors a fair profit. At the breaking out of the war between England and France, in 1778, the other owners, not having those religious scruples that are entertained by the Society of Friends, of which he was a member, proposed to arm these vessels as privateers, for the purpose of capturing French merchantmen ; and having been constructed for fast sailing, they were peculiarly adapted for success in such an enterprise.

J. Fox remonstrated with his co-partners against the measure in very strong terms; but they being the majority, had it in their power to direct as they pleased the employment of the vessels. His repeated remonstrances were unavailing, and they proceeded to arm them. They would neither purchase his share, nor allow him to dispose of it; and he assured them that neither he nor any of his family should ever participate in gains acquired by such means.

The vessels, on being equipped, put to sea; and as the war had not been expected by people abroad, they succeeded in capturing some valuable ships homeward bound. On this success the other owners made a great effort to retain all the profits to themselves, on the plea of the adventure having been theirs alone, and of the many strong declarations of their partner that he would not in any case allow himself to be enriched by it. To this, however, he could not conscientiously submit; he conceived it his duty to maintain his claims for the benefit of the suffering parties, and to act as trustee on their behalf, till he should be able to make restitution. After much difficulty and delay, he succeeded in procuring from his co-partners a sum of money, which was lodged in the British funds, in his name.

All his correspondence and memoranda on the subject concur to prove that it was his unvaried resolution, from first to last, to restore the amount with interest, to the original sufferers; but the continuance of the war prevented him for several years from an opportunity of fulfilling his purpose and

during this period, it remained at interest in government stock, having been invested, through the agency of a banking-house that he had not previously employed, to keep it entirely distinct from his other pecuniary concerns. Three years after the capture, he made a memorandum, stating his "full intention, as soon as possible, to lodge the net produce in some fund in France, for the benefit of the losers."

In the year 1783, peace was restored between England and France, which enabled him to prosecute his intentions with respect to the money he had received. His own engagements and time of life did not allow him to undertake such a journey; but having a son, Dr. Edward Fox, who had nearly completed his academical education as a physician, and who was likely soon to be at liberty, he communicated the circumstance to him, proposing to him to go to the Continent, and take the necessary measures to distribute the property. He wrote to his son that "There might be some intricacy and difficulty in finding out the real losers, as the proprietors might have insured. I would therefore choose that one of my own family should be on the spot, and see it justly apportioned, and paid to the proper people."

In 1784, Dr. E. Fox proceeded to Paris. Delay, however, which had not been anticipated, took place from an unwillingness of the co-partners of J. Fox to furnish the necessary documents; but after three months, some of the bills of lading were obtained by him, and forwarded to his son, with direc-

tions to this effect: "Advertise immediately in the Paris papers, requesting that the proprietors, insurers, and such as were real losers by the capture of *L'Aimable Francoise* and *L'Assurance* would send their names and places of abode to Dr. E. Fox, at the Hotel de Yorck, etc., who will inform them of something to their advantage. In answer to the claimants, state that thy father, Joseph Fox, of Falmouth, possessed a small share in vessels *Greyhound* and *Brilliant*, for which the other owners procured letters-of-marque, contrary to his approbation and religious principles; he being one of the people called Quakers, who think that no human laws can authorize men to kill each other, or take their property by force (without acts of their own to forfeit it). But it was not in his power to prevent them; the majority of the owners having a right, by the English laws, to employ the vessels as they pleased. Happily no person was hurt, the French being unarmed and ignorant of the war."

Before Dr. Fox could obtain permission to insert an advertisement in the *Gazette de France*, which was the only newspaper of extensive circulation then printed in Paris, it was found necessary to communicate with Count de Vergennes, the minister of the government who had the control of the public press. He required an explicit declaration to be made before a proper officer, that the real object of the advertisement was such as it professed to be, not without a threat of severe punishment in case of deception.

Thus was the business in a fair way of being brought to a satisfactory termination; but Joseph Fox was not permitted to witness it—Divine Providence having seen fit to summon him to another state of existence. The evening before his death he executed a codicil to his will, in which he described this property as not his own, but as “belonging to proprietors in France,” and as having been committed to one of his sons to “pay.” It afforded him satisfaction that arrangements for the settlement of the business had been thus far proceeded with in the time of his health and strength. His illness was short and severe, and he died, beloved and lamented, aged about fifty-five years.

In consequence of the advertisement in the French Gazette, the information was speedily circulated in France, and elsewhere, and several applications were made; and as none of the claims proved to be ill-founded, or at variance with the bills of lading, the distribution was accordingly made without further delay, in proportion to the losses of the claimants.

Those who had been sufferers by the capture of the ship *L'Assurance*, of Havre, made a spontaneous acknowledgment of the amount which had been returned to them, by a notice in the *Gazette de France*, in which they state their “wish to give the publicity which it merits to this trait of generosity and equity, which does honor to the Society of the Quakers, and proves their attachment to the principles of peace and unity, by which they are distinguished.”

The partial return of what the sufferers considered as lost was gratefully received by the widow of one who died of a broken heart, in consequence of the calamity, as well as by several others who had deeply felt their loss.

The total sum to be distributed, arising from the moneys first received by Joseph Fox, and the interest thereon, appears to have been £1,590 8s. (over 7,000 dollars). The amount returned was on two vessels only, and after paying all expenses there was a balance of about £120, or 534 dollars, unapplied, being J. Fox's share of the proceeds of some small coasting vessels which were captured at the same time, which sum it was found impracticable to distribute satisfactorily, as the owners were numerous, and widely scattered. It was therefore concluded to appropriate it to the relief of French merchant seamen, but no way opened for so disposing of it, and the war which broke out in 1793 prevented Dr. Fox finally discharging himself of the obligation.

On the reëstablishment of peace, in 1814, after a continuation of hostilities with but little cessation for upwards of twenty years, Dr. Fox proceeded to Paris, and had an interview with Louis XVIII., and several interviews with his ministers. In consequence of the great unsettlement in the political state of the country, he could not prosecute his inquiries as to the existing charitable institutions for the relief of indigent seamen, and the Emperor Napoleon, arriving from Elba, put an end to the

peaceful intercourse between England and France, and he returned home.

In 1818, by the operation of compound interest, the amount had increased to £600, nearly \$3,000. The tranquillity of France being then fully restored, Dr. E. Fox went to Paris again. He conferred with the Minister of Marine, and other public men, on the subject, and exhibited the plan acted on in England for the relief of merchant sailors. The result was that the money was placed in "the treasury of the invalid seamen of France," for the relief of "non-combatants" of the merchant service.

Thus was this long-protracted business brought to a conclusion, and the original intention of the principal agent fulfilled, as completely as circumstances would permit.

A WEDDING AMONG THE FRIENDS.

AMONG the letters which were waiting me on my breakfast-table, one summer morning, was one distinguished by its singularity of address. It was simply directed to "Jane Blank." I soon ascribed it to the writer, and was not mistaken. Plain, but most cordial, it conveyed an invitation to attend the marriage of a young cousin, with whose parents my own had once been on terms of intimacy. Years had passed since any personal intercourse had taken place, and my own knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie (as I shall for the present term them) was limited

to hearing their praise—qualified, however, by the remark, “But, then, they are Quakers.” “Well,” thought I, “that is no reason why I should decline making their acquaintance. I shall be glad to know something of the people to whom they belong; and then this letter is so kind. I will go.” A speedy acceptance was soon on its way, and, after a little further communication, I took my place in a train which was to convey me to a station within three miles of Oakhame Hall, the residence of my cousins.

At the station I found the carriage, and with it Mr. George Leslie, the only one of the family with whom I could claim the acquaintance of one evening’s meeting. The preliminaries of luggage were soon settled, and we were driving through a pretty rural country, while my companion at once entered into conversation with a frankness which removed all reserve on my part. The objects of interest on the road, and a slight sketch of the family, occupied our attention till we stopped at a pretty lodge. “This is Oakhame,” exclaimed Mr. George; and we drove up an avenue of magnificent oak trees, from which the hall derived its name—*hame* being an old Saxon word for dwelling; and truly the sturdy old trees looked as if they had made it their “hame” long before man thought of fixing his abode among them.

On the steps of the entrance we found all my young cousins, who had seen the carriage from a distance, and came out to give a welcome to the

stranger. I will not attempt the introductions—one, two, three, four—seven in all; but Mr. George, with a look at once arch and grave, drew forth a gentle young creature with the introduction, "Cousin Jane, the bride elect." All smiled, and the color of the gentle Annie deepened and spread over her fair face as she greeted her unknown cousin.

"And now, Cousin Jane," said my conductor, giving me his arm, "I must introduce thee to father and mother."

Mrs. Leslie was the very *beau-ideal* of a Quakeress, of middle size, and dressed in some dark material, with a white shawl, and the muslin cap over her silvery hair, which in short locks crept from beneath it, and shaded her broad, placid brow. Her manner was kind and motherly, and I felt sure I should soon love her, when with a warm kiss she expressed her pleasure at seeing me, and in gentle tones spoke of my own mother. Mr. Leslie was equally cordial, but a degree of sternness which was mixed with his plainness, made me feel far less at ease in his presence than in that of his wife. The dark olive-colored Quaker coat and waistcoat were set off by a large cravat of snowy whiteness; the rest of the dress was drab, with the old-fashioned gaiters; and Mr. Leslie looked as if he had just stepped out of a picture of some of the worthies of the seventeenth century.

A long journey had prepared me to do justice to the substantial tea which awaited us, and a night's rest on a bed certainly made of down, and with

linen like fine lawn, enabled me to join the family group at the breakfast-table with cheerful spirits and a lively interest in observing the habits of a Quaker family. Interesting conversation occupied the meal, and at its conclusion the family placed themselves at a little distance from the table, at the upper end of the room. Mrs. Leslie asked me to sit by her, saying: "We always have our family reading after breakfast, Cousin Jane." Mr. Joseph, the eldest son, took the great Bible, the bell was rung, and a train of servants, headed by the housekeeper, a neat little Quakeress, entered and seated themselves on the chairs and couches at the lower end of the room; Mrs. White, and the attendants of my young cousins, also Quakers, drawing near the family till the room seemed occupied by one large circle. The reading of a chapter of St. John was followed by perfect silence; and then, at a sign from the master, the servants left the room. There was no prayer, no singing; and yet, though strange, it was impressive.

The family now dispersed to their different occupations, the sons went to the city to business, the daughters to their duties, and I gladly accepted an invitation from Mrs. Leslie to look over the house. The bed-rooms and dressing-rooms were all furnished with the greatest neatness. Not a picture was to be found, not a needless ornament; all the draperies were fawn, or the purest white, but of fine, and I should say costly texture. The furniture was the same, or of chintz, of small, neat patterns; the

carpets were generally brown, and the summer window curtains plain hemmed muslin.

At five o'clock we all assembled for dinner, and during the repast Mr. Leslie gave me the history of his building the spacious dining-room, that he might assemble large "Quarterly-meeting parties;" and then came the explanation that these Quarterly-meetings were assemblies held by the Quakers four times a year, for the business of their Society, and that after the meetings were over, Mr. Leslie asked every Quaker he met to come and dine with him, and packed every available carriage full of guests, whilst himself and his sons walked home. This produced from the young people many amusing tales of papa's parties. The merriment which followed these recollections was shared in by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie with a cheerfulness that showed the warmth of heart which many years could not chill. The repast differed little from that in other houses; but the especial regard bestowed on Mrs. Leslie, who was most studiously cared for by both sons and daughters, was delightful to see.

The approaching marriage of Cousin Annie rather varied the usual routine of life at Oakhame Hall. Many parting calls were to be paid, many visits received, and the usual amount of consultations with milliners and dress-makers took place. Cousin Sarah who was the delicate flower of the family, was spared these duties, and with her I took pleasant drives, and visited the village and the pretty village school, which though supported by Mrs. Leslie, and

constantly inspected by her and her daughters, was so far from any sectarian principle that it was also cared for by the good village pastor, who was a frequent guest at the Hall, and with whom my cousins delighted to coöperate in any plan for benefiting the condition of the poor.

In my subsequent visits to Oakhame, I saw more fully developed the kindness and care which Mrs. Leslie bestowed on all the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted, to whom she dispensed bodily and spiritual comfort; for my good cousin was well versed in the Bible, and ready in the application of its promises. Mrs. Leslie belonged to a sect who have recognized the right of women to be public preachers; and strange as was the practice to me, and at first startling, yet I confess I have listened with great pleasure to the simple, pious discourses, and warm prayers, uttered by her in her quality of preacher.

But I must not dwell too long on the week which passed, but go on to the Wednesday, or as they called it, Fourth-day morning, when on joining the family at lunch, I found the party increased by several guests, among others a fine young man, with a frank and engaging countenance, whom Mrs. Leslie introduced as "my intended son-in-law, Edward Martin," and from whom I received a cordial shake of the hand, and a civil speech on the pleasure of meeting another of Annie's relations. Annie herself stood by with a face beaming with pleasure, and yet with an inquiring look, as if to see how her choice was approved.

By the close of the day Mr. Martin's relations—parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins—had come pouring into the Hall. The evening before a bridal must always be rather sad, but here all feelings were as much as possible suppressed; and though, when looking at her daughter, Mrs. Leslie's eyes filled with tears, she soon wiped them away. Strolling through the gardens and conversing with the guests occupied the evening; but just as I was entering the drawing-room for tea, Elizabeth came to me and asked if I would like to see the school-children, who were come to take leave of their young benefactress. It was a pretty sight. Mrs. White the housekeeper's room, was full of bright young faces, whilst by the table stood the good housekeeper, with large baskets before her filled with neat straw bonnets trimmed with white ribbon, white aprons, and tippets, which she was preparing to distribute to the youthful group, who were in a cheerful buzz of pleasure. At the entrance of Annie, a silence succeeded to the hum of voices, whilst she addressed a few simple words of farewell to the children, and then each having received her present, came up to say good-by. With the elder girls Annie shook hands, but many a little rosy face was upturned to give and receive a parting kiss.

"What a loss they will have, Annie," said I, as together we entered the anteroom.

The tears rose to her eyes; but she replied cheerfully: "Oh, Bessie and Sarah are the real managers of the school, I have done very little."

"You know the proverb," said Joseph joining us;
"What's one man's loss is another man's gain."

The conversation turned much on the ceremony of the next morning, and as I was quite ignorant how a marriage ceremony was celebrated by the Quakers, I applied to George for information; but so many and so contradictory were the directions given me by the young merry group, and such was the amusement excited by my ignorance, that I gave up the attempt, and resolved to trust to the chances of a few moments' conversation with Sarah.

The next morning was all we could desire, bright and clear; and so well had all been planned that we met at breakfast with almost as much serenity as usual. The ladies were all in plain muslin dresses and after the usual reading we dispersed to our rooms, the carriages being ordered for half-past nine. A few minutes before that time, I returned to the anteroom, which I found occupied by the gentlemen and the elderly ladies of the party; but soon after my entrance the door was softly opened, and the bride, attended by her six bridesmaids, made their appearance. Lovely—very lovely—she looked in her silver-gray silk dress, her white shawl, and her little Quaker-bonnet of the most spotless white; and as she passed gently and gracefully up the room, every eye was turned to look, and as I saw, to admire also. The dresses of the bridesmaids much resembled that of the bride, but of slightly darker hue. It has been remarked that when Quaker ladies are handsome, they are really beautiful; and

any one who had seen the group of young girls would have acquiesced in the remark. The absence of all ornament or display, so far from looking formal, produced an effect of really classic purity, and I felt that my dress looked quite common in comparison. Mrs. Leslie was already seated on the sofa; by her the bride was placed.

Two of the six groomsmen now approached, and presented to the bride a beautiful *bouquet*, in which the emblematical orange-blossoms and myrtle were conspicuous. The bridesmaids each received a *bouquet* of white roses and myrtle; a flower of each, tied with white ribbon, being worn in the button-hole by each of the groomsmen. Rather an innovation, this, on Quaker plainness; but my good cousins, wisely discriminating between matters of small or of great moment, yielded to the wishes of some of the tasteful and sentimental of the young party, and permitted this simple decoration, which added greatly to the general effect.

On the arrival of the carriages, a gentleman called our names in the order required. The bridegroom, and one of his groomsmen, went first, in his own carriage, and then followed a long procession, closed by the family coach, in which were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, the bride, and her sister Sarah.

The Quaker chapel, or as my cousins called it, the "Meeting-House," was a spacious and convenient, but perfectly plain building. On our arrival, we were shown into a waiting-room and arranged for our place, my companion, William Martin, a

cousin of Edward's, being a very polite and intelligent young man. Mr. and Mrs. Martin led the way; they were followed by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, then by the bride and bridegroom, then the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and then the rest of the company in order—the two families being scrupulously mixed. We went through a short passage, large doors were thrown open, and to my dismay I saw the Meeting-room thronged with people—the ladies ranged on one side, the gentlemen on the other; the galleries, the passages, every place was full—so full that a temporary check occurred.

"How shall we get in?" I whispered to my companion.

"The door-keepers will make a way for us," answered he, and so they did; and in a short time we reached the seats at the end of the house.

The bride and bridegroom were placed facing all that vast assemblage, and I almost trembled as I thought of the strong self-control which would be needed to rise and speak before them; but I did not tremble long, for in a short time Mr. Martin and Annie rose, with their right hands joined, and the former pronounced in a distinct tone the simple Quaker vow, that he took Annie Leslie to be his wife, promising, through Divine assistance, to be unto her a loving and faithful husband, until it shall please the Lord, by death, to separate them. Annie repeated the same with proper variations; and though her voice was low it was silvery clear. An old Friend then rose, and read from a large

parchment called "The Certificate," which contained their names, parentage, residence, and the vow they had just uttered; this he then placed before the bride and bridegroom to sign. Mr. Martin wrote his name with a good, strong, bold dash, as if proud to confirm his declaration. Annie's hand trembled; but as her husband gave her the pen, a glance of quiet sympathy passed, which appeared to reassure and steady her. Several addresses and prayers then followed, and at the end of about an hour and a half the Meeting ended, and we left the house, and I was glad when Mr. Martin's carriage was announced, and his young companion returned to the quiet of Oakhame.

The large dining-room looked beautiful as we entered it. The tables were covered with delicacies, and in the centre stood the wedding-cake; but even here Mrs. Leslie carried out what she called her consistent principles. Not an ornament disturbed its snowy whiteness, save that upon it lay a wreath of geraniums, and around it was a circle of white roses. I could not regret the absence of silver tinsel and artificial flowers. Large dishes of flowers graced the table, all arranged with exquisite taste. All was cheerful but quiet, plain but elegant.

But parting moments will come; and, whilst we yet admired and enjoyed the cake and the fruit, a little stir took place. Edward Martin rose, and, with his fair bride leaning on his arm, came round to take leave. The simple "Farewell" is impressive; the parting words were distinctly heard in the general si-

lence, whilst kisses and some tears accompanied them. Tears rose quickly to my own eyes at the clasp of the hand; and, as she presented her soft cheek, I whispered, "May God bless you, dear Annie,—Mrs. Martin, I mean." Mr. Edward smiled at the correction, and with a cordial shake of the hand, and an invitation to visit them at Laurel Bank, passed on. The parting from her parents and family was a scene too tender to pass before so many witnesses; and with delicacy of feeling the company remained in the dining-room till the sound of carriage-wheels told them that the young bride had quitted her father's roof.

Cards of invitation had been sent to all the Quaker families far and near; and in the evening the rooms were filled to overflowing with comfortable matrons in dark and formal dresses, and young women and girls in white, or fawn, or lavender, elegant though simple dresses; and there was no lack of gentlemen. There was no music, no fixed amusement; and yet I enjoyed the evening very much. The air was so warm and balmy, that every window and door was set open; and large parties walked on the lawn, or went to the greenhouses. Tea was served anywhere and everywhere. My companion of the morning kindly resumed his charge, took me through all the rooms, joined all the groups by turns; and, William Martin being known to every one, more introductions passed than I shall ever remember, whilst the relationship which seemed to exist among so many persons amused me much,

almost every one addressing, or being addressed as uncle, aunt, or cousin; but, as Quakers can only marry with Quakers, relationship becomes very complicated.

The supper gathered all the wandering parties together; we joined those who preferred the large, cool hall; and here our good hosts came, and walking among their guests, with satisfaction pictured on their kind faces, exchanged a few pleasant words with each. The doors of the various rooms were open, and we had charming vistas. At a late hour the carriages were announced, and a general dispersion took place.

I lingered a few days at the Hall; and, when I took my departure, it was with a sincere love for my venerable hosts and my young cousins, and with the desire expressed on the one side, and echoed on the other, that an acquaintance thus happily begun might be continued by future visits to Oakhame Hall.

COLD-CUT NAILS.

JEREMIAH WILKINSON, a Friend, of Rhode Island, who died in his ninetieth year, was probably the first person who made a cold-cut nail in America, such nails being unknown at that time. During the Revolutionary War, he carried on the manufacture of hand-cards, used to card wool for spinning. Finding it difficult to obtain tacks or nails for the

purpose (none being made in this country), he conceived the idea of making them of cold iron, and finally succeeded by cutting nails from thin pieces of iron with a large pair of hot shears, in a smith's vice. He also made the wire for his cards, and pins and needles, which, during the war, were so scarce that many used thorns for pins. J. W.'s wife informed the writer that she purchased a second-hand spinning-wheel for three darning-needles of her husband's make.

THE SHACKLETON FAMILY.

MARY LEADBEATER was the daughter of Richard Shackleton, who succeeded his father, Abraham Shackleton, as Principal of a large boarding-school for boys at Ballitore, Ireland. She married William Leadbeater, and wrote and published several books, which introduced her to the notice of some who ranked high in the literary and political world.

From the "Life and Diary of Mary Leadbeater," published after her death, the following is abridged:

Richard Shackleton married Elizabeth Fuller, who died at twenty-eight, leaving four young children. Two years after he married Elizabeth Carleton, who was faithful and diligent in doing what she believed to be her duty. "Lads have been educated in the family, and were surprised to hear afterwards that my father's children were born of different mothers."

The school consisted of fifty and sometimes sixty boarders, besides day scholars.

"My aunt Carleton was fourteen years older than my mother, and of a lively, cheerful temper. Some of her neighbors, being inclined to criticise, remarked that Debby Carleton would be a very pretty girl but for her nose. She happened to overhear them, and bolted out with the retort, 'She would be much worse without it.' She had the happiness of saving several persons from impending death. She had the happy art of inspiring confidence without forfeiting respect. She won our hearts, and they were laid open to her. She seemed to possess the gift of healing, and the country resorted to her for advice; she kept a large assortment of drugs and distilled simples; in her rides she called to see or inquire for her patients. She was in limited circumstances, but she contrived to unite the pious offices of humanity with strict economy.

"My worthy mother, cautious not to grant more liberty to her own children than to those of her husband's first wife, really granted us less; for at the time particular marks of plainness were put upon them, they were also put upon us, though we were several years younger than they were. Our sisters, as well as our aunt, wished our mother to relax a little towards us in this respect, but this was a point not to be disputed; her intent was accomplished, for dress became a matter of perhaps too much indifference to my sister and me. In reading, also, my aunt was less severe than my mother, and

indulged us now and then with books of entertainment.

"Except at the great house, my aunt's, and Joseph Wills', all the parlors had earthen floors; the hall doors opened with iron latches, and were without knockers; and most of the windows were casements. In process of time, the earthen floors were found to be damp and liable to break, and then it was impossible to repair them; so they were replaced by boards and listing carpets; the casement windows gave place to sashes; and grinning lions' heads guarded and ornamented the hall doors. Elizabeth Shackleton, though she endured the demolition of her floor, thought the washing of the boards of such a large room would be a job of too great magnitude, so she procured flags from Rose-nallis for her parlor. However, as taste gained ground, even that room was submitted to timber flooring, and the pickaxe at length invaded the meeting-house, where the old fashioned flooring, with loose boards laid under the feet of the women Friends, had remained time out of mind. There was no place of worship in Ballitore except Friends' Meeting-house. The Romanist went half a mile distant, and an Established Church was at Timolin."

Mary Shackleton and her sister lived with their aunt Carleton, who removed from Fuller's Court to a small estate in the neighborhood, belonging to their father. "To Griesebank we went, followed by Tidy the cow, and the pig. I cannot say whether

it was that very pig which I once saw stand on his hind legs, and, with his nose, lift the knocker of the hall door to gain admittance to the house. All my aunt's domestics and domestic animals were extraordinary in my eyes. At one time, when her health was ailing, and her lively spirits depressed by confinement to a sick-chamber, a cousin, to amuse her, brought her three eggs. The invalid placed these eggs in a basket of wool, close to her hearthstone, and her care was soon rewarded by the appearance of three little chickens; they grew into two beautiful pullets and a cock; their mutual attachment continued, and the hens were wont to lay their eggs on a cushion under their mistress's chair. It was told of her well-trained dog, that, though accustomed to attend his mistress wherever she went, he never attempted to accompany her when she had on her green apron and long black hood. At that time a bright, light-green silk apron was worn by the female Friend when going to meeting; also a black silk hood, with long ends or lappets, and no bonnet.

"Though our general conduct was not more correct than other children of our age, yet we had great awe, not to say terror, of committing offences against religion. I remember a singular instance which befell me when very young. I was working a pair of pockets for myself of a shell pattern in green worsted. My brother called in; I showed him my pocket, and, willing to exhibit my dexterity, began to work at it, when on a sudden I recollected it was First day. Alarmed at what I had done, I

laid the work down in dismay, and went to my favorite window in the garret. While I was comforting my heart, the window-sash fell on my neck and made me a prisoner. I roared with all my might. My aunt heard the cries, and was greatly terrified: she feared one of us had fallen into the Sconce. At length I made a desperate effort, and disengaged myself, having escaped with a bruised neck and scratched face; but I firmly believed that this accident befell me because I had broken the Sabbath.

“Amongst the pupils at this period was a young Quaker from Jamaica. On rising one morning, and beholding the ground covered with snow, a sight he had never seen before, he called out in astonishment, ‘O boys, see all the sugar!’ Many West-Indian boys were sent to this school.

“In 1776, in anticipation of my brother’s marriage, my father and mother and I left the house which they had occupied above twenty years, to sleep at the Retreat. The servants were bathed in tears, and it was a scene of mourning when they left their old habitation. In second month, 1779, Abraham Shackleton and Lydia Mellor were married in Meath Street Meeting-house, Dublin. Our new sister, now the young mistress, graced the old mansion.

“My brother’s young family formed one of the delights of their grandfather. Frequent, during the day, were his visits to the little flock who gathered round his knees, while he often held the youngest

before him in the reading-chair which he sat in, repeating Greek verses, whose sonorous, musical sound seemed very grateful to the infant ear. As long as I can remember, it was my father's practice to retire at the close of the day, either to his garden or his chamber, where, I have no doubt, he wrestled for a blessing; his countenance, when he returned to his family, betraying with whom he had been.

"My mother often had the journals of Friends read in the winter evenings by Friends' children. She entertained a few rather singular scruples, one of which was her objection to images, even in china, on which we sometimes amused ourselves with finding an almost imperceptible man or bird. To gratify this scruple, the parent of one of the pupils procured for her a tea-service from China without any images. She was very strict in inculcating good manners: we were early taught to pay deference to old age and courtesy to strangers, and were not allowed to call poor old people 'Bet' or 'Moll,' which were more in use at that time than now. So strict was her adherence to truth that she scarcely allowed herself to assert anything positively, nor would she permit us to do so.

"In the year 1784, my father took me to London to attend the Yearly Meeting. While there, we frequently visited Edmund Burke; and from London went to Beaconsfield,—

'Where Burke resides, and strangers find a home.'

After leaving Beaconsfield, my father and I went

to a far different scene, to a little village in Yorkshire, and on a visit to some very primitive relations, amongst whom my father left me for a while. Quite regardless of my shamefacedness, my relations invariably introduced me as 'Our coosin frae Ireland, that maks the bonnie verses;' which was frequently followed by the entreaty, 'Say some of them, wilt thoo?' Retired as was my native place, this was still more so; and, primitive as were the inhabitants of Ballitore, they were fashionable people of the world compared with those of Selby. The 'great hoose,' where the squire resided, was the object of their exceeding admiration; and my relatives were most anxious that I should obtain an entrance, yet dubious whether I should be esteemed worthy of an invitation, although the owner graciously permitted his silver coffee-pot to be sent to every house in the village where I was entertained, to do me due honor as a visitor.

"At length the much-coveted invitation came, and, dressed in their 'best braes,' my cousins went with me to the great house. There I saw the coffee-pot at home, with its grand adjuncts, in all their splendor. After tea was over, the company were invited to ascend to the top of the house. Upon scrambling out upon the leads, we found chairs placed for our accommodation, and refreshments were handed round. At length the silent, stately visit was concluded, and we were permitted to descend and return home; but all through the remainder of my stay, this evening was descanted on by

my cousins with delight, and every acquaintance was saluted with 'Dost thou know our coosin was at the great hoose to tak tea?' As is usual in that part of England there was, in the dwelling of my friends, one large apartment, neither parlor nor kitchen, called '*the hoose*,' in which the family usually sat; but they insisted on my sitting in solitary state in the parlor. On First days after meeting the old folks sat in '*the hoose*,' each with a Bible in hand reading aloud from it, while the daughter read in her Bible, also aloud; and peering over my shoulder, stood the son behind my chair, reading aloud from the Bible which I was silently studying. No two of the readers, except myself and my companion, were perusing the same part of the sacred volume. Yet, notwithstanding their peculiarities, I was happy in the warm affection of these simple people, and always remembered this visit to England as some of the golden days of my youth. Beaconsfield and Selby were both so interesting, and so different!

"In 1791, I changed my name of Shackleton, and took that which belonged to my friend, William Leadbeater. Some of our friends from Dublin attended our marriage. In 1792, Richard Shackleton died of a fever while from home attending the Provincial School at Mountmellick.

"In this year, 1793, we had many accounts of threatened disturbances in the County of Wexford and the Queen's County, occasioned by dissatisfaction in raising the militia; for now the

flames of war between France and England blazed fiercely.

"About this time, 1796, a visit was paid, by appointment of the Monthly Meeting, to recommend to such of our society as had firearms, or other instruments for the destruction of man, to destroy them. The only person among us who was in possession of such an instrument was Molly Haughton, who resigned to destruction her husband's old fowling-piece, and joined in the laugh raised at her expense.

"1798. The rebellion now raged in Ireland. Protestants were murdered, and their houses burned by the Orangemen or Catholics, and they in turn were killed by the loyal Protestants; the soldiers, sometimes of one army and then of the other, were quartered on the inhabitants, and robbed and wounded; nightly, robbers went to houses, and demanded arms; they entered, and searched for themselves. The wisdom of Friends, in having their arms destroyed, was now manifest. The rebels were armed with pikes, and soldiers came to Ballitore and seized the smiths' tools, to prevent their making pikes, and made prisoners of the smiths."

Twelve prisoners were taken by the militia from Ballitore; they were probably rebels, and were afterwards shot; the sympathy expressed by their neighbors excited jealousy of their loyalty. An attack from two or three hundred rebels armed with pikes, knives, and pitchforks, and bearing sticks with green rags fluttering from them, was followed

by the surrender of the village, on condition of persons and property being safe. The only doctor of Ballitore, Dr. Johnson, represented the guard. Delany, the leader, exerted himself to prevent bloodshed.

"I saw, from an upper window, a crowd coming towards our kitchen door; I went down and found many armed men, who desired to have refreshments, especially drink. I brought them milk, and was cutting a loaf of bread, when a little, elderly man took it kindly out of my hand, and divided it himself, saying, 'Be decent, boys; be decent.' Encouraged by having found a friend, I ventured to tell them that so many armed men in the room frightened me. The warriors condescended to my fears. 'We'll be out in a shot,' they replied; and in a minute the kitchen was empty. A message was brought to me to request anything of a green color; I told them we could not join any party. 'What, not the strongest?' inquired one of the strangers. 'None at all.' And although our parlor tables were covered with green cloth, they urged their request no further.

"The insurgents left, first placing cars on the bridge as a barricade against the army. They took two of our horses. We saw several houses on fire northward; and, while gazing at them outside our door, bullets whizzed by our ears, and warned us to go in for safety. There had been an engagement between the army and the insurgents; the latter were worsted. Laying our beds on the floor, lest

bullets should enter the windows to our destruction, we got some disturbed sleep. All became quiet, and in the morning messages came to us from our neighbors to tell us they were living. As my friend and I walked out to see a sick neighbor, we looked with fearful curiosity over a wall, inside of which we saw lying the youthful form of the murdered Richard Yeates." There he had been thrown by the insurgents after they had shot him, and Mary Leadbeater long felt horror when she waked at night, and her food was distasteful to her after seeing the blood on the poor young man, who had left his father's house to defend the village.

"All the horses were taken by the insurgents. A man came to me with a drawn sword, and demanded my own mare. I told him that one of the Tyrone officers had borrowed her; and, fortunately, another man who knew me bore testimony to my veracity; so I was left unharmed. When I saw how all the fine horses were abused and galloped without mercy by the insurgents, I rejoiced that my Nell was not in their hands.

"A man afterwards came, with a horse-pistol in his hand, to take my husband. My brother had been previously taken, together with some of his guests. They were all to be brought to the camp; and when the soldiers came, the insurgents said they should be placed in the front of the battle to stop a bullet if they would not fire one. This man, not finding my husband below, and thinking he was concealed, ran upstairs where our little children

were in bed, with the huge pistol in his hand, swearing horribly that he would send the contents of it through his head if he did not go with him. He threatened, if the Quakers did not take up arms, their houses should be in flames. My husband having gone to visit my mother, was not found, and did not know that he had been sought for.

"Betsy Shackleton was the daughter of Mary Leadbeater's brother. Though not more than fifteen years old she was endued with uncommon courage and prudence in this time of trial. Her bodily powers were exerted in paying attention to her father's numerous guests, for over a hundred people sought refuge under his roof; and the strength of her mind seemed to invigorate all around her. A soldier lay ill of a fever in a house in the garden; it would have been death to him if his asylum were known to the insurgents; so she carefully attended to all his wants herself.

"Every one seemed to think that safety and security were to be found in my brother's house. Thither the insurgents brought their prisoners, and thither also their own wounded and suffering comrades. It was an awful sight to behold in that large parlor such a mingled assembly of anxious, throbbing hearts—my brother's own family, silent tears rolling down their faces; the wives of the loyal officers, the wives of the soldiers, the wives and daughters of the insurgents, the prisoners, the trembling women—all dreading to see the door open,

lest some new distress, some fresh announcement of horrors should enter. It was awful; but every scene was now awful, and we knew not what a day might bring forth."

Ballitore continued to be in the hands of the insurgents for three days; but suffered quite as much from the militia when they obtained possession.

"Many houses were burned; a row of houses opposite the school were set on fire; a great many windows were broken. We saw soldiers bending under loads of plunder. Soldiers came in for milk; some of their countenances were pale with anger, and they grinned at me, calling me names I never heard before. They said I had poisoned the milk which I gave them, and desired me to drink some, which I did with much indignation. Others were civil, and one inquired if we had had any United Irishmen in the house. I told him we had. In that fearful time the least equivocation, the least deception, appeared to me to be fraught with danger. The soldier continued: 'Had they plundered us?'

"'No, except of eating and drinking.' 'On free quarters,' he replied smiling, and went away.

"A fine-looking soldier came in, in an extravagant passion. He cursed me with great bitterness, and raising his musket, presented it to my breast. I desired him not to shoot me. He turned from me; dashed pans and jugs off the kitchen table with his musket, and shattered the window.

"Terrified almost out of my wits, I ran out of the house, followed by several women almost as much frightened as myself. When I fled, my fears gained strength, and I believed my enemy was pursuing. I thought of throwing myself into the river, thinking the bullet could not hurt me in the water. William Richardson came in and turned the ruffian out of the house. A soldier, who had been previously quartered at my mother's, came to beg leave to see 'the old mistress.' My dear mother, who was now in the stage of second childhood, in her unconsciousness of what was passing, had lost the timidity of her nature, mingled and conversed freely with all parties, and was treated by all with the greatest respect and tenderness.

"Sometimes I found myself with my children, whom I had shut up in a back room; again I was below, inquiring for my husband. Our old gardener was discovered lying in the shrubbery, and the instrument of destruction aimed at his breast was arrested by his daughter, who begged that her life might be taken instead. The soldier spared both; but poor Polly was ever after subject to fits by which she eventually lost her life, being seized with one as she crossed a stream."

William Leadbeater went with his family to stay with their aged mother; robbers entered the house when the parents were with a neighbor, and took several articles of value. They went to the chamber where the children were in bed. They asked a child where her father kept his money. She cried,

and said she did not know. "I know," called out little Jane, "where my father keeps his money." "Where, honey?" "In his breeches pocket."

"They broke open my husband's desk, and scattered his papers; we missed none of them, save three letters to me from Edmund Burke. The beauty of the pocketbook in which they were—a gift to me from his wife—no doubt caused it and them to be taken.

"They took a great deal of clothing, and broke the furniture; but they took a looking-glass off a chest of drawers, and laid it carefully aside, perhaps from a superstitious notion that breaking a looking-glass brings bad luck to the breaker. In breaking open a wardrobe with the handle of a pistol, the charge exploded, and the ball passed through the bedstead on which lay little Jane. The room filled with smoke; the children screamed; the robbers hastened to see if the child was killed. She smiled in their faces, and told them not to be so frightened, for she was not hurt.

"My dear mother appeared to be but little disturbed by this, or the other scenes she passed through; yet it is probable they hastened her mental decay.

"We thought we had a little respite from our foes, and were once more assembled in peace around the fireside, when our dear little Jane was trusted by me with a wax taper to go upstairs alone. The staircase was short, and her grandmother was in her own room with her attendant. I was not used to be so incautious, and the thought

crossed my mind, 'Is it safe?' A distinct voice seemed to say, 'The child is so steady!' and all recollection of her left me, until I heard her shrieks. Then the truth flashed upon me, and I accused myself. She had gone into another room than her grandmother's, and had laid down the taper; it caught her clothes, and the flames were not easily extinguished. A kind of convulsion stiffened her for a moment; the burns, though extensive, were but skin-deep. The dear child soon ceased to complain of pain, kissed all about her, and was cheerful, yet all night was thirsty, wakeful, and cold, with but little pulse. In the morning the dear innocent got her book and her work on the bed, and repeated her little verses, spoke to all around her, and happy in her short life closed her eyes never more to open them, just twenty-four hours after the accident happened. We, who had lost our darling child of four years old, felt deeply the deprivation, and struggled hard to submit to the will of Him who gives and takes away. So ended the year 1798."

The robbers paid several visits to the house of William Leadbeater, making strict search for what they wanted, and filling the family with fright. On one occasion "Mary Doyle ventured to expostulate, but a false alarm that the soldiers were coming had more effect. We heard our little Elizabeth praying that the Lord would please to send us daylight.

"Despite the presence of a military force, outrages and robberies frequently occurred, and kept

us in a state of perpetual alarm and anxiety. When these midnight robbers attacked a house in the country, they usually set fire to it if they met with any resistance, so that many of the farmers were houseless. Some of these robbers were shot, and one had my watch in his pocket; but I did not regain it.

"1799. Dudley Colcough paid us a visit this year. When we saw him last, he was a showy young officer, the beauty of his person rendered more conspicuous by his military attire. We were therefore surprised to see the gay youth transformed on a sudden, as it appeared to us, into a very orthodox Friend. He had sacrificed too much for us to doubt his sincerity; for he had by this step disobliged his father, whose only son he was. He told us he had been convinced of the truth of our principles by reading Barclay's Apology, which had accidentally fallen in his way at his quarters. One circumstance which he told me, long after this period, I may introduce. Being the son of a man of fortune, young and inexperienced, his fellow-officers endeavored to allure him to gamble. He consented reluctantly, and won half a guinea from one of them. Instead of being elated by his success, his mind revolted at gaining by such means; and he insisted on restoring the half-guinea, which, of course, prevented any further solicitation to play.

"1800. We opened a little school for poor children at Ballitore; there were several superintendents for awhile; but at length the whole trouble devolved on Betsy Shackleton. Scarcity of food

now amounted to famine. The potato-pits were now nightly robbed, and the weeds of the field were made to serve for food; but a fine winter proved that Providence cares for the poor, in not sending cold and hunger together."

1803. The boarding school was closed, and Abraham Shackleton removed with his family from the house; and it was not reopened until 1807, when James White married Lydia Shackleton, the daughter of the late proprietor, and the longing of Mary Leadbeater's heart was gratified in seeing the school revived under the care of James and Lydia White.

"My dear mother departed this life Third month 23, 1804. Our beloved and venerable parent glided from us by degrees almost imperceptible. She was reduced to a state of helpless infancy. My sister Sally, whose constant care she had been for three years, mourned long and deeply, and sobs from the old servants interrupted the silence at her grave.

"1807. I spent six weeks in Dublin, getting a volume of my verses printed. It was the longest separation I ever had from my husband and children.

"The school increased rapidly, and Ballitore got its old look again. Eight of the bigger boys joined for awhile in the compilation of a manuscript newspaper. A taste for poetry occasionally appeared, and I felt that school-boys were in all ages the same kind of beings.

"Betsy Shackleton, having learned to plait straw, taught the art to several poor children, and introduced a little manufacture. She also assembled her

plaiters twice a week, and taught them reading, writing, and cyphering, one of her sisters or one of our daughters assisting.

'Anna, the newly married wife of William Forster, paid a religious visit to the Meetings of Friends in Ireland. She joined our Society by conviction. Her rank in life was high, and she associated with the great. A few years ago she visited Ireland on a very different occasion, to attend the plays at Kilkenny. She is sister to Thomas Fowell Buxton. Anna Forster's companion was Priscilla Gurney, sister to Elizabeth Fry. Priscilla Gurney, though educated in our Society, had also moved in high life, and her uncommon beauty made her very attractive.

“TO PRISCILLA GURNEY.

“BY M. LEADBEATER.

“‘Did such a mind beam through a homely face,
Beauty were not required to lend a grace;
Did such a face veil an unworthy mind,
Our partial eyes might be to errors blind.
Sweet ministering spirit! with delight we see
Inward and outward grace unite with thee.’”

About a year before the death of Mary Leadbeater she began to be afflicted with dropsy. She continued her literary occupations to the last week, preparing a volume of essays, tales, and anecdotes for the Kildare Place Education Society. During the last few days she became rapidly worse. She was supported by Divine help through the trying

close, and her death was indeed that of the just :
Sixth Month 27, 1826, aged 68 years.

RECOVERY AFTER BEING HUNG.

From the Journal of John Grubb.

" *Clonmell, Tenth month 3, 1786.*—I saw two men going to be hung; one for robbing a house near Thurles; the other, a young man of good family in the North, for stealing a horse.

" As he was a Protestant, and somewhat above the common people, several went to see him, and among the rest a Methodist preacher named Gordon, to whom he seemed greatly attached. After the other man was cut down, this man was turned off, and let hang for six minutes, when the sheriff was prevailed on to cut him down. (R. Dudley and I had gone to the sheriff before he was taken out, to request he would not let him hang long.)

Some of the people took him, to all appearance dead, into a house, where, by rubbing, bleeding, and applying warm bricks to his feet, he began to breathe and struggle as if in convulsions.

In the evening he was quietly removed to a house near Powerstown, lest he might be found out and apprehended again.

" *Tenth month '4.*—I went to see the man that was hung yesterday; he seemed exceedingly weak, but could speak pretty well; yet I don't think he could recollect perfectly about being hung. It was

thought best to have him moved to another county for fear the high-sheriff should hear where he was ; so I went to James Keys, who gave us leave to get a horse and car to take him away. Richard Davis and I, with two or three more, went to catch a horse, which we did, and had the man sent on a car to the riverside, where a boat was provided to take him over. He recovered in two or three days ; and, a collection being made for him, he was sent home."

Jonathan Grubb adds a note to the above: "I have often heard my father relate the circumstance, and the very affecting sequel,—that, before he reached his home, this poor, unhappy creature fell again into temptation, and purloined some property from a house where he was entertained on the road. What a powerful argument against capital punishment, even on the ground of expediency, seeing that all the suffering, both in reality and anticipation, connected with its infliction, did not deter from the almost immediate repetition of crime!"

THE LOST GIFT IN THE MINISTRY.

JOHN GRIFFITH informed Robert Dudley that John Crook, one of the earliest and most distinguished ministers among Friends, was remarkable on many accounts, especially during the violent persecution in the reign of Charles II.; a large par-

ticipation whereof fell to this Friend. It was observable, that his gift in the ministry was such that he frequently, in those times of great affliction, while free from imprisonment, continued his declaration in public meetings for upwards of three hours, during the whole of which such an increasing degree of authority attended as to convince many of his auditory that nothing short of a Divine commission could produce the baptizing effects of his ministry. In consequence, many were joined to the Society of which he was a member, through his labors, and became ornaments thereof.

He outlived those days of dark intolerance some years, much beloved for the remembrance of his past services and sufferings for the cause of religion. He frequently spoke in meetings in long testimonies of sound doctrine and pleasing expressions. But some of his friends observed with concern that the energy of melting virtue, which had attended his gospel labors in former times, to their great consolation, was now very little if at all felt to accompany his ministry.

Two of these Friends, who stood in the station of Elders, feeling their minds engaged in it from a sense of duty, waited on him; and, with all the tenderness and deference due to his age, experience, and great worth, communicated to him their fears on this head, and intimated their wish that he would look at this matter, and seek of that gracious Being in whose service he had been so successfully engaged for many years for his blessed counsel on

the subject; desiring him, at a suitable time, to favor them with the result of his deliberations on what they had laid before him.

He received their communications with great meekness; and, after several weeks, he waited on them, and in a tender frame of mind thanked them for their kindness, which he should never forget; that, on deep thoughtfulness respecting the matter referred to him, he found there was ample cause for their fears; and that he looked upon them as messengers of love from his great Master, to warn him of his dangerous situation.

He next related to them how he then found that in those times of public tranquillity he had gradually and imperceptibly slidden off from receiving his ministry through that pure, unmixed channel, by which he had formerly received it. The spring of the ministry, he said, during the fiery trials of persecution, flowed so copiously through him, that he felt but little labor to come at it; but in these latter days of the Church's tranquillity, from the love he felt for the cause, he delivered words as they occurred to him in the public assemblies, which, till their kind intimations to him, he did not perceive proceeded only from his natural powers as a man, and did not, as formerly, flow from the Divine spring and gift of gospel ministry. Of this, he said, he was now fully convinced, and returned praises for his great deliverance where first due, and gratitude to them as instruments thereof.

He continued for three years after this quite

silent as a minister; and, about the expiration of that time, he again broke forth in a few words, just as at his first appearance in the ministry. He was gradually enlarged in his testimonies, to the comfort and edification of his friends, and was at all times very careful not to exceed that measure of Divine opening with which he was favored in the exercise of his gift.

DO JUSTLY.

Two Friends, who lived some distance apart, happening to meet, and one inquiring of the other how he was in health, was answered,—

“Pretty well, but a little fatigued with riding; my horse goes rather roughly; he is hardly fit for the saddle, and I believe I must provide me another.”

“What dost thou use him for in common?”

“He is a good cart-horse.”

“Well, I have an easy-going saddle-horse, and want a carriage-horse; perhaps it will suit us both to exchange.”

They then had their horses out, and at length agreed to exchange. Some months after they met again, and one said,—

“Well, A——, how dost thou like thy horse?”

“Why, so well, that I thought I had deceived thee, and have brought five pounds in my pocket, which I desire thee to accept, as I believe it to be about the difference in their value.”

"Surprising," replied A — : "Why, I had the same thought about thine, and have actually brought the same sum to offer thee, supposing the advantage to have been all on my side."

After indulging a little pleasantry on this singular occasion, they concluded to keep to their bargain, and each to take back his own money.

INCIDENT RELATED BY D'AUBIGNE,

Author of the History of the Reformation.

IN 1846, after the Evangelical Alliance had closed its sittings in London, I left the baths of Allisbrum, and went into the Grisons to see some friends. On the steamboat of the Lake of Zurich, I found myself in the midst of strangers; but I soon noticed two persons, whom I took to be Quakers. I believed there would be, doubtless, between them and me, some points of friendly relation. I addressed them, and soon found in them two Christians—sincere, enlightened, lively. We travelled together two or three days, and we enjoyed, all that time, true Christian union. I remember well the time of our parting; we were on the mountain, not far from the beautiful convent of Pfeffers. To the right the path descended to the Grisons and the Via Mala; to the left a road opened towards the Tyrol. My course was along the first, my friends were to take the other. We were in the deep gully of a ravine. A mountain stream, falling behind us,

crossed our road, and then made a second fall immediately below. Some boulders of rock, rolled together without order, formed a sort of bridge. We were seated on these stones. One of the Friends, who had been an advocate, and who was a minister in his community, grasped my hand at the moment when we were about to part, and, without saying a word, knelt down on one of the fragments of rock. I knelt down beside him. After some moments of profound silence, during which no sound was heard but the calm and majestic fall of the waters, my friend began to pour forth his soul unto God. He prayed for me as if he had been one of my oldest friends, or my own brother. I had unfolded to him some of the wounds of my own heart. He asked the Lord to heal them. I have seldom enjoyed an hour of such entire Christian union. We rose and parted. I passed rapidly down the mountain on the side of Crettigon.—*Evangelical Christendom.*

The Christian union between these two distinguished men exemplifies the remark of a minister, that, the more faithful a man was to that church in which his lot was cast, the more truly was he a member of the church universal.

THANK GOD.

A LADY applied once to the benevolent Richard Reynolds, of Bristol, England, on behalf of an

orphan. After he had given liberally she said, "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor." "Stop," said the good man; "we do not thank the clouds for rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank Him who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

Another good man, who gave a similar reply, was answered, "If we did not love and value the rain, we could not give God thanks for it."

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES AND FRIENDS.

From Armistead's Select Miscellanies.

It has frequently been noticed, by others, that Friends do not unite in the missionary enterprises of the religious world; and it is therefore inferred that they disapprove of using any means of bringing the heathen to a knowledge of the precepts of Christianity. This is altogether a wrong assumption, and unjust towards the Society of Friends, whose objection to unite with the missionary societies of the day does not apply to the instruction and conversion of the heathen—for this they greatly desire—but to a conscientious difficulty in sanctioning, by their aid, the means which are usually employed to bring about so desirable a result. It is apparent that these efforts are too often employed (not to say always) to bring over the untutored natives to the adoption of the forms, customs, and ceremonies of particular sects, more

than to teach them the pure and simple doctrines of the New Testament. Doubtless much good has been effected through the instrumentality of faithful, devoted missionaries, and the Divine blessing has attended their labors of love; in this the Society of Friends, in common with others, do rejoice and give thanks.

It would be easy to show from history that ministers from among the Society of Friends, although not assuming the *name* of missionaries, have from time to time left their homes and native land in that capacity, in the love of the gospel, to visit the negroes of the West Indies, as well as the aborigines of North America, and that at a period antecedent to missionary societies being known in England.

Within this century many members of the society have made great sacrifices to fulfil gospel missions intrusted to them by the Great Head of the Church. Much expense has been incurred, and many prayers have followed them to the heathen in various parts of the world. The gospel has been preached by them in Western and Southern Africa, Iceland, New Zealand, Australia, and other isles of the ocean, besides the long-continued efforts of Friends to ameliorate the condition and Christianize the Indians of America; and recently the whole body of Friends, both in America and Great Britain, have at great expense sent missionaries among the Freedmen of the United States, to enlighten, educate, and teach them the truths of our holy religion.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

By a Friend.

ANTHONY PURVER was the son of parents in humble circumstances, and was a remarkable example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and began to teach himself Greek and Hebrew with a book before him, and his work on the last in his lap; whilst drawing the thread through the leather was the opportunity which he embraced of lifting his eyes from his work to his book, and that portion of the time in which he was engaged in his humble avocation was the interval for meditating on what he had read.

He renounced shoemaking when about twenty years of age, and commenced teaching a school, but afterwards removed to London, where he acquired, with scarcely any assistance, a very considerable knowledge of Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Whilst there he became convinced of the principles professed by Friends, and, joining the Society, became a minister among them. Returning to his native town in Hampshire, he resumed his school in 1727, and continued it for some time, during which he began to translate the books of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew. When he had completed the translation of the whole Bible, he could not find a bookseller who would embark in the publication. Thus was the labor of thirty years about to be lost, when Dr. Fothergill made him a

present of £1000 for the copy, and took upon himself the expense of printing the work. In 1764 it was published, with the title of "A New and Literal Translation of all the Books of the Old and New Testament, with Notes critical and explanatory," in two volumes, folio.

"Inelegant but faithful," observes a modern writer, "and furnished with a great quantity of original notes and tabular elucidations, it has probably furnished unacknowledged help, on many a difficult passage, to more noted commentators." The present Bishop of Salisbury, one of the first Greek and Hebrew scholars of the day, has pronounced Purver's Translation of the Bible to be superior to all others for closeness to the original. This work is now seldom offered for sale, as only one edition was published; but there is a considerable number in America in the hands of members of the Society of Friends, who find them very useful in Biblical studies.

Anthony Purver died in 1777, about the age of seventy-five.

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE.

AN American Friend, who was a widow, lived with her son in a thinly settled part of the country; he cultivated a small piece of land, which furnished them with a frugal subsistence. Their nearest neighbor, who lived a few miles distant, through

the forest, came early one afternoon to request she would visit his wife, who was suddenly taken very ill, and stay with her while he went for medical advice. With this she complied; and, putting up in a basket a few needful things for the sick woman, she told her son she did not expect to return before the next morning, and set out and reached the place in safety. With suitable remedies the invalid soon recovered, and, her husband coming speedily back, the widow concluded to return home that evening, hoping, as it was a fine moonlight night, that she might pass the forest without danger. But, on crossing an open glade, she saw a pack of wolves drinking at a pool of water at some distance, which made her sensible of her great rashness, as, unless she could pass unobserved, her destruction was inevitable, as no human help was at hand; for, though her home was in sight, she believed she could not get in, her son being in bed, and the cottage fast.

In this strait she lifted up her heart to God in earnest prayer, that He who had often strengthened and consoled her in many troubles would now be pleased to interpose for her help, and not permit her to be devoured by these savage creatures. Her mind became composed, and she ran quickly forward. On crossing the fence, she looked back, and perceived that one of the wolves had discovered her; he uttered a shrill cry, and immediately the whole pack was in pursuit.

Meanwhile her son had retired to rest, but could not sleep; a strange and unusual anxiety came over

his mind, which continually increased; he got up, and made a large fire of wood, which blazed brightly, by which he sat down; in a short time he thought he heard his mother's voice calling to him, and opening the door he perceived her, followed by several wolves; one was so near as almost to touch her shoulder with his paw. The sudden light dazzled and checked them, and for a moment they fell back, which gave her time to rush into the house and close the door; when she and her son, both greatly affected by this deliverance, united in returning thanks for the merciful interposition which had so remarkably preserved her life.—*Moral Almanac.*

TEETOTAL ANECDOTE.

From J. Backhouse's Visit to the Australian Colonies.

WE had the satisfaction of witnessing the destruction of five puncheons of rum, containing 492 gallons, and two hogsheads of Geneva, containing 116 gallons. They were the property of a Friend who had received them as part of an investment from his agent in England, who had not been apprised of a change in the views of his correspondent respecting the sale and use of spirits, in which he cannot now conscientiously be concerned. He therefore represented the case to the governor, who allowed them to be taken out of bond free of duty, under the same circumstances as if for export, and, under the charge of an officer of customs, placed on

board a staged boat, which took them out into the Cove, where the heads of the casks were removed, and the contents poured into the sea. A few friends of the owner accompanied him to witness this "new thing under the sun" in this colony.

We were much pleased with the hearty manner in which the custom-house officer superintended this sacrifice of property to principle. Some persons from neighboring vessels looked on with approval, others with surprise, and others, not yet awake to the evils of spirit-drinking, expressed regret. A man from a little vessel cried out, "That's real murder." One of the puncheons, being too near the edge of the boat, went overboard, and brought its top above the surface of the water, with much rum in it. It floated close by the same little vessel; and a man dipped a cup into it, to try to get a drink of the devoted fluid. It was now rum and water, but, happily for the man, it was rum and *salt* water; even his vitiated palate rejected it, and he poured it back to the rest, which was soon mingled with the briny flood.

PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY.

To the Woomen friends of the Quarterly Meeting at Barnbury.

Deare friends.—It so hapens that none of us from Henly this year can conveniently attend the Service of this Meeting.

These cums to let you understand that wee are in

unity. Our week days Meetings are duly kept up. Our Poore are taken care of. Wee hope Truth prospers amongst us. And whear anything is known to be amiss, care is taken for amendm^t. This with the salutation of our Deare Loves, wee remaine your friends in the Truth.

JUDITH GRIMSDALL.

LIDIA TOOVEY.

Henly the 24th 4th mo. 1726.

THE ROBBERS DETECTED.

From the Methodist Magazine.

In the time of the American Revolutionary War, an encampment of about five hundred men was stationed near the dwelling of David Sands, in Orange county, New York. One night D. Sands and his wife heard a noise in their house, and heard some persons near their room say, "Some of the family are awake, let us shoot them." In this alarming situation, personal safety seemed the first object, and they easily effected their escape by their chamber being on the first floor. In getting out through the window, one man, stationed to keep guard on the outside, discharged his gun at them, the ball of which grazed the forehead of D. Sands; however, they escaped, but with very thin clothing; and as it was a cold night, and they remained in the open air till break of day, in much anxiety, it was a most

suffering time. When they returned to their dwelling, they found it plundered of all the cash—about fifty pounds—and much of their bedding and furniture. A servant and two children, who were sleeping in another part of the house, were not disturbed.

After considering what was best to be done, David Sands found his mind most easy to go to the encampment. On his arrival he saw several officers conversing together, who said to him,—

“Mr. Sands, we have heard of the depredation committed at your house, and desire to know what you think can be done to discover the offenders.”

He informed them that he had on the road felt a belief, that, if the men were drawn up rank and file, about fifty in a company, he might be able (if he followed best direction), in passing through them, to detect those concerned in the robbery. The officers wondered at his proposal, thinking it very improbable he should discover them in such a manner, without any outward knowledge of the persons. But they gave the necessary orders.

On passing down the first rank, he made a stop near the bottom, but went on to the next, when he soon made a stand at one of the men, and, looking him full in the face, said to him,—

“Where wast thou last night?”

“Keeping guard, sir; and a very cold night it was.”

“Didst thou find it so when at my house?” replied D. Sands; at which the man trembled much,

and showed evident signs of guilt, on which he was ordered out of the ranks; and in like manner four others were discovered. Then he went to a young officer, whom he asked how he came to aid and accompany his men in pillaging his house. He was also arrested. Two others, which made eight, had deserted before the search commenced, and which accounted for the stop he made in the first rank.

The officers now desired to know what could be done for him. He said he would like to have his furniture, bedding, etc., returned, on which they brought the greater part, with half the money, assuring him the rest was lost. The prisoners were brought to trial before the civil power; but, as D. S. declined appearing at the stated time, they were of course acquitted. But this not exempting them from a trial by martial law, and their guilt appearing beyond a doubt, the officers had them bound together, and taken to D. Sands's house, informing him their lives were at his mercy, and he was to determine their sentence; upon which he gave them suitable advice, and then forgave them; and as they were weary with long travelling he ordered them comfortable refreshment.

The officer could not be pardoned, as the punishment for such a crime was death to him, who should have been an example to his men. But D. S. being very solicitous to preserve his life, asked if nothing could be done to release him. There was but one way, which was for him to desert the regiment, which was permitted.

Several years after this occurrence, when David Sands was from home on a religious visit, a man came to him, and confessed he was one of those who pillaged his house, and was one of the two who deserted to avoid discovery, and hoped for his forgiveness. The other man who deserted also came to D. S., at the same time, and was dressed as a Friend; he too confessed his crime, desiring D. S., as a confirmation of his forgiveness, to go with him to his house, telling him he had married a young woman who was a Friend, but said he had not had peace of mind since he had done him that injury. D. Sands consented to go, and found it as he had said, and that the man was on the point of becoming a member among Friends.

TURKISH PRISONERS.

THOMAS LURTING was mate of an English vessel commanded by Captain Pattison; both of them were Friends. In 1663, on sailing from Venice, having on board beside the captain and mate seven men and a boy, they heard there were many Turkish men-of-war at sea, and had taken several English ships. Thomas was much concerned, and desired the captain to go to Leghorn, and wait for a convoy; but he would not agree to do so. When near Majorca they were chased by a Turkish man-of-war, which they thought to escape by fast sailing, as they

had done once before ; but, by carrying too much sail, something gave way, and the Turks captured them, and ordered the master on board their vessel.

At that time, all on board ships taken by the Turks were carried to Algiers, and sold into slavery, where many suffered to the end of their lives. Thomas Lurting's heart was raised to the Lord in his trouble ; and the word ran through him, " Be not afraid : for all this thou shalt not go to Algiers ; " and, remembering several deliverances he had been favored with during time of war, his fears were removed. He desired his men to obey the Turks, and show them all parts of the vessel, and with what she was laden. They took a small portion of the cargo, and sent back the master, putting two officers and eight Turks on board to take the vessel to Algiers.

The mate told the men that if they would be ruled by him he would deliver them, and they should not be taken into slavery ; though there appeared no way to accomplish their escape, for the Turks were armed, which they were not. When they were all together, except the Captain, the mate proposed they should overcome the Turks, and go to May York, as the Island of Majorca was then called. The men were much rejoiced ; and one said, " I will kill one or two," and another, " I will kill as many as you will have me ; " but Thomas said, " If I know any of you that offers to touch a Turk, I will tell the Turks myself, but if you will be ruled, I will act for you ; if not, I will be still." They all agreed to do

as he would have them ; and he told them to be civil to the Turks, and to obey them with diligence and quickness without grumbling.

He then went to the captain, and told him of their intentions ; but though Captain Pattison was a bold-spirited man, he discouraged their attempt, as, if they failed, they had as good been burned alive. He was also opposed to bloodshed ; Thomas told him they were resolved to rise on their captors, but without one drop of bloodshed, saying he would rather go to Algiers than to kill a Turk ; and he believed the Lord would prosper them. At last the captain consented, provided they killed none.

Bad weather came on, and they parted company with the man-of-war, and the Turks on board the English vessel became careless, seeing the diligence of their prisoners.

The second night afterwards it rained very much, and two of the Turks went to sleep in the captain's cabin as usual, and the mate persuaded one to lie down in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin, and at last induced them all to lie down and sleep ; then he got possession of their arms, all being done by fair means and persuasion. He then had the doors of the cabins watched, lest they should come out ; but he charged his men not to spill blood. The course of the vessel was then laid for Majorca, which in the morning they came near. One of the Turks came out, expecting to see his own country, but saw the island. He went in again, and told his

companions; and, instead of rising on the crew, they all fell to crying, and begged they might not be sold, which the mate promised, and then went to the captain, and related to him the events of the night. He told the two Turks who slept in his cabin, one of whom was the captain, who wept and desired he might not be sold; he was promised he should not be. On reaching the island, the Turks were concealed in the vessel, lest the Spaniards should take possession of them; but having told an English captain, on promise of secrecy, whom they had on board, he tried to persuade them to sell their captives, saying they were worth two or three hundred pieces of eight each; but both captain and mate told him they would not take thousands for them, for they would not sell them for the whole island of Majorca. He looked on them for fools, and went and told the Spaniards, who would have taken them, but they escaped by sailing away in haste. When the Turks, who were allowed to be on deck, found they were not sailing direct towards their home, they used threatening words to the captain when no one else of the English were on deck except the mate and the man at the helm. The mate saw their altered countenances; and he feared they would lay hold of the master, and throw him overboard. He stamped with his foot, and the sailors ran up crying, "Where is the crow? Where is the axe?" But the mate ordered everything laid down that could hurt the Turks; and he stepped forward, and took hold of their captain, and said he must go down, which he

did quietly, and all the rest. At that very time, some of the Turks had long knives, unknown to the sailors; but afterwards two of them quarrelled and drew their knives, which were then taken from them.

They soon after steered for the coast of Barbary, for there they would miss the men-of-war, and on the eleventh day were on that coast; and Thomas wished to put the Turks on shore, and asked the captain for the boat for that purpose. The danger of taking so many of their prisoners in the boat at the same time was very great; and yet, if they took only half, they might raise the country, and surprise the second boat-load. The captain and mate sat some time together, and some tears dropped from both; but there was no other way but to venture their lives by taking all at once. Some of the men were afraid to go unless the Turks were bound, but Thomas thought that would exasperate them. Then the Turkish captain was called, and placed in the stern of the boat; another was placed in his lap, and one on each side, and two more in their laps, until all were seated. Two of the sailors got in to row; and one sat on the bow of the boat, and the mate on one side. Each of the sailors had a carpenter's adze or a cooper's knife by his side, and the mate a boat-hook. The arms of the Turks were also on board. They set off for the shore, committing themselves to the Lord for preservation, being three men and a boy and ten Turks.

Having but two oars, they went slowly, and the

men began to be afraid; and, as they neared the shore, one of the men cried out, "Lord, have mercy on us! there are Turks in the bushes on shore." As soon as the Turks in the boat saw that the mate and men were frightened, they all rose at once. Thomas was not afraid of them, but feared his men would kill them; and he would not have caused the death of one of them for the world. He cautioned his men to remember their promise, to do nothing until he said he could do no more; he then got into the middle of the boat, and struck the captain a smart blow, and bid him sit down, which he did instantly, and so did the rest, without any more blows. Some of the men wanted to go back to the ship with their prisoners; but Thomas said, "God willing, I will put them on shore." They found a convenient place, where they could see a mile on land, and then turned the boat, and put out a grappling, when the Turks, with signs of great kindness, took leave and jumped out, and, without getting very wet, went on shore. The boat was taken close in, and half a hundred of bread given them, and other things, and their arms were thrown to them; they were then four miles from two towns, and about fifty miles from Algiers. "So we parted in great love, and stayed till they had all got up the hill; and they shook their caps at us, and we at them."

When the vessel arrived at England, King Charles II and the Duke of York were told there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the Thames, that had been taken by the Turks, and had redeemed them-

selves, and had never fired a gun. The King and Duke went on board the vessel, and asked many questions, and said they ought to have brought the Turks to England. Thomas Lurting replied that he thought it better for them to be in their own country, at which they all smiled, and went away.

A FRIEND AMONG THIEVES.

From Life of Peter Bedford.

PETER BEDFORD was a Friend, residing in or near London. Among other benevolent enterprises in which he was interested, was the reformation of young thieves. He went boldly to their haunts, and was well known and respected by them. With Dr. Lushington he had a meeting of thieves called. They found the room filled, and many who did not like to show themselves kept in the passages. After speaking to them awhile, and offering to assist them to reform, the meeting ended, and a crowd of thieves surrounded the gentlemen as they left the house. One said, "Are you afraid, Mr. Bedford?" "Afraid!" replied he; "what have I to be afraid of? I am sure none of you would hurt me or this gentleman." "No, sir," was the reply; "if you were covered with jewels, you would not lose one of them. But, if you are afraid, we will form a guard, and see you safe to your own house."

A member of the Society of Friends having just married, went off with his bride to spend the honey-

moon in Yorkshire. On returning to London, and driving in their own carriage through Brick Lane in the dusk of the evening, there was a stoppage. Whilst they were thus waiting for other vehicles to move on, some one rapped at their carriage door, and said, "Sir, your portmanteau is gone; the man that stole it has gone down that street." The bridegroom jumped out, and went in search of the portmanteau. He had, however, to abandon the pursuit.

"One of my friends," said Peter Bedford, "called on me that evening at six o'clock and said, 'Peter Bedford, we are in trouble.' 'What is the matter?' He then said he had come to see if I could help them to recover their stolen property. I promised my assistance as far as practicable. In making this promise, I had Bill Horne in my mind; for I had learned that his business was to cut the straps of portmanteaus with a sort of weeding-hook.

"We sallied forth, and went down Spitalfields together. I inquired of a woman where Bill lived. She took us into Wentworth street, and pointed out the house to us. The most disgusting female figure that ever I saw filled the doorway. However, I went up to her, and said, 'Is Bill Horne within?' 'No, sir, he is not.' 'Where is he? Is he nigh at hand?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then let him know I want to see him at once on special business; ask him to come to my house.' I inquired of the woman if she knew me; she replied, 'Oh, yes, I know who you are—Mr. Bedford.'

"We then returned to my house, and soon afterwards Bill made his appearance, I at once challenged him for his reasons for stealing a portmanteau from the carriage of one of my friends. 'O sir! I didn't do it.' I replied, half in earnest, half in jest, that he should have prevented any one from taking such a liberty with a friend of mine. 'But, sir, I did not know it was a friend of yours; it was done by another young man.' 'Well,' I said, 'never mind about who did it. We must have the portmanteau and all its contents.' 'No sir, you can't; it's *cracked*.' He meant that it was broken up; for, as portmanteaus can be identified, thieves break them up immediately. 'Well, then,' said I, 'we must have the contents; and they must be here by ten o'clock this evening.' 'I don't think it can be done, sir.' 'It *must* be done.'

"So the bridegroom and Edward Harris waited at my house till evening. By and by the bell rang, and some one was let in. I went into the room; and there was not only Bill Horne, but another young man with him. Seeing they had come without the missing property, I exclaimed: 'How is it you have not brought those things?' 'The police won't let us,' they replied; 'but you shall have them to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. We really can't bring them to-night.' Bill then began to enumerate several articles it contained,—as a watch, silk stockings, etc.

"In the morning, about eight or nine o'clock, Horne brought the things, and was shown into my

parlor. As soon as he saw William Tindall, he looked at me and said, 'O, sir, is it all right?' For his heart failed him, and he thought I had a police officer with me. I told him it was all right. He answered, 'Well, sir, I could trust my life in your hands.'

"Such was the effect of kindness. The things were all brought except a few trifles. They had been divided among several parties, and they could not collect all together again. I did not give them a shilling for their trouble, and do not know whether they expected anything or not. I said nothing about it."

A large share of Peter Bedford's influence over the young was owing to his liveliness and sunny brightness of temperament. A youthful acquaintance one day remarked, "What a nice thing it is when folks are good without being disagreeable!" Peter Bedford took a lively interest in the welfare of the young men of the Society of Friends, especially those who were engaged in subordinate situations in London. It was his general custom to invite ten or twelve of them to dine with him on the Sabbath, and spend the afternoon in agreeable and instructive conversation; and, when any traveling ministers of the Society were in London, they were pretty sure to receive a special welcome to his house, where often a number of young people were brought together by him to receive some edifying address, followed by a lively social meal.

DOCTOR LAVATER.

"IN some of the meetings I had at Zurich," writes Stephen Grellet, "I was impressed to press upon the people to attend faithfully to the teachings of the Holy Spirit in their hearts; for it is the Spirit of Truth who not only brings the repentant sinner to Christ, the Saviour, but also 'leads into all truth.' I also earnestly pressed upon them to repair often to the house of prayer, with faith and confidence in our Lord Jesus Christ, who has promised that 'whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.' After one of these opportunities, Lavater, a physician, told me, 'I have great reason for being fully convinced of these great and important truths that you have delivered. Once I did not believe in them, and even ridiculed them; but the Lord was pleased to convince me of their reality, in the following manner; my son, my only son, was very ill; I had exerted all my medical skill upon him in vain, when in my distress I wandered out into the street, and seeing the people going to the church where my brother Lavater was to preach, I went also; he began with that very text that you have mentioned, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' He dwelt very particularly on the nature of prayer, in whose name, and to whom it is to be offered; he described also, the efficacy of that faith which is to be the clothing of the poor supplicants. I attended very closely to

what my brother said : and I thought I would now try if it was indeed so ; for my solicitude for the recovery of my son was great, my prayer for it was earnest ; I thought, also, that I believed the Lord Jesus had all power to heal him if he would. Now,' said he, 'in my folly I dared to limit the Almighty to three days, concluding that by this I should know that he was indeed a God hearing prayer, if my son was restored within that time. After such a daring act, all my skill as a physician seemed to be taken away from me. I went about looking at my watch, to see how the time passed ; then at my son, whom I saw growing worse, but not a thought to minister anything to him arose. The three days had nearly passed away, when, with an increase of anguish, and also a sense of the Lord's power, I cried out, "I believe, O Lord ! that thou canst do all this for me ; help thou my unbelief !" on which some of the most simple things presented to me to administer to my son ; so simple that, at any other time, I should have scorned them ; yet, believing it was of the Lord, I administered them, and my son immediately recovered. Now,' said the doctor, 'I felt fully convinced that the Lord heareth prayer, and that there is an influence of the Spirit of God on the mind of man, for I have felt it.' He added, 'To this day I feel ashamed of myself, that I, a poor worm, should have dared to prescribe limits to the Lord, and wonder how, in his boundless mercy, he should have condescended, notwithstanding my darkness, to hear me.'"

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

From the Life of William Allen.

WHEN the Emperor Alexander was in England in 1814, he expressed a wish to see the house and family of a Friend, and although he took some steps to do so, yet he did not accomplish his intention until he was about to leave the country. The following letter was written by the governess in the family of Nathaniel Rickman :

AMBERSTONE, 26 of 6 mo., 1814.

DEAR PARENTS: I must date my letter the 26th, though it is the 27th I write it, that being a day I shall ever remember ; for on that day I received a shake of the hand from an emperor, and a kiss from the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg. On First day morning we placed ourselves at the front gate, in expectation of seeing them on their way to Dover, and shortly afterwards saw a number of foreign carriages ; those in them bowed to us, and we nodded to them. After a time the King of Prussia passed by with his two sons ; the King bowed to us, and we acknowledged the favor.

Finding it would be some time before the Emperor came, we went to dinner ; after which, Nathaniel Rickman said that he should like to go to Horse Bridge ; but I said as there were crowds of people there, it would be more respectable to be seen at home, little thinking whom we should entertain.

We therefore returned to our post, and walked about before the house till we might see some of the carriages coming. They made their appearance, and we were directed to look into the second carriage for the Emperor. There was a female with him, whom I directly knew to be the Duchess of Oldenburg. The Emperor was looking at a map, but observing us, he immediately called out, "Halt! halt!" the horses stopped, and he jumped out and came towards us with the air of a gentleman.

He inquired if we were Quakers. We said we were. "Was it a Quaker's house?" We replied it was. "Might they see it?" Nathaniel Rickman said, "Certainly." He then turned to the Duchess and said, "*Oui, oui.*" She immediately got out of the carriage and held out both her hands to Mary Rickman and me, and said, "How do you do? I am glad to see you." The Emperor then shook hands with us, and taking hold of Mary Rickman, led her into the house, and the Duchess taking Nathaniel Rickman's arm, they came into the best parlor, where they had some refreshments. They inquired of Mary Rickman how many children she had, and if I was her daughter. They then went into the back parlor and kitchen, and said, "How neat it is."

The Duchess wished to go upstairs, and turning to Nathaniel Rickman, said, "Come, sir, come." The Emperor took Mary Rickman and went into the best room; they remarked, "This is for your visitors; which is your own room?" which they

were shown, and also the school-room. They then went downstairs into the great parlor, where I had time to examine their countenances, and I think I never saw one in which everything that was good was more observable than in the Emperor's. He was open, generous and polite in his manner, and affectionate in his address. They have so won our hearts, that I am sure we shall never forget them. The Emperor is a well-made, handsome man, and when he arose to take leave of us—what shall I compare it to? I do not know, unless to a fond parent taking leave of his children, for it could not be more affectionate.

The Emperor kissed the cheeks of Nathaniel Rickman and the boys, and the hands of Mary Rickman, the girls, and myself. The Duchess kissed us and the girls, and shook hands with Nathaniel Rickman; they both wished us good-by and farewell. The Emperor turned round just as he got into the carriage, and said, "Remember me to your brothers and friends; we are going into Russia; it is a long way, but you will not forget us." We assured him that we should not. I am sure I never shall. He inquired of N. and M. Rickman their names. The Emperor and the Duchess both speak English, and understand it very well.

The Emperor was dressed in a plain brown coat of the English make, and the Duchess in a lustre and shawl, put on just as we wear ours, and a bonnet and feather half a yard high, of the Russian make. Their coachman was the drollest-looking

man I ever saw. He had a long beard. I carried him out some ale, upon which he took a brush and brushed the dust off his beard before he drank, and patted his breast and bowed. I also gave the Prince Regent's servants some ale; they said we had such an honor done us as thousands would have given hundreds of pounds to have had. The foreign carriages are the ugliest things I ever saw for such great folks. I must tell you more in my next. Farewell. I shall always use that word because the Emperor and Duchess did.

MARY ANN DEAN.

PROVIDENCE.

By a New York Friend.

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right."

I RECOLLECT that, when a lad, I was crossing the East river, from New York to Brooklyn, on a very foggy day, in a small ferry-boat. My father and several other individuals belonging to the same society as myself, were desirous of going on Long Island to attend a Quarterly Meeting. It was necessary, therefore, to cross the river early; and when we arrived at the foot of Fulton street, we found that the steamboat had just left the wharf. Being unwilling to wait for its return, we made a company with the passengers who stood on the ground sufficient to tempt the ferryman to put off in a small

boat, and convey us across the river. The ferry-men hesitated for some time, but at length the offer of a sufficient reward induced them to set out.

The reason of their objection to starting was that the thick fog rendered the passage uncertain. They could scarcely see from one end of the boat to the other; and much they feared that they would lose their way, and row about the river several hours to no purpose. At length we set out, the ferrymen magnifying the difficulties of the passage as much as possible, in order to enhance the value of their services. When we first left the wharf, a stranger stepped towards the stern of the boat and took the helm. Every eye was fixed on him who had assumed this responsible station, from which every one had shrunk; but now that one of their number had seen fit to take the command of the boat, on whose skill and knowledge depended the success of our little voyage, every one was disposed to criticise him.

There could be no doubt that if he failed of bringing us safely to the landing-place on the opposite side, he would be obliged to endure the reproaches of every one who had embarked; indeed, it was soon perceived some were unable to wait for his failure before they gave vent to their feelings. Thinking it a matter of certainty that he could not find the way to the ferry-stairs, during a fog as impenetrable as midnight darkness, they began to murmur in anticipation. The ferrymen were the first to evince their uneasiness by casting glances at each other, which was noticed by the passengers,

and regarded as prognostics of ill success. One of the passengers then asked the stranger at the helm if he did not think he was going too far up the river; the stranger bowed, and made answer that if any other gentleman present wished to take the helm he would resign it to his charge; from which it was readily inferred that so long as he held his place, he intended to be guided solely by his own judgment. This answer silenced complaint for a time, as no other individual felt disposed to relieve him of his responsibility.

But the uneasiness of the passengers increased as we proceeded; and when we became entirely surrounded by fog, and no object in sight by which our course could be directed, the murmurs and conjectures of the little company were audibly expressed.

"Why don't he put the helm up?" said one, nestling in his seat.

"We shall come out somewhere near the navy yard," said another.

"He had better let the helm go, and trust to the ferrymen," said a lady present.

"Why don't he keep the tiller to him?" said an elderly black woman anxiously.

As the stranger paid no attention to these remarks, his silence was set down for obstinacy; and I am afraid a few observations were added which somewhat exceeded the bounds of civility. The stranger evidently heard these injurious observations, for he made answer again that if any other gentleman wished to take the helm he would resign

it to his hands. Just about this time a dark object appeared in the water, and, as it became more visible through the fog, it was recognized as a vessel which lay at anchor between the landing-places on either side of the river. This convinced every one that so far the stranger had gone as correctly as if the bright sun had shone unclouded upon the river, and silence was at once restored. All murmurs were hushed; satisfaction appeared on every visage. But the vessel very soon disappeared again in the mist, and again nothing but fog and darkness surrounded us. Dissatisfaction once more prevailed, and the steersman received a great many instructions in his duty, to which he paid no heed, and only returned for answer as before, that he was willing to resign his station to any one who would accept it.

After a great deal of fretting and needless discomposure, the travellers perceived land dimly emerging through the dense fog of the morning. Shapeless and unusual as everything appeared, it is no wonder that some had imagined they had reached the navy-yard, about a mile above the usual landing-place. But all doubts were at an end when the prow of the boat struck the ferry stairs, and we discovered that the stranger had conveyed us as straight as an arrow to our point of destination.

Many years have passed away since the occurrence of this event, yet occasions which have taken place have frequently brought it to my recollection. When I hear fault found with the ordering of

Providence; when I hear people undertake to account for His decrees, who maketh darkness his pavilion, and whose ways are past finding out; when I see the good distressed, and apparently ready to murmur at the decrees of Heaven, I remember the man at the helm, and say to myself, that however inscrutable may be the Great Father of Life, and however he may suffer darkness and doubt to overshadow our souls, he knows what is best for us, and makes all things work together for good in the end. We have a Pilot at the helm of the universe who can see through the mists which envelop us, and will bring all his ransomed creation safe to the haven of eternal rest.

ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH CARRINGTON.

Related by Thomas Willis.

JOSEPH CARRINGTON was a minister, residing in Pennsylvania. He was not endowed with fine talents, but often showed great weakness; though in conversation he was below mediocrity, yet in preaching the gospel he was clear and powerful. To him the Lord was strength in weakness, a present help in time of need. When on a religious visit to England, the Friend at whose house he lodged entered his room one morning, and excused himself for leaving home, which he was obliged to do, as he was on a committee appointed to endeavor to settle a difference between two Friends, Joseph said, "I

will rise and go with thee." His host, knowing Joseph was a weak man when left to his own resources, was afraid to take him with him, lest he should prove a hindrance, and replied, "No, thou had best remain here and rest thyself;" but Joseph persisted in getting up and dressing himself; and they set off on horseback.

They soon had occasion to ford a small river, when Joseph's horse stumbled and threw him into the mud. "Now," said his friend, "Thou wilt have to go back, thou cannot continue on in this plight." "Oh yes," said Joseph; "I will go on, I cannot return now; that was an effort of the devil to prevent me from going."

On arriving at the appointed place, they found the committee assembled, and the differing Friends present. Joseph requested the two Friends to be pointed out to him, and asked them to take a seat, one on each side of him. He then turned to one and said, "Now, John, let me hear thy story about this difficulty. Thomas, thou must not say one word until he finishes." John commenced relating the cause of dissension, but had not proceeded far, before Thomas interrupted with, "No, that was not so." "Stop, Thomas," said Joseph; "thou must wait for thy turn to tell it." After a little while, Thomas again contradicted John's statement. "Hold thy tongue, Thomas," said our Friend, laying his hand on his knee. At length John finished his account, when Joseph turned to the other and told him to begin. He was soon interrupted by John, who was silenced

by being told, "Thou hast had thy turn, and I have heard thee patiently: now thou must let Thomas go on, and thou be silent." When Thomas had proceeded a while, John again denied the statement, and Joseph desired him to remain quiet. When Thomas had no more to say, Joseph said, "John, thou art to blame, for thou began the difficulty;" and then explained how all had originated, and convinced John, who acknowledged he had done wrong, and that he regretted it. Thomas immediately said, "I, too, was to blame; if John began wrong, I was to blame for taking offence at it. I confess my error, and ask John to pass it by." They both arose and shook hands, and remained good friends ever after. Thus was settled a difficulty which had caused much trouble to the Meeting for several years.

PEACE.

By John Hancock.

In the year 1798, the Irish Catholics rebelled against the Government, and for several years Ireland was a country of anarchy and bloodshed. The Society of Friends were enabled consistently to maintain their principles of peace, and but one member lost his life during the rebellion; and he had so far departed from the principles of the Society as to join the army, and was killed during a battle in which he was engaged. Two years before the civil

war commenced, there were indications of a rising of the people, and the General Meeting of 1796 recommended that all who had arms in their possession should destroy them, "to prevent their being made use of to the destruction of any of our fellow-creatures—and more fully and clearly to support our peaceable and Christian testimony in these perilous times." Committees were appointed by the monthly meetings throughout the Society, to go round to the different families for this purpose, and in most families they had little more to do than communicate their business; some having already destroyed their guns, and others expecting to do so. The government afterwards ordered the arms to be given up to the magistrates, and it was a source of satisfaction to many that so few Friends had any in their possession.

A Friend residing in the town of C—— relates, that "while walking out one day, I observed, posted up in various places, a printed order from the General, in the following terms: '*In case of alarm in the night, the inhabitants are required to place lights in the middle stories of their houses. The most severe and instantaneous punishment will be inflicted on such as neglect to comply with this order.*' A cloud of distress came over my mind on reading this notice. I knew that *the light in the windows* was that the soldiers might discern the enemy, and be able to fight; and *the most severe and instantaneous punishment* was a license to the soldiers to put all

instantly to death where this order was not complied with.

“As I could not fight myself, I found I dare not hold a light for another to fight for me. This would be taking a more active part in a contest than I felt easy to do, and how to act was a nice and difficult point. I informed Friends how I felt; but I found they did not all see alike, and few thought themselves so restricted as I did. At length, after some days, I felt inclined to go to the General myself; so, asking a Friend to accompany me, I went to him. He received us in a civil manner, and patiently heard me while I told him that, as I could not fight myself, I was not easy to hold a candle for others to do it for me. He asked if I came on behalf of the Society of Quakers in the town, or was it only the uneasiness of a few. I told him, *I did not come on behalf of the body at large*. He said he had issued the order as consistent with his duty as commanding officer, and having issued it, he could not well rescind it now; but if I would furnish him with the names of such Friends as were uneasy to comply with the order, and where they lived, he would endeavor to have them protected in case of alarm. I told him that perhaps there were some who could not say until the time of trial came how far they might be easy to comply or not, and then it would be too late. Then with much condescension and kindness he desired me to furnish him with the names of all the members of the Society in the town; he would endeavor that they should not suffer for non-compli-

ance with his order. This I complied with, but the town was not attacked, and the General's kind intentions not called forth."

A RIDDLE.

By Thomas Elwood.

Lo ! a riddle for the wise,
In the which a mystery lies.

RIDDLE.

Some men are free whilst they in prison lie;
Others, who ne'er saw prison, captives die.

CAUTION.

He that can receive it may,
He that cannot, let him stay;
Not be hasty, but suspend
Judgment till he sees the end.

SOLUTION.

He's only free indeed, who's free from sin,
And he is fastest bound, that's bound therein.

"LEAVE OFF CONTENTION BEFORE IT BE
MEDDLED WITH."—PROV. xvii. 14.

Anecdote from G. Dillwyn's "Reflections"

A QUARREL between near friends is, in itself, a serious evil; but if once known to be discovered by others, may not unfitly be compared to a break in a

dam, which, the wider it grows, the more difficult it is of repair ; for the parties are then exposed to the temptation of justifying themselves, and criminating each other apart ; and this as it commonly increases both cause and effect, may render a sincere reconciliation between them nearly impossible. The danger of such differences, and suffering them to spread by exposure, may be illustrated by the following well authenticated anecdote.

A person finding a hole made by a musk-rat in the bank of his meadow, sent for a ditcher to mend it ; and on asking what it would cost, was answered "a dollar." This the owner thought so unreasonable a demand, for what appeared to be only an hour's work, that he refused to comply ; and the man being offended, went away. The aperture increasing, he was sent for again, the owner telling him, that though a dollar seemed too much, he might go to work. "Nay," said the workman, "I cannot undertake the job now for less than two."

The owner, still more vexed, determined to give no such price. However, by the next day, a break in the bank had taken place, and as no other person that understood the business could be found, the same ditcher was set to work on his own terms ; and, for stopping the gap, which at first would have cost but one dollar, received upwards of fifty. So true it is in many cases, that delays are dangerous.

ANECDOTE OF WARNER MIFFLIN.

It is related, that before the Mifflin family had become wholly unconnected with slaveholding, a colored boy, whom they called Tom, whose legal ownership was vested in one of that family, was seized and sold to satisfy a military demand. As Warner Mifflin was anxious to secure freedom to all who were held by his family, he several times visited the purchaser of this boy, to endeavor to procure his release. But the master chose to retain what he deemed his property, and gave Warner to understand that he need not visit him again on that errand, for he had determined that Tom should remain in his service.

Warner, finding the prospect of obtaining the release of the boy quite hopeless, requested the liberty of an interview, in order to take what was considered a final leave of this victim of slavery. The master supposing that Warner wished to communicate to the boy a plan for eloping from servitude, contrived to have the farewell interview so conducted that he might himself hear all that passed, without being seen by the parties. They met accordingly, and after Warner had communicated to Tom the real state of his case, and the total failure of his efforts to procure his discharge, he admonished him to be obedient and obliging to his master and family, and gave him substantially the advice which the apostles addressed to the servants of their day. This he told him would be the most to his

own advantage, and that his prospect of getting to heaven at last was rather better than his master's; for, said he, "I am afraid his is a poor one: his heart is as hard as a rock." This was a shaft which the master had neither shield nor armor to repel, and it reached his heart. The Christian spirit manifested by his visitor, so totally different from what he expected to find in the closing interview, overpowered the pleadings of avarice, and he immediately declared that "*Tom must be free.*"

JONATHAN DYMOND.

From English Sketches, by C. M. Kirkland.

WE were more disposed at Exeter to pay our respects at the shrine of this uncanonized saint than at any other; and we sought out the survivors of his family, that we might at least tell them how highly Dymond's Essays, including his Essay on War, was esteemed in America. We found his brother, who is among the most esteemed and trusted citizens of Exeter, surrounded by his family, consisting of his wife and six daughters, two sons being absent. We were glad to hear there were sons to keep up the honored name; for the moralist's only son died soon after his father. A daughter survives, who is married, and living near London.

We were received with great friendliness, and found our host well informed as to American affairs,

and interested in all our great questions, as, indeed, all intelligent English people are. They could tell us but little of the deceased brother, for his virtue was of that kind which is rather felt than described; it consisted rather in perfection of character than in striking deeds; as much in enduring as in performing. He suffered much; and for two years before his death was prohibited from speaking. A life of silence to one who was full of thought, must have been hard! Yet, how he profited by it! A certain gardener has discovered that to cut a ring of bark from a fine branch loaded with fruit, so as to stop the circulation, is the way to ripen the fruit suddenly, and bring it to great perfection; but the limb dies immediately after it has done its work. So did Dymond after his two years of silence, and the production of his *Essays*. To have done one's work at thirty-two is much: how many leave it unfinished at fourscore!

SINGULAR CONVINCEMENT.

From "The British Friend."

MANY instances have existed of individuals who date their attention being first turned to the plain and simple truths of the gospel, as set forth in the New Testament, from their having read Barclay's *Apology*. The following is a remarkable instance:

A medical gentleman and his wife, who resided

some years ago in one of the midland counties, whilst knowing but little, perhaps nothing, of the principles of Friends, went together one evening to see a company of comedians perform in the town where they resided. It so happened that on the night in question, the play to be acted was the comedy of "The Quaker," in which the language, dress, and peculiarities of Friends are broadly caricatured by the hero of the piece, "to make sport" for the audience.

The couple alluded to, it is said, were much amused with their evening's entertainment; but the gentleman's mind was forcibly arrested by one of the performers coming forward, after the play had concluded, and announcing, "If any of the audience wished to know more of this remarkable people and their principles, they might read Barclay's Apology." He had never seen, or perhaps heard of the book before, but felt a strong desire, which continued for some time afterwards to increase, to become acquainted with the contents of a book which had been so singularly recommended to his notice.

The result of this feeling was, that he at length (secretly) obtained a copy of it, and sat down in his study, whenever a private opportunity occurred, to give it an attentive perusal. The further he read, the more he felt the force and beauty of Barclay's exposition of the True Christian Divinity, as held forth and preached by the people called Quakers. His wife, who had discovered her husband's frequent attention to a particular book, was induced, in the

intervals of his absence, to look into it; and she likewise became struck with the importance of the doctrines therein set forth. After a time a mutual explanation took place between the husband and wife, and they were constrained to acknowledge to each other that Barclay's Apology for the truth, as professed by the people called Quakers, was indeed a volume of Christian divinity which they could not gainsay.

Having had their attention thus singularly turned to the views of Friends, they continued to search and seek for themselves; and finding that these things were even so, agreeable to Scripture and to the convictions of their own minds, they became entirely convinced: and although at some sacrifice of rank and consequence in their own neighborhood, they openly made a profession of the Truth, and were united in membership to the Society, and lived and died in unity with Friends.

A FRENCH PRISONER.

IN the year 1756, William Reckitt sailed in the ship *Lydia*, Captain Riddle, from London for Philadelphia.

The day after passing Plymouth, the "mate entered the cabin and told the captain there was a French war-vessel, called a *Snow*, just astern of us; which was too true, for she was within reach of us

with her guns. I thought it a great neglect of our master and the sailors that they did not keep a strict lookout, for they acknowledged if they had but a few hours more, they would not have been taken. The shot coming over us, I was afraid for our men. During the little time we were chased, the chief care our captain seemed to take was to save what he had. He kept pretty much in the cabin, till his men called very earnestly for him to come on deck.

"Then he ordered them to strike, and in a little while the Frenchmen boarded us with great fury. I was in the cabin, and stood still, some of them looking at me very sour and fierce; but like so many hungry animals, they fell to hunting and searching for what they could find, till they durst not stay much longer. One of them came to me in a fawning manner, and said: 'Sir, I desire you will give me your money and watch, and I will give them to you again.' I told him I had not much, and did not choose to part with it. But he, growing very earnest to have it, I turned myself about and took out three guineas, and gave him one. He looked at it, and seemed not satisfied; but the officers were in haste to get us all into the boat.

"When I looked at the sea, I thought it seemed as if I should not escape with my life; therefore resolved to stay aboard our vessel, if I might, and went down again into the cabin; but in a little time was fetched out, and commanded to get into the boat. Two of our men were lost during the short time I had been below. They were getting

in the boat when I was seized with fear, and I saw it was not groundless ; for had I then proceeded to get in, I should in all probability have been drowned. For as soon as I turned my back to go down into the cabin, the gunwale of the ship took the boat-side, and had like to have sunk her, and the two poor men were cast out, the loss of whom sorrowfully affected my mind ; and the imminent danger I had been in, with a sense of the Lord's goodness and mercy in preserving me at that time, brought me very low in humble thankfulness for so great a deliverance, looking upon it as a mark of His tender care and fatherly regard for so poor a creature as I am.

“ When we came up to the French ship, our men assisted me in getting on board, and led me through a crowd ; but they offered me no violence. When I came into the cabin, I was placed behind a large chest of arms, which was for their table, where I sat for several hours very still, and labored to get to such a right and true composure of mind that I might be enabled to undergo with patience what was then befallen me.

“ The hurry about the booty being pretty much over, towards night they came to settle in the cabin ; and seeing me take little notice of what they either said or did, they looked carefully at me, and asked our captain who I was. He told them I was a Quaker minister, and intended for Pennsylvania. They made many fine speeches, and told me I was welcome to anything they had. When they thought

it was time for us to go to bed, I was taken to the hold, which was so close, and the hammocks hung so near to each other, I was forced to creep upon my hands and knees till I came to that I was to lodge in. The young man who conducted me was one of the officers, and I understand he put me in his own hammock. As he was making it fit, he seemed to do it with a very good will; but the place being strait, made it hard work to get in. However, he stayed and helped me what he could, till I was settled in my new lodging. A few hours after, I had plenty of company, and some lay on the boards beneath me. In a little while, being much wearied, I fell into a sound sleep till morning.

"This day we came up to a vessel taken from the French by one of our ships of war. The French soon brought her to, boarded her, and brought all the men to us but one. The captain being a man of strong passions, to be taken prisoner was almost more than he could bear, and he was almost overcome with grief. As we came near the shore, we were chased by an English man-of-war, who came fast up with us, and gave our men great expectations of being released; and indeed the Frenchman expected to be taken; but we were so near the rocks the man-of-war durst follow us no further, only gave us one shot, that went over us, and then steered off.

"We were on board eleven days and then were landed near a place called Roscone. When we came to it, many people gathered to see us; there came

a man to me and said he was sorry to see me there, but it was the fortune of war. He wished me safe in England again. A woman was much concerned about our having to walk to Morlaix that night, which was twelve miles, and sent to hire horses, but none were to be had. She gave strict charge to the soldiers to hire them at the next town, and she would pay the charge. They hired horses for four of us at a town, which was four miles. This town was pretty large, and the people gathered so thick they could scarcely stand one by another; and in this posture they kept us about half an hour.

"It was night when we got to Morlaix, and we were obliged to stand or sit in the street an hour or more in the cold. When orders came, they were to take us to prison; but one Forley, who was agent for the prizes, took four of us to a tavern, where we had what we pleased to call for. In the morning we were brought before the commissary to have our names entered; and such as could not find bail, must go to prison. I had not asked any one to be bail, but Forley, after he had asked Captain Riddle about me, ventured to be bail for me.

"After some time I was, with some others who were prisoners at large, ordered into the country about thirty miles, to a town called Carhaix. I stayed at the house of a peruke-maker and his wife three months, and then took lodgings at another place. Three young men in like circumstances with

myself desired very much to be with me; and as they had not room for all, I left them. As the young men behaved well, their company was agreeable; two of them being Friends' sons, though they did not in many things take up the cross as they ought to have done, yet their behaviour to me was such as gained my love. One of them soon after died in a French prison, being, when taken, on his passage to Rhode Island, where his parents lived, at whose house I afterwards was, and found them very sorrowful, for they had lost three of their sons, two at sea and one in prison.

"After I had been confined about five months, I was released, and the 23d of Fourth month I took my leave of divers French and English who came to see me, in a very affectionate manner. When I came to Morlaix, I found a Dutch vessel bound to Ostend, and agreed with the captain to set me on the English coast, if the wind would permit, which happened on the 28th of Fourth month, 1757."

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL.

From Crosfield's Memoirs of his Life.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, when about seventeen years of age, was apprenticed to a shopkeeper at Stockton. He was endowed with considerable talents; he had a strong mind, and was of an active, lively, and even volatile disposition. These qualities caused

his company to be much sought after, and early introduced him into society of an injurious and hurtful character. Yielding to the temptations to which he was thus exposed, he gave way to the indulgence of his evil passions, and with his new companions, abandoned himself to the pursuit of folly and dissipation. This downward course, however, was not of long continuation, nor was he utterly cast off or forsaken, even in the midst of this sinful career. Many were the strivings of the Spirit of Truth with his soul, and frequent the visitations of Divine grace.

Deeply afflicting to John Fothergill was the past conduct of his son Samuel; the evil of his ways and his grievous departure from those paths of virtue and truth in which he had, by long example and often-inculcated precept, endeavored to train all his children, caused him much sorrow and distress. He was about to embark for America, in the service and cause of his Lord and Master; and the conviction that he was leaving behind him a beloved son, for whose restoration and welfare he had often put up his prayers, and yet who had so deeply revolted from the law of God, was as the wormwood and the gall—bitter, indeed, to his soul. Memorable and affecting was their parting interview; which produced a strong impression on Samuel. His father's last expressions remained as if engraved upon his heart, and assisted to confirm and strengthen him in the path of repentance and conversion upon which he had entered, and which, happily for him, he now experienced to be permanent.

His father heard of the reformation which had taken place in his son ; but felt cautious in rejoicing, as he had previously manifested much instability in good intents and resolutions ; but he "felt love and care more than he could express for his poor son, Samuel." After remaining two years in America, John Fothergill returned home, and soon after attended the Quarterly Meeting at York.

Tradition has handed down (and there is no other record of it) a remarkable circumstance connected with his first interview with his son. It is said, that from some accidental circumstance, John Fothergill did not arrive at York until the morning of the day of the Meeting, and that it was late when he entered the Meeting-House. After a short period of silence he stood up, and appeared in testimony ; but after he had proceeded a short time he stopped, and informed the meeting that his way was closed ; and what he had before him was taken away, and was, he believed, given to another.

He resumed his seat, and another Friend immediately rose, and taking up the subject, enlarged upon it in a weighty and impressive testimony, delivered with great power. At the close of the meeting, John Fothergill inquired who the Friend was who had been so remarkably engaged amongst them, and was informed that it was his son Samuel. The good old man received his son as one restored from the spiritually dead, and wept and rejoiced over him with no common joy.

During his father's absence Samuel had become a

fellow-laborer in the ministry of the gospel, and was recommended as such about the twenty-first year of his age. The estimation in which he was afterwards held by his friends, may be gathered from the following narration :

In the year 1757 he attended the Quarterly Meeting at York ; he had been largely engaged in the ministry, and was in great repute with Friends everywhere ; his company was much sought, and many appeared to strive who should show him most attention. He was earnestly pressed to stay and attend the meetings on the ensuing First day. An aged woman from the country, a plain, honest Friend, believing him to be in some danger from the caresses of the people, took him aside and repeated the passage : " When Jesus perceived that they would take him by force, to make him a king, he departed into a mountain himself alone." S. Fothergill saw the force and wisdom of the advice ; he took his horse, and quietly departed : and when afterwards adverting to the circumstance, he always spoke of it as an excellent admonition.

LIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

From James Backhouse's Journal.

A FEW months ago Roger Edwards, a missionary, made a narrow escape from lions. He was on his way from Cape Colony, and after resting at Daniels

Kuil, he set off with the intention of riding to the station on the river Kuruman in the night, having a led horse, and being accompanied by a Hottentot, who rode a mare, by the side of which a foal was running. Just as he arrived at some scattered bushes, a sudden impression on his mind induced him to alight from his horse, saying to the Hottentot that they would stop there. The Hottentot accordingly dismounted; they took off their saddles, knee-haltered the horses, turned them loose to feed, and lay down under one of the bushes. They had not been there many minutes when the mare screamed; they listened, and a lion roared; they raised themselves upon their knees; the horses having got clear of their knee-halters, galloped past them, taking the road towards the Kuruman; the mare followed as fast as she could, but her knee-halter had been too tight to allow her to release herself from it; they were followed by four lions at full speed; a fifth stopped short, and gazed for a time at the travellers, as if deliberating whether to spring upon them, or to follow the others. The moon was just setting, but it still cast sufficient light to enable them to distinguish the terrific beast.

The Hottentot in alarm began to make a noise, but was immediately hushed by the missionary, whose knees, though kneeling, smote together, and who said if ever he prayed in sincerity it was then, though it was a silent prayer. He thought five minutes might elapse while they were thus situated, but remarked that it might not be so much, as under

such circumstances minutes necessarily seemed long. The lion at length sprang upon the path, and went after the others. The cries of the mare were heard at a distance, more and more faintly, till they ceased.

The missionary and the Hottentot agreed to listen, lest the lions should return; as, in case of such an event, a few low trees near them afforded them a forlorn hope of escape; but overpowered by fatigue and fear, they fell fast asleep, and did not awake till dawn of day. In their first consciousness, they were in such terror as scarcely to know whether they were living inhabitants of this world, or had been killed by lions. On coming to themselves they put their saddles and luggage into the trees, to keep them from the hyenas and jackals, and pursued their way to Konings Fontein.

On arriving there, they soaked some bread in water, but could not eat. The way seemed longer, and more tedious than ever before. At length Roger Edwards said he could proceed no further, and he lay down under some bushes. The sound of human footsteps soon caught their attention, and he desired the Hottentot, if they were those of Kuruman people, to tell them that Edwards was there. They proved to be Kuruman people, and he told them to go to the Kuruman, and tell Robert Moffat what had befallen him. They set off, but the idea of obtaining help revived the exhausted man; he followed, and when Robert Moffat reached him, he was bathing in the ford of Kuruman river to refresh himself.

The mare was eaten by the lions ; the foal had remained with its mother till the claws or teeth of a lion had been applied to its throat ; it had then gone off with the horses, with which it was afterwards found. Roger Edwards said, that up to the moment on which he received the impression to stop there, his intention was to ride to the Kuruman ; and that he could not but count the impression to be from the Lord ; for he had no doubt but the lions were watching by the bushes, and that if he and his companion had gone a few yards further, they would have sprung upon them.

ESCAPE FROM PREMATURE INTERMENT.

From Friends' Magazine.

DR. JOHN DOBBS, of Youghal, an eminent physician, while travelling towards the North of Ireland, happened to be passing through a small village late in the evening, when his notice was attracted by the merriment usually attendant on a "Wake" among the lower order of Irish ; and feeling an impression on his mind for which he could not account, he alighted, and entered a small cabin, where he found a number of persons sitting round a middled-aged female who was apparently deceased. He approached and requested leave to examine her, and soon perceived that life was not entirely extinct ;

and on his making use of some restorative means, she revived, to the astonishment of those present.

She lived many years after, and as a token of her gratitude to Dr. Dobbs, as the instrument of rescuing her from such a dreadful situation, walked to Youghal, more than eighty miles from her residence, to present him with some stockings of her own knitting.

He was an elder among Friends, and died in the year 1739, much esteemed for his usefulness in civil and religious society.

THE SEA-CAPTAIN.

THOMAS CHALKLEY was born in England in 1675, and became a minister of the gospel about the 21st year of his age. He afterwards married, and removed to Philadelphia, and for many years was the captain of vessels sailing to England and the West Indies. He died at Tortola while on a religious visit to that island, aged sixty-six years. His journal contains many interesting incidents of his life.

“About the twentieth year of my age, I was pressed on board a vessel belonging to a man-of-war. I was put down into the hold in the dark, not having anything to lie upon but casks ; and what made it worse to me, I was among wicked men ; and as we were shut up in darkness, so was their conversation dark and wicked. In the morning (for which I longed more than the watchman) the lieutenant

called us up on deck, and examined us whether we were willing to serve the king. He called me to him, and asked if I were willing to serve his Majesty. I answered that I was willing to serve him in any business according to my conscience; but as for war or fighting, Christ had forbidden it in his excellent sermon on the mount, and for that reason I could not bear arms, or be instrumental to destroy or kill men. The lieutenant looked at me and on the people, and said, 'Gentlemen, what shall we do with this fellow? he swears he will not fight!' The commander of the vessel made answer, 'No, no, he will neither swear nor fight.' Upon which they turned me on shore."

In 1716, he made a visit, on business, to the Bermudas, and embarked in the sloop *Dove*, to return to Philadelphia, that vessel being consigned to him on this and a former voyage. His journal contains the following account:

"It being often calm, and small winds, our provisions grew quite scanty. We were about twelve persons in the vessel, small and great, and but one piece of beef left in the barrel; and for several days the winds being contrary, the people began to murmur, and told dismal stories about people eating one another for want of provisions; and the wind being still against us, and, for aught we could see, likely to continue, they murmured more and more, and at last against me, in particular, because the vessel and cargo were consigned to me, and were under my care.

"My inward exercise was great about it, for neither myself nor any in the vessel did imagine that we should be half so long as we were on the voyage. I seriously considered the matter, and to stop thier murmurings, I told them that they need not cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you, I will not eat any of you;' and another said he would die before he would eat any of me; and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, my life was not dear to me, and that I was serious and ingenuous in my proposition.

"As I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the surface of the water. I called to the people to put a hook into the sea and take him, for here is one come to redeem me, said I to them. And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself; I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully until we got into the Capes of Delaware."

THE UNBELIEVING DOCTOR.

By James Simpson.

WHILE travelling on a religious visit in Rhode Island, I met with a young doctor whom I took to be a deist, and I asked him if he was not one. He frankly acknowledged that he was. I replied that I supposed it was of no use to talk to him about the Scriptures, for he did not believe in them. His answer was, "No, I do not." "Well," replied I, "as it is reason thou buildest upon, render me a reason for thy unbelief?" That he could do readily. "For," said he, "there are many foolish things in them." I requested him to single out one of those foolish passages, and the one he fixed upon was, the woman being cured of a grievous disease, by touching the hem of our Saviour's garment, which he considered foolish nonsense.

I then told him I supposed he was well acquainted with the power of electricity. "Yes," he said. "Well," said I, "suppose thou had never heard of it, and a stranger, as I am, should come from another country and tell thee he could fill thee so full of fire, that another touching thy garment would cause fire to fly out of thee into him. Would thou not think it a foolish tale that was not worth thy notice?" After some pause he said he thought he would. I then replied to him, "If a man can be so full of fire that another touching his garment, fire will go into him, as we know to be the case, why not admit the Saviour of the world to be so filled

with virtue, that another touching his garment virtue should go out of him?"

The young doctor sat for a considerable time silent; and finding he was in a better state to hear me, I asked him "if he had never been sitting in a room, thinking little or nothing (not nothing, for the thoughts are never quite still), and all at once something alarms thee, perhaps it is a gun shot off, and as soon as the sound strikes thy ear thy eye is turned to see, and when thy eye discovers it, thy nerves and members are at command to start up and go? Now thou art a physician, and pretends to understand the human frame; render me a reason, as it is reason thou buildest upon, of this intelligence between the ear and the eye, and so on to thy other faculties?" His answer was, "Oh, sir, this is beyond my reach;" and finding him in a better condition to hear than to talk, I went on till I beat him as completely out of his deism, I believe, as ever a man was beaten out of anything. And I thought he loved me, for he followed me several hundred miles, assisting me in appointing meetings where there were no Friends.

POSTSCRIPT TO A LETTER FROM SARAH TUKE.

(Afterwards Sarah Grubb, a Minister), written when she was about twenty years of age.

MOTHER charges me to fill my paper. What subject to begin with, I really do not know, for my

fund of matter is so shallow, that for aught I know, I have exhausted it with the above signature; what comes now must come under the operation of squeezing (as I remember thy Sally said in a letter to thee), like cheese-curd. However, to begin, I may inform thee that my father and mother have seven children; how many more the latter may have (spiritually) in your land and this, I really cannot tell, but the subject of the seven is copious enough for me at present.

Therefore be it known that Henry, the eldest, is a native of the "enclosed garden," and an improving plant therein; he is just on the point of being dug about and pruned by the dispensation of matrimony; in the experience thereof, we hope a lily will grow by his side.

The next is a daughter, whose name is Sarah, and whose heart is a little of the adamant kind; but having been hammered and broken, melted and made again, she now moves as a piece of mixed metal which nothing but the renewal of fire itself can wholly separate: she is bound to her father's house, and her father's house is bound to her.

William, the second son, is a husbandman with J. Burgess; and an oak of Bashan which is bending a little because the axe has touched the root; he is in want of a small but good farm.

John is a surveyor of land, a little akin to the cedars of Lebanon. His doors, however, have not been wholly shut to the essentially necessary flames,

nor have some of the branches escaped their effects ; he is at home, and seeking to settle in business.

Elizabeth, the second daughter, is possessed of good common sense, and a considerable share of the best ; diffident of her acquirements, affectionate in her disposition, and industriously pursuing useful things ; her residence is generally at Bradford, with an honorable and aged grandmother, to whose wants she is peculiarly attentive.

Ann, the third daughter, is the picture and fashion of her mother ; she strongly denotes that her education has been at the feet of Gamaliel ; she is sagacious, religious, and firm as a rock ; but matters not wasting her good understanding on domestic things.

Mabel is a little, stirring, volatile piece of stuff, very useful in jobbing and other good properties, which render her tolerable ; she has a great deal of sensibility, and makes many observations ; is tender and affectionate ; in fine, she is a lovely plant, and the pet of the family.

Are we not a fine group now, including the adopted children in the family, who are all useful in their places ?

SINGULAR ORIGIN OF INFANT SCHOOLS IN HOLLAND.

From the "Principles of Morality," by Jonathan Dymond.

At the time of the war with the Dutch, an English merchant-vessel captured a Dutch Indiaman.

It happened that one of the owners of the merchantman was a member of the Society of Friends, or Quakers. This Society, as it objects to war, does not permit its members to share in such a manner in the profits of war. However, this person, when he heard of the capture, insured his share of the prize. The vessel could not be brought into port, and he received from the underwriters eighteen hundred pounds.

To have retained this money would have been equivalent to quitting the Society; so he gave it to his friends to dispose of it as justice might appear to prescribe. The state of public affairs on the Continent did not allow the trustees immediately to take any active measures to discover the owners of the captured vessel. The money therefore was allowed to accumulate. At the termination of the war with France, the circumstances of the case were repeatedly published in the Dutch journals, and the full amount of every claim that had been clearly made out, was paid by the trustees.

After all the claimants who could show a clear title were satisfied, there remained a considerable sum of money at the disposal of Friends. This sum it was determined should be appropriated for the benefit of that country which, in the persons of several of its inhabitants, had suffered by the capture of the vessel. In 1824, in consequence of some intercourse with John S. Mollet, of Amsterdam, it was concluded to employ it in founding a school for young children in that city, on the plan

of our infant schools, which were at that time attracting the notice of the public, under the active superintendence of Samuel Wilderspin.

The execution of this project having, on account of some difficulties, been delayed, upwards of one hundred pounds of the trust-money was, in 1827, granted to a number of poor persons in Amsterdam, between the ages of sixty and eighty years, in sums of £3 and £5 in each case; the distribution of which was kindly undertaken by our friend J. S. Mollet. In the year 1828, all the obstructions having been removed, an infant school was at length, through the care and exertions of the same Friend, established in Amsterdam, and placed under the general direction of the "Society for Public Utility."

The school premises were shortly afterwards purchased by Friends, and the establishment has been, and is still, supported out of the proceeds of the trust-money. This was the first school of the kind set on foot in Holland; and we learn with much pleasure that five others have since been instituted in Amsterdam, and one or two in almost every city in the kingdom. Our own school, if we may so term it, is carried on in a satisfactory manner, and a favorable report is made of the progress of the children and of their conduct; at present forty-two boys and thirty-four girls attend it; and when any leave the school there are many applications for admission.

AN ELEPHANT.

By Lindley Murray.

WHEN I was in England in 1771, I went to see the elephants, which were kept in the queen's stables at Buckingham House. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane; and watched the animal very narrowly to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said I had greatly displeased the elephant, and that he would never forget the injury. I thought but little of this admonition at the time. But about six months afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognized me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however, when I was supposed to be within reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence that if it had struck me I should probably have been killed, or have received some material injury.

Happily for me, I perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprang out of his reach. To any other person present, he was gentle and good-

tempered ; and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the little affront which I had formerly put upon him. This incident made some impression upon me ; and perhaps contributed to subdue a curiosity which could not be gratified but at the expense of the feelings of others.

THE ROBIN.

By John Woolman.

A THING remarkable in my childhood was, that once going to a neighbor's house, I saw on the way a robin sitting on her nest, and as I came near she went off; but having young ones, flew about, and with many cries expressed her concern for them. I stood and threw stones at her, till, one striking her, she fell down dead. At first I was pleased with the exploit, but after a few minutes was seized with horror at having, in a sportive way, killed an innocent creature while she was caring for her young.

I beheld her lying dead, and thought those young ones, for which she was so careful, must now perish for want of their dam to nourish them ; and after some painful considerations on the subject, I climbed up the tree, took all the young birds and killed them, supposing that better than to leave them to pine away and die miserably ; and I believe in this case that scripture proverb was fulfilled, "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

I then went on my errand, but for some hours could think of little else but the cruelties I had committed, and was much troubled. Thus He whose tender mercies are over all his works, hath placed a principle in the human mind, which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature ; and this being singly attended to, people become tender-hearted and sympathizing ; but, being frequently and totally rejected, the mind becomes shut up in a contrary disposition.

CAPTURE OF FOUR FRIENDS BY A FRENCH PRIVATEER.

Abridged from John Griffith.

DURING the war between England, France and Spain, in the year 1747, John Griffith and Peter Davis sailed from Pennsylvania to pay a visit in gospel love to Great Britain, and were accompanied by Thomas Gawthorp, who had accomplished a religious visit to America, and Isaac Greenleaf, a merchant.

“ Some Friends, as well as others, having noticed that Friends had been providentially preserved during the war, remarked that there was no need to insure the goods in the ship in which they embarked, for as there were so many ministers on board, they would, doubtless, go safe ; but their unjustifiable confidence was brought to naught in this case.

“On the 30th of Tenth month, Thomas Gawthorp, having had a very restless, painful night, by troublesome dreams, etc., stepped upon deck about eight o'clock in the morning, and immediately espied a sail upon our windward quarter, giving us chase. He quickly raised the careless captain, who ought to have been looking out before that time, and to have watched more narrowly than he did, considering the trust reposed in him. The captain, when he perceived we were chased, appeared much concerned, giving the ship up for taken, in his mind already. We urged him to put out all the sail he could crowd, and to exert his utmost endeavor to escape, offering to assist all in our power, as we often had done before, being very poorly manned—in part owing to the sailors' unwillingness to go in ships bound for London, lest they should be pressed on board men-of-war.

“It happened to be a moderate wind, so that we could have borne all the sails belonging to the ship, but through neglect, several were not in a condition to be set, neither could the captain be prevailed upon to have a reef taken out of the mainsail. The vessel was very badly steered, as the French remarked when they had taken us. Notwithstanding this, we held the privateer in chase nine hours. She came up to us about five o'clock in the evening, and fired a gun, under French colors; upon which our people lowered their colors and topsail, by way of submitting to them. They hoisted out a small boat, the sea running high. She was a Snow privateer,

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belonging to Bayonne, commanded by Peter Galaron.

“As the boat was rowing towards us, the people therein made such a dark, mean, contemptible appearance, that our poor sailors cried out in a very mournful, affecting manner, ‘We shall be used very bad and cruelly, like dogs; for they are a pitiful crew, and no officer among them.’ But in this case they were mistaken. The second captain of the privateer, whose name was Andrew De St. Andrew, boarded us with a naked cutlass in his hand, and nine or ten men at his heels. He spoke to us in good English, very cheerfully, saying to this effect: ‘Your servant, gentlemen; it is the fortune of war; although it is ours to-day, it may be yours to-morrow;’ and promised us good usage. He then ordered the captain, mate, and sailors except two, and the cabin passengers (being ten in number), to go on board the privateer; upon which the boat was loaded and sent off. He took notice that we were Quakers, by which he gave us to understand that he was not altogether a stranger to us as a people.

“We conceived some hopes from the known peaceable principles we profess, to have been so far indulged as to remain on board the prize, and therefore did not incline to go with the first boatful; making use of that time in earnest solicitations to remain there, having much better accommodations than we could expect on board a privateer. When the boat returned, he still urged the orders he had from the head captain, to send us all aboard; upon

which I stepped over the side of the vessel, taking hold of the hand-rope with a design to go into the boat; but it appeared to me exceedingly hazardous, the sea running very high. I turned about and looked the French captain full in the face, and expressed myself in moving terms, concerning the danger he was exposing us to unnecessarily; which through Divine favor induced him to say, 'You shall stay here to-night, however.'

"We could not help looking upon it as a kind providence, which made way for our remaining aboard the prize, as we had free use of our private stores, and Captain Andrew carried himself respectfully towards us. The next day, the chief captain came on board to examine the cargo, etc., which was so valuable, that it was concluded the privateer should keep us company, in order to convoy us safe to some port of France or Spain. We were exceedingly tossed about by wind and storm for two weeks, and chased several vessels, which had good success in getting away from us. It was twenty-three days after our capture before we saw any land, and then they sailed along the Spanish coast to the port of St. Sebastian, in Spain, where we, poor captives, went on shore, glad and thankful to set our feet on firm land, although in an enemy's country; for setting aside the great affliction of being captured, we had an exceedingly rough, boisterous, and trying passage of about eight weeks.

"Horses were provided for us to travel by land about thirty miles to Bayonne, the doctor of the

privateer being all the guard and guide we had. Captain Andrew informed us that on our arrival at Bayonne, the cabin passengers would have a parole of honor granted us; but we did not find it so. Being brought before the Commissary, he ordered us to be taken into the castle; yet we had the liberty there to hire rooms with beds in them, such as they were, and buy provisions with our money. We could not buy anything ourselves; but all must come through the hands of those who artfully got our money from us, and we were very much imposed on, and our funds went very fast. We made inquiry whether any person would be willing to supply us with money and take a draft upon London, allowing them a premium. We soon found those who would be very willing to do it, merely on the credit of our Society; such a reputation hath the real possession of truth gained our friends, far and wide.

“Our confinement and usage in the castle grew very disagreeable to us; we therefore took the opportunity when the Commissary came, to lay before him the treatment we met with, and request our liberty on parole. He pretended some difficulty, but we pressed it with earnestness, and he granted our request for upwards of thirty of us. The place fixed upon for our residence was Dax, an ancient town about forty miles up Bayonne river. We were sent hither by water, and were in the boat all night, with very disagreeable company. On our arrival we were brought before the Governor of the castle,

and as he might put an unfavorable construction on our manner of appearing before him, we desired our interpreter to inform him that we did not stand before him covered, in contempt or disrespect, it being our principles and practice so to appear before our superiors in our own land. His answer was: 'I am not at all offended with their appearance, I know something of these people.' He gave us the liberty of the town and country round, and we got pretty good quarters."

John Griffith and the other Friends remained two or three weeks at Dax, which was formerly called Aqua Solis from its hot spring, in which the hand could not be held for a quarter of a minute. This water was inclosed within stone walls about twenty feet square, and a steam arose from it like a vast furnace or lime-kiln. It answered the purpose of boiling water, and was used by the people to wash linen, etc. The inhabitants of Dax were very poor, and made shoes made of wood, being hollowed out for the feet. The Governor was civil to the Friends, and when advised to deprive them of meat during Lent, refused to do so, saying: "What have they to do with your Lent?" He invited them to a bull-baiting, but they gave him to understand that they did not allow themselves to witness such diversions.

The 21st of Twelfth month, 1747, a messenger brought the agreeable news that a ship for the exchange of prisoners had arrived at St. Sebastian, and an order was received for them to return to

Bayonne. They were again all night in the boat in cold stormy weather, and on their arrival were roughly received by the Commissary. He ordered them to the castle, but the captain of the cartel ship being present, demanded their release; they were then set at liberty, and in a few days proceeded towards the ship. They were detained several weeks at St. Sebastian, but at length sailed, and reached England after a passage of five days.

The ship was bound for Plymouth, but the sailors, who had been prisoners in France, were afraid if they went there they would be pressed on board men-of-war ships; and therefore took possession of the vessel, and anchored a considerable distance from the town of Bricksham. It being the evening before First day, Thomas Gawthorp and John Griffith had a wish to go ashore to find a meeting of Friends. Some of the company intending to go about midnight, they concluded to accompany them; when they had been in the boat but a little while, a great storm of wind and rain beat furiously against them, so that they were in great danger of being blown out to sea. The poor men exerted themselves to the utmost, and through the good providence of God they got safely to land, and found a Meeting of Friends about ten miles off, to which they went, truly thankful for the great favor of a safe arrival in England.

JOHN RIDDLE'S DAUGHTERS.

From Memoirs of Rebecca Jones.

Among the pupils of Rebecca Jones were the daughters of John Riddle, a Dutch tailor, who, during the Revolution, worked for the British officers. Two of them, Polly and Rose, having completed their education, the eldest who wrote an elegant hand, was his book-keeper. When he wished to place his youngest child under her care, she objected on account of some scruples relative to the mode of payment. The exact nature of these scruples we cannot explain, but his funds came from the British officers, and it is not strange that Rebecca Jones should hesitate on religious and prudential grounds, at receiving a pupil whose education was to be paid for out of money sent to this country to aid in the prosecution of the then existing war.

One evening, John Riddle came in to plead his cause, and strongly depicted the benefits his elder girls had derived. "Dere is mine Polly, dat you did larn to write and to cypher. I did send home General Howe's clothes mit de bill,—and when he come to pay it he say, 'why, Jolunny, did write dis?' (holding the bill in his hand). I say, no, it is mine Polly's writing. 'Your Polly!' say he—'where did she larn to write so goot?' and I say, 'why, she larnt of Becky Jones.' 'Who is Becky Jones?' say he. 'Why, don't you know Becky Jones, the Quaker preacher?' I told him she had never gone

to any other school." Thus he went on to show his estimate of the value of her instructions, and being fully informed of R. J.'s objections, he said she might, in payment, take from his shop anything she wanted, and give her friends orders on him.

"Oh, you must take mine Sally," he continued, "mine Sally wont give you mooch trouble—mine Sally is a goot gal—she shtole her daddy's hearts." The child was admitted into the school. She was so small that her teacher placed a stool upon the bench to enable her to reach the desk. Before leaving, John took from his ample pocket a blank copy-book: "I want you to write mine will in dis." R. Jones sought to excuse herself lest some difficulty should result from her ignorance of legal forms and technicalities. "Oh, I don't mean what I shall do with mine money—but dat mine children shall be goot to dere mammy, and give her every ting dat she want. I want them to remember when I am dead and gone, dat she has been a goot mammy to them—you knows how to say it petter as I can tell you." R. Jones wrote for him to his full satisfaction, on a loose paper, a letter of paternal advice to his children.

This whole family, parents and children, died of the yellow fever in 1793. Sally (then a religious minded young woman) was the last survivor. During the illness of the family, a colored man went daily as a messenger between her and a friend similarly circumstanced, bearing notes, in which they exchanged accounts of the progress of disease

in their respective houses. These billets sometimes consisted of a single line, and sometimes expanded with a highly interesting interchange of their religious feelings and experience, and most plaintive references to neighboring families and to their own loved and lost ones, whom they could not bury out of their sight. Her friend also died of the fever the same year.

ANTHONY BENEZET.

From Vaux's Life of Benezet.

“He was the offspring of humanity,
And every child of sorrow was his brother.”

Soon after the arrival of the Count de Luzerne at Philadelphia, in the character of ambassador from the Court of Louis XVI, Anthony Benezet, anxious to interest his feelings on the subject of the slave trade, made a visit to the minister, and that occasion laid the foundation of a cordial and mutual attachment. As long as the Count remained in the United States a most friendly intercourse was maintained between them; and when he was about to embark for France, a day being assigned for taking leave, Benezet conceived it respectful to wait upon him.

On his arrival at his residence, he found the minister surrounded by numerous guests, who were

bestowing compliments and good wishes upon him. Benezet retired, unobserved, to a corner of the room until some of the visitors had departed; and when an opportunity was furnished, he presented himself before him and said, "Thou knowest I cannot use the compliments which the company have expressed, but I wish thee the favor of Heaven and a safe return to thy country." Upon which the Count exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Benezet, you have exceeded them all;" at the same moment embracing and kissing him.

An acquaintance of his, relating to him in conversation that he had recently heard of a person in whose coffers, after his death, many thousand dollars in specie were found, Benezet expressed great sorrow at being informed of the circumstance, and begged of his friend to give as little currency as possible to the fact, adding that he thought "it would have been quite as reasonable to have had as many thousand pairs of boots or shoes in the house whilst the poor were suffering in bare feet for the want of them."

VISIT TO JOHN BARTRAM, THE PENNSYLVANIA BOTANIST.

*From "Life of John Bartram," abridged from a letter written
by Iwan Alexiowitz, a Russian gentleman.*

HIS house was small but decent. There was something peculiar in its first appearance, which seemed to distinguish it from those of his neighbors: a small tower in the middle of it, not only tended to strengthen it, but afforded convenient room for a staircase. Every disposition of the fields, fences, and trees, seemed to bear the marks of perfect order and regularity,—which in rural affairs always indicate prosperous industry.

I was received at the door by a woman dressed extremely neat and simple, who without courtesying, or any other ceremonial, asked me with an air of benignity, whom I wanted? I answered,

"I should be glad to see Mr. Bartram."

"If thou wilt step in and take a chair, I will send for him."

"No," I said, "I had rather have the pleasure of walking through his farm; I shall easily find him out, with your directions."

After a little time I perceived the Schuylkill, winding through delightful meadows, and soon cast my eyes on a new made bank, which seemed greatly to confine the stream. After having walked on the top a considerable way, I at last reached the place

where ten men were at work. I asked if any of them could tell me where Mr. Bartram was?

An elderly-looking man with wide trousers, and a large apron on, looking at me said, "My name is Bartram, dost thou want me?"

"Sir, I have come on purpose to converse with you, if you can be spared from your labor."

"Very easily," he answered. "I direct and advise more than I work."

We walked towards the house, where he made me take a chair while he went to put on clean clothes; after which, he returned and sat down by me.

"The fame of your knowledge," said I, "in American botany, and your well-known hospitality, have induced me to pay you a visit, which I hope you will not think troublesome. I should be glad to spend a few hours in your garden."

"The greatest advantage," replied he, "which I receive from what thou callest my botanical fame, is the pleasure which it often procureth me in receiving the visits of friends and foreigners. But our jaunt into the garden must be postponed for the present, as the bell is ringing for dinner."

We entered into a large hall, where there was a long table full of victuals. At the lowest part sat his negroes, his hired men were next, then the family and myself, and at the head the venerable father and his wife presided. Each inclined his head, and said his prayers, divested of the tedious cant of some, and of the ostentatious style of others.

"After the luxuries of our cities," observed he, "this plain fare must appear to thee a severe fast."

"By no means, Mr. Bartram; this honest country dinner convinces me that you receive me as a friend, and as an old acquaintance."

"I am glad of it, for thou art heartily welcome. I never knew how to use ceremonies; they are insufficient proofs of sincerity: our Society, besides, are utterly strangers to what the world calleth polite expressions. We treat others as we treat ourselves. I received yesterday a letter from Philadelphia, by which I understand thou art a Russian: what motives can possibly have induced thee to quit thy native country, and to come so far in quest of knowledge or pleasure? Verily it is a great compliment thou payest to this our young province, to think that anything it exhibits may be worthy thy attention."

"I have been most amply repaid for the trouble of the passage. I view the present Americans as the seed of future nations, which will replenish this boundless Continent. The Russians may be in some respects compared to you; we, likewise, are a new people,—new, I mean, in knowledge, arts, and improvements. Who knows what revolutions Russia and America may one day bring about! We are perhaps nearer neighbors than we imagine. I view with peculiar attention all your towns,—I examine their situation, and their police,—for which many are already famous. Though their foundations are now so recent, and so well remembered,

yet their origin will puzzle posterity, as much as we are now puzzled to ascertain the beginning of those which time has in some measure destroyed. Your new buildings, your streets, put me in mind of those of Pompeii, where I was a few years ago. I attentively examined everything there, particularly the footpath which runs along the houses. They appeared to have been considerably worn by the great number of people which had once travelled over them. But, now, how distant! neither builders nor proprietors remain, nothing is known."

The working part of the family finished their dinner, and retired with a decency and silence that pleased me much. Soon after, I heard, as I thought, a distant concert of instruments. "However simple and pastoral your fare was, Mr. Bartram, this is the dessert of a prince; pray what is this I hear?"

"Thou must not be alarmed; it is only of a piece with the rest of thy treatment, friend Iwan."

Anxious, I followed the sound, and by ascending the staircase, I found that it was the effect of the wind through the strings of an *Æolian* harp, an instrument which I had never before seen. I was no sooner entered his study, than I observed a coat of arms, in a gilt frame, with the name of John Bartram. The novelty of such a decoration, in such a place, struck me. I could not avoid asking,

"Does the Society of Friends take any pride in these armorial bearings, which sometimes serve as marks of distinction between families, and much oftener as food for pride and ostentation?"

"Thou must know," said he, "that my ancestor was a Frenchman, and owned this piece of painting. I keep it as a piece of family furniture."

From his study we went into the garden, which contained a great variety of curious plants and shrubs. Our walks and botanical observations engrossed so much of our time that the sun was almost down ere I thought of returning to Philadelphia. I regretted that the day had been so short, as I had not spent so rational a one for a long time before. I wanted to stay, yet was doubtful whether it would not appear improper, being an utter stranger. Knowing, however, that I was visiting the least ceremonious people in the world, I bluntly informed him of the pleasure I had enjoyed, and with the desire I had of staying a few days with him. "Thou art as welcome as if I was thy father; thou art no stranger; thy desire of knowledge, thy being a foreigner, besides, entitles thee to consider my house thy own as long as thou please. Use thy time with the utmost freedom; I, too, shall do so myself." I thankfully accepted the kind invitation.

We went to view his favorite bank. He showed me the principles and the method on which it was erected, and we walked over the grounds which had been already drained. The whole store of Nature's kind luxuriance seemed to have been exhausted on these beautiful meadows. He made me count the amazing number of cattle and horses now feeding on solid bottoms, which but a few years before had been covered with water. Thence we rambled

through his fields, where the rightangular fences, the heaps of pitched stones, the flourishing clover, announced the best husbandry, as well as the most assiduous attention. He next showed me his orchard, formerly planted on a barren, sandy soil, but long since converted into one of the richest spots in that vicinage.

"This," said he, "is altogether the fruit of my own contrivance. I purchased, some years ago, the privilege of a small spring, about a mile and a half from hence, which at a considerable expense I have brought to this reservoir; therein I throw old lime, ashes, etc., and twice a week I let it run, thus impregnated. I regularly spread on this ground, in the fall, old hay, straw, and whatever damaged fodder I have about my barn. By these simple means I mow, one year with another, fifty-three hundreds of excellent hay per acre, from a soil that scarcely produced Five-fingers some years before."

"Friend Iwan, I make no doubt thou understandest the Latin tongue, read this kind epistle which the good Queen of Sweden, Ulrica, sent me a few years ago. Good woman, that she should think, in her palace at Stockholm, of poor John Bartram on the banks of the Schuylkill, appears to me very strange."

"Not in the least, dear sir; you are the first man whose name as a botanist has done honor to America. It is very natural, at the same time, to imagine that so extensive a continent must contain

many curious plants and trees. Is it then surprising that a princess, fond of useful knowledge, descends sometimes from the throne, to walk in the gardens of Linnæus?"

"'Tis to the directions of that learned man," said Mr. Bartram, "that I am indebted for the method which has led me to the knowledge I now possess; the science of botany is so diffusive, that a proper thread is absolutely wanted to conduct the beginner."

"Pray, Mr. Bartram, when did you imbibe the first wish to cultivate the science of botany? Were you regularly bred to it in Philadelphia?"

"I have never," said he, "received any other education than barely reading and writing. This small farm was all the patrimony my father left me: certain debts, and the want of meadows, kept me rather low in the beginning of my life; my wife brought me nothing in money—all her riches consisted in her good temper and great knowledge in housewifery. I scarcely know how to trace my steps in the botanical career; they appear to me now, like unto a dream; but thou mayst rely on what I shall relate, though I know that some of our friends have laughed at it."

"I am not one of those people, Mr. Bartram, who aim at finding out the ridiculous in what is sincerely and honestly averred."

"Well, then, I'll tell thee: One day I was very busy in holding my plough (for thou seest I am but a ploughman), and being weary, I ran under the shade of a tree to repose myself. I cast my eyes

upon a daisy ; I plucked it mechanically, and viewed it with more curiosity than farmers are wont to do, and observed therein very distinct parts, some perpendicular, some horizontal. ‘ *What a shame, said my mind, or something that inspired my mind, that thou shouldst have employed so many years in tilling the earth, and destroying so many flowers and plants, without being acquainted with their structure and their uses !*’ This seeming inspiration suddenly awakened my curiosity ; for these were not thoughts to which I had been accustomed. I returned to my team, but this new desire did not quit my mind. I mentioned it to my wife, who greatly discouraged me from prosecuting my new scheme, as she called it ; I was not opulent enough, she said, to dedicate much of my time to studies and labors which might rob me of that portion of it, which is the only wealth of the American farmer. However, her prudent caution did not discourage me ; I thought about it continually—at supper, in bed, and wherever I went.

“ At last I could not resist the impulse ; for on the fourth day of the following week, I hired a man to plough for me, and went to Philadelphia, though I knew not what book to call for. I ingenuously told the bookseller my errand, who provided me with such as he thought best, and a Latin grammar besides. Next I applied to a neighboring school-master, who, in three months, taught me Latin enough to understand Linnæus, which I purchased afterwards. Then I began to botanize all over my

farm. In a little time I became acquainted with every vegetable that grew in my neighborhood, and next ventured into Maryland, living among the Friends. In proportion as I thought myself more learned, I proceeded further; and by a steady application of several years, I have acquired a pretty general knowledge of every plant and tree to be found in our Continent. In process of time, I was applied to from the old Countries, whither I every year send many collections. Being now made easy in my circumstances, I have ceased to labor, and am never so happy as when I see and converse with my friends."

I passed several days with Mr. Bartram, in ease, improvement and pleasure. I observed, in all the operations of his farm, as well as in the mutual correspondence between the master and inferior members of his family, the greatest ease and decorum; not a word like a command seemed to exceed the tone of a simple wish. The very negroes appeared to partake of such a decency of behavior and modesty of countenance, as I had never before observed.

"By what means, Mr. Bartram, do you rule your slaves so well that they seem to do their work with all the cheerfulness of white men?"

"Though our erroneous prejudices and opinions," said he, "once induced us to look upon them as only fit for slavery—though ancient custom had very unfortunately taught us to keep them in bondage, yet of late, in consequence of the removal

strances of several Friends, and of the good books they have published on that subject, our Society treats them very differently. With us they are now free. I give those whom thou didst see at my table eighteen pounds a year, with victuals and clothes, and all other privileges which white men enjoy. Our Society treats them now as the companions of our labors; and by this management, as well as by means of the education I have given them, they are in general become a new set of beings. Those whom I admit to my table I have found to be good, trusty, moral men; when they do not what we think they should do, we dismiss them, which is all the punishment we inflict. Other societies of Christians keep them still as slaves, without teaching them any kind of religious principles. What motive besides fear can they have to behave so well? In the first settlement of this province we employed them as slaves, I acknowledge; but when we found that good example, gentle admonition, and religious principles could lead them to subordination and sobriety, we relinquished a method so contrary to the profession of Christianity. We gave them freedom, yet few have quitted their ancient masters. I taught mine to read and write; they love God and fear his judgments. The eldest person among them transacts my business in Philadelphia with a punctuality from which he has never deviated. They constantly attend our meetings; they participate—in health and sickness, in infancy and old age—in the advantages our Society affords. Such

are the means we have made use of to relieve them from that bondage and ignorance in which they were kept before."

Thus I spent my time with this enlightened botanist, this worthy citizen, who united all the simplicity of rustic manners, to the most useful learning. I accompanied him to his fields, to his barn, to his bank, to his garden, to his study, and, at last, to the meeting of the Society on the Sunday following. It was at the town of Chester, whither the whole family went in two wagons; Mr. Bartram and I on horseback. When I entered the house where the Friends were assembled—who might be about two hundred men and women—the involuntary impulse of ancient custom made me pull off my hat; but soon recovering myself, I sat with it on. The Meeting-house was a square building, devoid of any ornament whatever. The whiteness of the walls, the conveniency of seats, that of a large stove, which in cold weather keeps the whole house warm, were the only essential things that I observed. Neither pulpit nor desk, fount nor altar, tabernacle nor organ were there to be seen; it is merely a spacious room in which these good people meet every Sunday.

A profound silence ensued, which lasted about half an hour; every one had his head reclined, and seemed absorbed in profound meditation, when a female Friend arose, and declared with most engaging modesty, that the Spirit moved her to address them on the subject she had chosen. She treated

it with great propriety, as a moral, useful discourse, and delivered it without theological parade, or the ostentation of learning. Either she must have been a great adept in public speaking, or had studiously prepared herself (a circumstance that cannot well be supposed, as it is a point in their profession to utter nothing but what arises from spontaneous impulse), or else the Great Spirit, the patronage and influence of which they all came to invoke, must have inspired her with the soundest morality.

Her discourse lasted three-quarters of an hour. I did not observe one single face turned from her; never before had I seen a congregation listening with so much attention to a public orator. I observed neither contortions of body, nor any kind of affectation in her face, style, or manner of utterance; everything was natural, and therefore pleasing; and shall I tell you more? she was very handsome, though upwards of forty. As soon as she had finished, every one seemed to return to their former meditation for about a quarter of an hour, when they rose up by common consent, and after some general conversation departed.

How simple their precepts! How unadorned their religious system! how few the ceremonies through which they pass during the course of their lives! At their deaths they are interred by the fraternity, without pomp, and as you well know, without monument or tombstone. Thus after having lived under the mildest government, after having been guided by the mildest doctrine, they die just as

peacefully as those who being educated in more pompous religions, pass through a variety of sacraments, subscribe to complicated creeds, and enjoy the benefits of a church establishment. These good people flatter themselves with following the doctrine of Jesus Christ, in that simplicity with which they were delivered. A happier system could not have been devised for the use of mankind. At the door of the Meeting-house, I had been invited to spend some days at the houses of some respectable farmers in the neighborhood. The reception I met with everywhere; insensibly led me to spend two months among these good people; and I must say, they were the golden days of my riper years.

A LETTER FROM AMELIA OPIE.

From Friends' Magazine.

As praise is not, I trust, pernicious to bodies of men, though generally speaking, it is so to individuals, I venture to send you the description given by the celebrated Count de Segur, of our Society, such as he knew it in America, in the beginning of its memorable revolution. It comes from the pen of one who has been, "successively," as he tells us, "a colonel, a general officer, a traveller, a navigator, the son of a minister, an ambassador, a negotiator, a courtier, a prisoner, a cultivator of land, a soldier, an elector, a poet, a dramatist, a joint writer and director of Journals, a writer on jurisprudence, an

historian, a deputy, a councillor of state, a senator, an academician, and a Peer of France."

I had, last autumn, the pleasure of passing four or five days in company with this man of many occupations, at La Grange, the seat of Gen. La Fayette (his nephew by marriage), and as we drew round the large wood fire, with La Fayette and Virginia de Lasteyne, the daughter of the latter, on the evening of my arrival, Count de Segur informed me that he was very partial to Friends, and was three-quarters a Friend himself. I said, in reply, that I was afraid he would always remain so, and that the conviction would never be complete. In answer to my question, how he became sufficiently acquainted with Friends to be able to form so high an opinion of them, I learned that he, as well as La Fayette, had been the frequent guest and companion of Friends, when they were led, in the days of their youth, to join the standard of American liberty, and fight for the infant republic.

In the course of conversation, I was required to give an explanation of Friends' principles, with which, however, I knew my friend, La Fayette, was already acquainted as well as his interesting daughter, by having perused an abridgment of them in the French language; and I had not proceeded far in my explanation, when the latter interrupted me by lamenting that, by what she was pleased to call our unnecessary and trivial peculiarities, we prevented, as she believed, the spreading and *increase* of a sect, whose morals and habits were deserving of the ut-

most encouragement. Before I had well entered on my justification of the customs which she reprobated, I was interrupted by her father and uncle, who, prefacing their remarks with an eager "but daughter," "but, niece," eloquently and sufficiently took up the defence of our peculiarities, and left me nothing to say; and thus having silenced, if they did not convince the earnest Catholic who opposed us, the subject was soon changed to one more agreeable to my feelings.

That same evening I took with me into my apartment "The Memoirs of Count de Segur," and read as follows, in his account of Philadelphia: "Penn, the founder of this city, had projected for it an immense and regular plan. The projects or dreams of this worthy man have not had a longer duration than those of many great political speculators; but his name will live for ever; for he was the only European who founded a State in America, *legally*, and did not cement it with the blood of the natives. This simple, moral and pacific sect—that of the brethren which even the appellation of Quakers has failed to render ridiculous, though given them no doubt in order to make them so—subsists still as a monument of the only society which has ever professed and practised, without any mixture and without any prejudice, *Evangelical morality*, and Christian charity, in all their simplicity and purity. Even in self-defence, they cannot be forced into shedding of blood; nor can any consideration for their worldly interest induce them to profane the name of the

Deity by an oath. Other men, in all ages, have talked of philosophy, but these alone have lived, and still live like truly wise men; therefore, in spite of the ironical disdain with which they are everywhere spoken of, even in this country, which by right belongs to them, and of which they have been deprived by the Government, I have never been able to behold or listen to them without emotion and respect."

The following is another extract from the same book: "My longest visits were paid to a very silent old man, who very rarely uncovered his thoughts, and never his head: his gravity, his monosyllables, proved sufficiently at our first meeting that he was a Quaker. Notwithstanding, I must own, that in spite of my esteem for his virtue, our first interview would have been our last but that on a sudden a door opened, and a being entered the parlor, who seemed to be a nymph rather than a mere woman. I never saw any one who united so much grace to so much simplicity, so much elegance to so much propriety of appearance. It was Polly Leiton, the daughter of my grave Quaker. Her dress was white as herself; the muslin of her large handkerchief, and the envious cambric that scarcely allowed me to see her blonde hair, in short, 'the simple adorning' of this pious maiden, vainly endeavored to conceal the finest form, and the most seducing features. Her eyes appeared to reflect, as two mirrors, the sweetness of a pure and tender soul. She received us with a degree of confiding ingenuousness which charmed me, and the language of 'thee and thou,' which her

sect prescribes, gave to our new acquaintance the air of old friendship.

"I doubt whether the finest work of art could ever eclipse this, the finest work of nature, as the Prince de Broglie called her. In conversation, she surprised me by the candor and originality of her questions. 'Thou hast, of course,' said she, 'neither wife nor children in Europe, as thou hast quitted the country, and art come to such a distance in order to carry on the hateful trade of war.'

"'But it is for your sakes,' I replied, 'that I have left all that is dear to me, and it is to defend your liberty that I have come to fight against the English.'

"'The English,' answered she, 'have done thee no harm, and what does our freedom signify to thee? One ought never to meddle with other people's affairs, except it be to settle them amicably, and to prevent the shedding of blood.'

"'But my king,' rejoined I, 'has commanded me hither, to bear his arms against your enemies and his own.'

"'Well, then,' said she, 'thy king has commanded thee to do what is unjust and inhuman; this is contrary to the commandment of thy Maker. Thou should'st obey God, and disobey thy king; for his kingly power is only given him to save, and not to destroy. I am very sure thy wife, if she has a good heart, is of the same opinion.'

"What could I say in answer to this angel? for, in truth, I was tempted to believe her one. It is very certain that had I not been married, and happy,

while defending the liberties of America, I should have lost mine to Polly Leiton. The impression made on me by this charming young woman, was of so different a nature to that which I had experienced in the brilliant whirlpool of the world, that for awhile she banished from my mind all idea of concerts, balls, and entertainments."

It is much to the credit of this distinguished man, that evidently it was not the personal beauty *only* of the young American which made so strong an impression on his feelings as to stain for awhile the amusements of the world in his eyes, but that he was influenced also by the purity and sweetness of her expressions; by her simple, modest, and consistent apparel; by her faithful obedience to the rules of our Society in her language and manners; and by the truly Christian sentiments which she uttered in conversation, and to which, as I have heard him confess, he found it difficult to reply.

TRUTH.

JOHN WOOLMAN was remarkable in many respects. He was particularly guarded in his expressions, being careful that his assertions should be strictly and literally true; and he appears to have inculcated a similar care in others, in a gentle and yet an impressive manner. It is reported that being

once employed, with the aid of an assistant, in clearing an orchard of caterpillars that had formed webs on the branches, and having gone, as he supposed, over the orchard, he expressed his belief that they were done; but his companion perceiving that there was one left with a considerable collection on, mentioned the circumstance, with the declaration that it was as full as it could hold. John Woolman going to the tree, remarked, *there was room for a number more of them.*

Two young men wishing to try whether he could be drawn to utter, by mistake, an expression not literally true, are said to have gone to his house, the first taking a seat in his parlor, and the other coming a little afterwards to his door. Upon the latter knocking at the door, John Woolman went to receive him, and as soon as he left the room where they were sitting, the young man went out another way. The one last arrived inquired for his companion, expecting of course to be answered, "He is in my parlor." But John was not so easily caught. His answer was simple and literally true: "I left him in my parlor."

NO CROSS NO CROWN.

WHENCE did William Penn get this title of his well-known work? St. Paulinus, bishop of Nola, in allusion to the custom of crowning crosses, has these lines:

"See how the cross of Christ a crown entwines,
 High o'er God's temple it refulgent shines;
 Pledging bright guerdon for each passing pain;
 Take up the cross if thou the crown would'st gain."

Vide Dr. Rock's Hierurgia.

Quarles says in his Esther—

"The way to bliss lies not on beds of down,
 And he that has no cross deserves no crown."

THE MASKED DEBATE.*

By Robert F. Mott.

"A man's like a bell, which we all know is rung
 By putting in motion the clapper or tongue;
 If the crany be cracked, or if broken the bell,
 Its dissonant jar will the injury tell."

From the hall of their mother, Calliope's sons
 Forth sallied reluctant, for still at her gate
 The conflict was heard of obstreperous tongues,
 Invincibly firm in the shock of debate.

But high overhead pealed the stroke of eleven,
 From the bell of St. George's, sonorous and clear,
 And echo, as soon as the watchword was given,
 Repeated the hour on the lingering ear.

* Found in the Letter-Box of the Calliopean Society, a debating club in the city of New York about thirty years since in which were trained several who have in various ways rendered good service to the country.

Then home from the portals I hastily hied,
And a head full of thoughts to my pillow resigned,
When sleep, as the shuttle he busily plied,
My day-dreams with visions of night intertwined.

Methought that again to the echoing hall,
The sons of the Muse at her bidding returned,
The flame from her altar illumined the wall,
And incense again in her censer was burned.

But it all seemed a mask of the deepest disguise,
A visor the face of each person concealed,
And nought to my wond'ring and curious eyes,
The dark and mysterious wearer revealed.

I hoped to distinguish the great from the small ;
'Twas in vain, for the latter were stilted on stilts ;
The whole seemed a squadron of grenadiers tall,
Each vying in stature with Hewlett or Hicks.

My scrutiny thus set completely at nought,
I was ready to give up the point in despair,
When a rap on the table soon rallied my thoughts,
And the question anon was announced from the chair—

“Are doctors or lawyers most useful to man?”
A faint ray of hope darted quick through my mind,
As the rival but great benefactors began
To canvass their claims to the thanks of mankind.

'Tis not my intention in full to relate
The prowess by each of the speakers display'd,
All labored like Emmets—suffice it to say,
How all were at last by their manner betray'd,

In behalf of the doctors the first took his stand,
With speech slow and measured maintaining the floor,
His eyes seemed to follow each grace of his hand,
And he nine times repeated the word "furthermore."

Twenty minutes were spent, when a limb of the law,
And a mettlesome fellow, the gauntlet essayed;
I greeted his thumb-lacking hand, for I saw
'Twas a hand in the lists that was often arrayed.

Then appeared on the rostrum a certain M. D.,
As I knew by the pomp that attended each word,
No less than the force and the art of his plea,
And the two dozen times that the chair was be-"sir'd."

The next that arose in disguise of a Turk,
Had so wondrous a voluble tongue in his head,
That, to use his own phrase, "'twould be very hard work,"
Very hard work indeed, to repeat half he said.

In each sentence of one a "*however*" was heard—
Another with "*hems*" filled the pauses he made—
"*At all*" was the favorite grace of a third,
And each had some technical term of his trade.

The current is often evinced by the straws,
And the course of the wind by the flight of a feather;
So a speaker is known by his "ands" and his "ors,"
The stitches that fasten his patchwork together

One thing that I noticed was novel to me,
That Rhetoric mainly consisted in sound,
As if the *suaviter* consisted in *re*,
And in *modo* alone was the *fortiter* found.

But the clatter of engines, the fire-bell's alarm,
Broke through the web that my fancy had spun,
The labors of slumber dissolved like a charm,
I awoke—but the magic illusion was gone.

SOCIUS.

Cobweb Hall, 1821.

MARY KNOWLES AND HER SON.

MARY KNOWLES was the wife of Dr. Knowles, an eminent and much-esteemed physician in London. This lady, it is stated in "*The Female Biography*," was no less distinguished for the possession of superior talents than for a blameless purity of life. Her religious tenets were those of Quakerism; the utmost liberality of sentiment being displayed in her mind. She excelled in the polite art of poetry and painting, and was particularly distinguished for the perfection to which she brought the imitation of nature in needle-work.

This latter accomplishment procured her an introduction to the Queen, who expressed a wish to see her, and who became no less pleased with the beauty of her performances than with the justness and solidity of her remarks. This and subsequent interviews with George III and Queen Charlotte, led to her undertaking a representation of the King in needle-work, which she completed, to the entire satisfaction of their majesties.

Mary Knowles became a great favorite with the King and Queen, and had frequent access to the

royal family, where she presented herself in the simplicity of her Quaker dress, and was always graciously received. On one occasion of her visiting them, she brought her only son, then about five years old, and presented him to the King, who inquired of her his name. She answered, George. The king seemed to feel the compliment, and bowed. Mary Knowles then proposed that her little boy should recite some lines she had composed, to which they assented, and he repeated the following, at which the King and Queen laughed heartily :—

Here, royal pair, your little Quaker stands,
Obscurely longing to salute your hands ;
Young as he is he ventures to intrude,
And lisp a parent's love and gratitude.

Though with no awful services I'm come,
Forbid to follow Mar's dire thundering drum ;
My faith no warlike liberty has given,
Since " peace on earth " sweet angels sung in Heaven.

Yet I will serve my prince as years increase,
And cultivate the finest arts of peace ;
As loyal subjects, then, great George, by thee,
Let genuine Quakers still protected be.

Though on me as a nurseling, mamma doats,
I must, I will shake off my petticoats ;
I must, I will assume the man this day,
I've seen the king and queen ! huzza ! huzza !

Mary Knowles accompanied her husband in a scientific tour through Holland, Germany, and

France. She was admitted to the toilet of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, by the particular desire of the latter. The appearance of a female in the attire of a Friend was somewhat extraordinary to that princess, who made many inquiries respecting the principles of the Quakers, and acknowledged that at least they were *philosophers*.

MORAL HEROISM OF QUAKERS.

RICHARD COBDEN, who, in his own seas, carries more guns than any man in England, having received a panegyric pronounced by some clergyman on the character and services of the Duke of Wellington, has written three long and able letters, in denial of the justness of the wars of England against France, and consequently of the right of Wellington, who led in these wars, to be considered as a good man or public benefactor. In referring to the immeasurable superiority of victories of peace over war, he makes the following striking allusion to the moral heroism of the Quakers amid the Irish famine.

“The famine fell upon nearly one-half of a great nation. The whole world hastened to contribute money and food. But a few courageous men left their homes in Middlesex and Surrey, and penetrated to the remotest glens and bogs of the western coast of the stricken island, to administer relief with their own hands. They found themselves not merely

in the valley of the shadow of death—that would be but an imperfect image—they were in the charnel-house of a nation. Never since the eleventh century did Pestilence, the gaunt handmaid of Famine, glean so rich a harvest.

“In the midst of a scene, which no field of battle ever equalled in danger, in the number of its slain, or the physical suffering of the living, these brave men walked as calm and unmoved as though they had been in their homes. The population sunk so fast, that the living could not bury the dead; half interred bodies protruded from the gaping graves; often the wife died in the midst of her starving children, while her husband lay a festering corpse at her side. Into the midst of these horrors did our heroes penetrate, dragging the dead from the living with their own hands, raising the heads of the famishing children, and pouring nourishment into parched lips, from which shot fever-flames more deadly than a volley of musketry.

“There was courage! No music strung the nerves; no smoke obscured the imminent danger; no thunder of artillery deadened the senses. It was cool self-possession and resolute will, calculated risk and heroic resignation. And who were these brave men? To what gallant corps did they belong? Were they of the horse, foot or artillery force? They were Quakers, from Clapham and Kingston! If you would know what heroic actions they performed, you must inquire from those who witnessed them. You will not find them recorded in the

volume of Reports published by themselves—for Quakers write no bulletin of their victories.”

MARTHA AND MARY.

By Mary Howitt.

It was when the persecution of the people called Quakers had, for a short season, somewhat abated its rigor, and they ventured to attend their religious assemblies without fear of injury to their families in the meantime, that Walter Pixley and his wife, a staid and respectable couple, belonging to that despised community, rode eleven miles to their county town of Stafford, to be present at a meeting, at which that apostle-like young man, Edward Burrough, was to preach, leaving their little daughter Martha under the care of an aged woman, who was at that time their sole female domestic.

Martha was a grave child, though but seven years of age: her young mind had taken its tone from both of her parents. She had been born in a season of persecution, had been cradled, as it were, in anxiety and sorrow; and as she grew old enough to comprehend the circumstances that surrounded her, she saw her parents constantly filled with apprehension for the safety of their lives and property. She had heard them talk over their grievances, spoiling of goods, the maimings, the whippings, and the horrible sufferings of their persecuted

brethren—persecuted even to the death ; had heard of little children enduring, with the steadfastness of early martyrs, imprisonments and pains, which would overcome even the strong man ; till, unlike the ordinary child of her years, her countenance habitually wore a look of gravity, and her heart bled at the least thought of suffering or sorrow.

Martha's home was in a country place, surrounded by fields—a pleasant, quiet valley, the patrimonial heritage of her father. It was harvest-time, and in the course of the morning the old servant went out with the reapers' dinners, leaving little Martha to amuse herself in her usual quiet way. She had not been long alone before a beggar-woman presented herself with a young child in her arms. Martha knew that it was her mother's custom to relieve distress in whatever shape it presented itself, and the story the woman told, whether false or true, touched her to the soul ; she gave her, therefore, the dinner which had been set aside for herself, and compassionated her in words of the truest sympathy ; and when the child in the woman's arms wept, her heart yearned towards it. Strange it may be to all, but so it was, for our story is true, when the beggar-woman saw the affection with which little Martha regarded the child, she proposed to sell it to her, and Martha, innocent of all guile, readily accepted the proposal. All her little hoard of money was produced, the bargain was struck, and the two parted perfectly satisfied with the transaction. The child was beautiful in its form and feat-

ures ; and Martha sat down with it upon her knee, and lavished upon it all the endearing tenderness which her most affectionate nature suggested.

In a short time the child fell asleep ; and as she sat gazing upon it, a half-defined fear stole into her mind, that perhaps she had done wrong in taking upon her this charge unknown to her parents ; that perhaps they would be displeased. She rose up in haste and looked from door and window for the beggar-woman, but neither across the fields, nor down the valley, nor upon the distant highways was she to be seen ; and then she was afraid, and thought to hide the child. She made it a comfortable warm bed with a blanket, in a large press, and kissing its sleeping eyes, and wishing that she had no fear, she left it to its repose, and began with great anxiety to look out for the return of her parents. To the old domestic she said not one word of what she had done.

After two hours, all which time the child had slept soundly, Walter Pixley and his wife returned. The good mother, who was accustomed to help in all the domestic business, employed herself in preparing the early afternoon meal, and Martha sat down with her parents to partake of it. While Walter Pixley and his wife were in the midst of their review of the events of the morning—of Edward Burrough's extraordinary sermon, and of the concourse to whom it was addressed—they were startled by what seemed to them the cry of a child. Martha's heart beat quick, and her sweet face grew

pale, but her parents were not observing her. The good man stopped in the middle of a sentence, and both he and his wife turned their heads towards the part of the house from whence the sound proceeded, listened for a second or two, and then, all being again still, without remarking upon what they supposed was fancy, they went on again with their conversation. Again a cry louder and more determined was heard, and again they paused. "Surely," said the wife, "that *is* the voice of a young child."

The critical moment was now come—concealment was no longer possible; and Martha's affection mastering her fear, as the infant continued to cry, she darted from the table and cried, "Yes, yes, it is my child!" and the next moment was heard audibly soothing her little charge, in the chamber above, with all the tenderness of the fondest mother.

Mrs. Pixley was soon at her daughter's side, full of the most inconceivable astonishment, and demanded from her whence the child had come, or how it had been consigned to her charge. Martha related the story with perfect honesty. The old domestic was then summoned, but she knew nothing of the affair. They were not long deliberations that followed. The family could not conscientiously burden themselves with another dependent, and one especially who had no natural claim upon them, in these perilous and anxious times, when they could not even insure security for themselves; and besides this, how did they know but this very circumstance

might be made, in some way or other, a cause of offence or of persecution—for the world looked with jealous and suspicious eyes upon the poor Quakers. Father Pixley, therefore, soon determined what he had to do in the affair—to make the circumstance known at the next village; to inquire after the woman, who, no doubt, had been seen either before or after parting with the child; and also to state the whole affair to the nearest justice of the peace.

Within an hour, therefore, after the discovery of the child, the good man might be seen making known his strange news at the different places of resort in the village, and inquiring from all if such a person as the little girl had described the woman to be, had been seen by any; but, to his chagrin and amazement, no one could give him information—such a person had evidently not been there. He next hastened to the justice's. It was now evening, and Walter Pixley was informed that his worship very rarely transacted any business after dinner, and that especially "he would not with a Quaker." Walter, however, was not easily to be put by; he felt his business important, and by help of a gratuity to the servant, he gained admittance.

The justice was engaged over his wine, and he received Walter Pixley very gruffly, and in the end threatened him with a committal to jail for his pains. The poor Quaker had been in jail the whole of the preceding winter, and he remembered too wofully the horror of that dungeon to bring

upon himself willingly a second incarceration. It was of no use seeking for help at the hands of the justice; therefore he urged his business no further, and returned quietly to his own house.

Against the will, therefore, of the elder Pixleys, the child was established with them; and it was not long before the father and mother as cordially adopted it as their little daughter had done from the first beholding it. "For who knows," argued the good Walter Pixley, "but the child may be designed for some great work, and therefore removed thus singularly from the ways of evil for our teaching and bringing up? Let us not gainsay or counteract the ways of Providence." This reasoning abundantly satisfied the pious minds of the good Friends, and the little stranger was regularly installed a member of the family by the kindred name of Mary.

At the time little Mary was first received under this hospitable roof, she might be about six months old, a child of uncommon beauty; nor, as the months advanced into years, was the promise of her infancy disappointed. She was in disposition and tone of mind, the very reverse of her grave and gentle elder sister, as Martha was now considered; she was bold and full of mirth; full of such unbroken buoyancy of heart as made the sober mother Pixley half suspect that she must have come of some race of wild people. Certain it was, the subdued and grave spirit of the Pixleys never influenced her; and as Martha grew up into womanhood, and the quietness and sobriety of her younger

years matured into fixed principle, she embraced with a firm mind the peculiar tenets in which she had been brought up, and would have stood to the death for the maintenance of them. Mary also advanced past the years of girlhood, but still remained the gay, glad, bold-spirited being that she had ever been. She revered all the members of the persecuted body to whom her friends belonged, and would have suffered fearlessly for their sake; still their principles and practices she never would adopt. Her beautiful person was adorned, as far as she had opportunity, in the prevailing fashion of the times; and she often grieved the sober minds of every member of the family, by carolling forth "profane songs," as Mrs. Pixley called them; while how she became acquainted with them remained for ever a mystery. Often did the conscientious mind of Father Pixley question with himself, whether it was quite right to maintain so light a maiden under his roof; but then the affectionate being, who had no friends save them in the world, had so entwined herself round the hearts of all the household, that the good man banished the idea as inhuman, and never ventured to give it utterance. Martha and her mother, meantime, strove to win over this bright young creature to their own views, and for a few moments she would settle her beautiful face to a solemn expression, try to subdue what her friends called "her airy imagination," and attend the preaching of some eminent Friend. But it would not do—the true character burst forth through all—Mary was again

all wit and laughter, and though her friends reproved her, they loved her, and forgave all.

On the accession of James II, which is the period at which our little narrative is now arrived, persecution raged again with greater violence than ever; and the Pixleys, along with seventeen other Friends, both men and women, were dragged from their meeting-house by a brutal soldiery, under the command of the justice we have before mentioned, to the dungeon-like county jail, in the depth of winter. The hardships they endured were so dreadful that it is painful to relate them. They were kept many days without food, and allowed neither fire nor candle; their prison was damp and cold, and they were furnished with straw only for their beds; they were also forbidden to see their friends, who might have procured them some of the necessaries of life; nor were they allowed to represent, by letter, their case to any influential man of the county, who might have interested himself in their behalf. And to all this was added the brutality of a cruel jailor, who heaped upon them all the ignominy he could devise. In these dreadful circumstances lay the gentle Martha Pixley and her parents. Mary, not having accompanied them to their place of worship, did not share their fate.

Poor Mother Pixley's health had long been declining, and this confinement reduced her so low that in a few days her life was despaired of; still, no medical aid could be procured, and the cloaks and coats of many of her suffering companions were

given up to furnish clothing for her miserable bed.

When the news came to Mary of the committal of her friends to jail, the distress of her mind expressed itself in a burst of uncontrollable indignation; and then, asking counsel of no one, she threw on her hat and cloak, and taking with her an old man who lived in the family as a laborer, she hurried to the justice's; and as she did not appear with any mark of the despised Quaker, either in dress or manner, she soon obtained admittance. The magistrate was somewhat startled by the sudden apparition of so fair and young a maiden, and demanded her pleasure with unwonted courtesy, seating her in the chair beside him, and removing from his head the laced hat which he was wearing at her entrance. Mary made her demand for the liberation of her friends, the Quakers. The justice stared, as if doubting his senses, and rallied her on the strangeness of her request, charging upon the Quakers all those absurd and monstrous things which were alleged against them in those days. Mary, nothing abashed, denied every charge as false, and demanded, if not the liberation of her friends, at least the amelioration of their sufferings. As Mary pleaded, the justice grew angry, and at length the full violence of his temper broke forth, and the high-spirited girl, even more indignant than terrified, rushed from his presence.

What was next to be done? She ordered her old attendant to saddle the horses, and mounting one, and bidding him follow on the other, she set off

to the county town. There she found great numbers of Friends surrounding the prison, with baskets of provisions, bedding, warm clothing, and fuel, begging for admittance to their perishing brethren. Little children, too, there were, weeping for their imprisoned parents, and offering their little all to the jailor, so that they might be permitted to share their captivity. Mary made her way through this melancholy crowd, peremptorily demanded access to the jailor, and was admitted; her garb, unlike that of the persecuted Quakers, obtaining for her this favor, as at the house of the justice. But here again her errand debarred her further success; the jailor would neither allow her to see her friends, nor would he convey a message to them. Mary could have wept in anger and vexation, and from intense sympathy with the grief she had witnessed outside the walls, but she did not; she retorted upon the jailor the severity of his manner, and bidding him look to the consequences, folded her cloak round her, and walked forth again into the circle of Friends who surrounded the gate. The jailor laughed as he drew the heavy bolts after her, and bade her do her worst.

Among the Friends collected in the street before the prison, Mary heard that William Penn, who had just returned from his new settlement in America, was now in London. As soon as she heard this, she determined upon her plan of conduct. She knew his influence with the king, who, when Duke of York, had induced his brother, Charles II, to

bestow on him that tract of land called Pennsylvania. To him, therefore, she determined to go, and pray him to present to the king the deplorable sufferings of Friends in those parts.

When her old attendant heard of her meditated journey, he looked upon her as almost insane. To him the project was appalling. It would require many days to reach London, and who must take charge of the farm in his absence, seeing his worthy master was in prison? And then, too, though he had been willing to attend her as far as the next town, would it be right for a young maiden and an old man to endanger their lives by so long and so strange a journey?

Mary was uninfluenced by his reasoning, nor was she to be daunted by his fears. "If," she said, "he would not accompany her, she would go alone." She bade him, therefore to have her horse saddled by break of day, and retired to her own apartment, to prepare for her journey.

"Of a surety," said the old man to himself, "she is a wilful young thing."

In the morning, however, she found not only her horse prepared, but the old man and his also; for, wilful as she was, the old man loved her; and though he could not conjecture the object of so strange a journey, "he would," he said, "go with her to the end of the world."

Mary had ventured to make use of the stores in Walter Pixley's coffers, for she considered the lives

of her friends were at stake. She was therefore sufficiently supplied with money for her journey.

For this time the wild gaiety of Mary's spirit was gone, but instead, was a strong energy and determination of character, which supported her above fatigue, or the apprehension of danger; and day after day, from town to town, in the depth of winter, did she and her attendant journey onward. They had no intercourse with travellers on the road, nor did they make known to any one the object of their journey.

When she arrived in London, she went straight to the house where William Penn had his temporary residence, and without introduction, apology, or circumlocution, laid before that great and good man the sad condition of her suffering friends. She then made him acquainted with her own private history, her obligations to the family of the worthy Walter Pixley, and the anxiety she now felt for the life of her who had been as a mother unto her.

William Penn heard her with evident emotion, and promised to do all that lay in his power for her benefactors; though he assured her she had overrated his influence with the king. He then desired Mary to take up her abode under his roof; and bidding an attendant call in his mistress, he gave her into the hands of his fair and gentle wife, briefly relating to her upon what errand the young maiden had come.

When Mary found her mission thus far so happily accomplished, and the door shut upon herself

and her kind hostess, the overstrained energy of her spirit for a moment relaxed, and she wept like a feeble child. The fair wife of William Penn understood her feelings, soothed her with sympathy, and encouraged her to open her heart freely. Never had Mary seen goodness so graceful and attractive as in the high-minded and gentle being before her. Her very soul blessed her as she spoke; she could not doubt but that all would be well; and with her heart comforted, assured and filled with gratitude, it seemed as if a new life had been given to her.

The next day William Penn obtained an audience of the king, and so wrought upon him by the story of the heroic young creature under his roof, and the sufferings of her friends, that he desired she might be brought before him, and receive from his own hands the order for their enlargement.

Mary was accordingly arrayed in the best garments her scanty wardrobe permitted, by the elegant and gentle hands of Gulielma Penn, who surveyed her beautiful face and figure with admiration, and then kissed her and blessed her as an affectionate mother might bless a beloved daughter.

Leaning upon the arm of her protector, she was conducted through a great chamber of lords and ladies, assembled for the occasion, into the presence of his Majesty. Mary's heart beat violently, and her companion, drawing her arm from his, presented her to his sovereign, who graciously bade her speak her wishes without fear. Reassured by the kindness of the king's manner, almost forgetting the presence

in which she stood, for what seemed to her the greater importance of her errand, she made her petition gracefully and well. She related all she had told William Penn of the great kindness of the Pixleys to her, and her otherwise desolate condition; she told of their domestic virtues, of their piety, and their firm loyalty; and, lastly, of their wretched condition in the jail, with that of many others; and of the cruelty of the justice and the jailor: and then, almost unconsciously falling on her knees, she prayed so eloquently that they might be released that the king turned aside to wipe away a tear before he put forth his hand to raise her.

The petition was granted. The king himself put into her hands the order for their release, and then praying God might bless her, and taking leave of William Penn very kindly, passed out of the presence-chamber. Many of the lords accompanied the king, but the rest, closing around the almost terrified maiden, overwhelmed her with compliments. William Penn, who saw her confusion, apologized for her with all the grace of a courtier, and extricating her from the admiring company, conveyed her, like a being walking in a dream, to his own house.

Not a moment was lost in sending down by express the order for the Friends' enlargement, and together with that, a dismissal from his office for the jailor. Rest was now absolutely necessary for Mary after these extraordinary exertions; William Penn detained her, therefore, a few days under his

roof, and then conveyed her himself in his own comfortable carriage to the house of her friends. It is impossible to describe the joy which her return afforded, and which was not a little increased by the presence of her illustrious companion.

The troubles and persecutions of the Pixleys here came to an end, for they went over to Pennsylvania with its distinguished founder on his return, and became noted among the most worthy and influential of the settlers there. Mary, however, returned to England, being affluently married; and I myself, several years ago, was possessed of a piece of needle-work said to have been of her doing.

URY.

From "The Friend."

THIS place, celebrated as the residence of Robert Barclay, the "Apologist," is situate near the German Ocean, adjacent to Stonehaven, a town on the eastern coast of Scotland, about fifteen miles south of Aberdeen.

The estate of Ury is said to contain about 2000 acres of land, which lies on both sides of the rivulet Cowie, and to extend from Stonehaven in a north-westerly direction for nearly five miles. The mansion-house is about a mile and a half from Stonehaven, on the north bank of the Cowie, which runs for above three miles through the lands of Ury, and at the house is confined within natural bulwarks of rock.

Ury was purchased by David Barclay in 1648. He joined the Society of Friends in 1666, when he resided at Edinburgh. His son Robert became attached to the Society in the same year, before he was nineteen years of age. At this time Robert was sent by his father to reside at Ury, where the latter soon after settling with his family, meetings for worship were established there, and continued from that time to be regularly held in a building close to the family mansion for about one hundred and twenty years. Ury has remained in possession of the Barclay family down to the present day. On the decease of David Barclay in 1686, it passed to his eldest son Robert Barclay, the "Apologist." He died in 1690, and his eldest son, Robert Barclay, succeeded to the estate; at his death, in 1747, it descended to his son, Robert Barclay, who died in 1760; Ury was then inhabited by his eldest son, Robert Barclay, at whose death, in 1797, the estate came into the possession of his eldest son, the present proprietor, Robert Barclay.

This estate has been greatly improved, particularly by the late proprietor, of whom, and his labors, it has been said, "that, from a rugged and barren surface, he produced the most beautiful place in North Britain."

Friends travelling in religious service in Scotland have often felt much interest for the family at Ury, and have frequently visited the place; the description given by some of them in their published journals are subjoined.

William Savery, who travelled in Scotland in the

year 1797, records his visits at Ury in the following terms :—

“ Tenth month 11th.—Went to Urie, the place of Robert Barclay’s birth and death. The present possessor is lately come to the estate ; he is a young man of eighteen, named Robert, and was out hunting. The likeness of Friends seems quite extinguished ; the father of this young man retained a regard for our profession in the early part of his life ; but went off, got to be a member of parliament, and died about two years past. The young man’s preceptor told us he knew Mr. Barclay would have been glad to see us ; and asked us to stay until he returned from hunting, and to dine there about four o’clock, which we declined, having determined to be at Aberdeen in the evening. The library-room, which is small, is the place where Robert Barclay is said to have written his works. There are a great many ancient Friends’ books, all Robert Barclay’s writings, and nearly all the pieces in opposition to him, and many other books of more modern date, on different subjects. The meeting-house, which has not been made use of for a number of years, stands within a few yards of the dwelling—the minister’s gallery and some other seats remaining ; but it now appears to be a place for broken furniture and lumber. The preceptor took us about half a mile from the dwelling, to the top of a little mount, the highest land in the neighborhood, which was the burying-place of Friends ; the family are buried together, and now enclosed by a house built over them, at the ex-

pense of David Barclay of London; they consist of seven graves; it is probable that several of the family died in other places. We left the former residence of the excellent apologist and defender of our faith, with heaviness of mind, and with reflections upon the impossibility of the best of men conferring grace and virtue upon their descendants. The country from Urie to Aberdeen was very poor; the distance about fourteen miles."

Richard Jordan, a minister, travelled in Scotland in the year 1800; he mentions his visit at Ury as follows:—

"Fourth-day, 27, (Eighth mo.) we set our faces towards Edinburgh again, and got as far as Stonehaven to lodge, and next morning went to see Robert Barclay at Ury; he had three sisters with him, one of whom had lately married; her husband and a young clergyman, who had been tutor to some of the children, were also present. They received us very kindly; we breakfasted with them; and after walking awhile in the garden, which is beautifully situated on a lively running stream of water, and cultivated in great perfection, we returned to the house, which is said to be the same that the apologist lived in. It is a large stone building, in which still remains the study in which the Apology was written, which is now a library. After we had viewed various parts of that ancient good man's relics, we proposed a religious opportunity with these young people, who had neither father nor mother living, which they acceded to; it was much to the

relief of my mind, and I hope will be remembered to profit by most, if not all of them. Robert and his brother-in-law walked with us near a mile, and seemed loth to part with us, taking their leave in a very affectionate manner. Oh, may the lives and testimonies of those eminent instruments and faithful servants of God in their day, like 'the blood of righteous Abel, though dead, yet continue to speak' to after generations, and to their own posterity, in particular, that they may be stirred up to follow them as they followed Christ!"

John Barclay visited the meetings in Scotland in 1826. He gives an account of his visit at Ury in the following extract from a letter dated

"URY, near Stonehaven, Ninth month.

"This place (Ury) has for some years been surprisingly improved, especially of late; the walks and woods planted by the father of the present proprietor are beautiful; a bold rushing stream winds not far from the house, through a bed of rocks; and the inequality of the ground is pleasing indeed. It is a sweet spot. The proprietor, Robert Barclay, received me very kindly, and welcomed me. I am made very comfortable here, but must get through my business and be gone; accordingly, I have this morning examined the library throughout, and found already several interesting things; but the correspondence is what I want, and hope to see.

"On Second-day I completed my business here to my satisfaction, having brought with me what was valuable."

LEONARD FELL AND THE HIGHWAY-MAN.

LEONARD FELL, while travelling alone, was attacked by a highway-man, who demanded his money, which he gave him; then he desired to have his horse; Leonard dismounted and let him take it. He then turned to the robber, and with the authority of Truth, solemnly warned him of the evil of his ways; but he, flying into a passion, asked the Friend why he preached to him, and threatened to blow out his brains; but Leonard replied to this effect: "Though I would not give my life for my money or my horse, I would give it to save thy soul."

This language so struck the attonished robber, that he declared, if he was such a man as that, he would take neither his money nor his horse from him; and returning both to the faithful Friend, went his way, leaving Leonard to the enjoyment of that peace attending the honest discharge of his conscience, to obtain which he had not counted his life dear.

DR. J. C. LETTSOM AND THE ROBBER.

THE following occurrence was related by Dr. Lettsom, a relation and student of Dr. Fothergill.

It was my lot a few years since to be attacked on the highway by a genteel-looking person, well mounted, who demanded my money, at the same time placing a pistol at my breast. I requested him

to remove the pistol, which he instantly did. I saw his agitation, from which I concluded he had not been habituated to this hazardous practice; and I added, that I had both gold and silver about me, which I freely gave him, but that I was sorry to see a young gentleman risk his life in so unbecoming a manner, which would probably terminate at the gallows; that, at best, the casual pittance gained on the highway would afford but a precarious and temporary subsistence; but if I could serve him by a private assistance more becoming his appearance, he might further command my purse. I desired him to accept a card containing my address, and to call upon me, as he might trust to my word for his liberty and life.

He accepted my address; but I observed that his voice faltered. It was late at night; there was, however, sufficient starlight to enable me to perceive, as I leaned towards him on the window of my carriage, that his bosom was overwhelmed with conflicting passions. At length, bending forward on his horse, and recovering the power of speech, he affectingly said: "I thank you for your offer; American affairs have ruined me. I will, dear sir, wait upon you."

Two weeks afterwards a person entered my house whom I immediately recognized to be this highwayman. "I come," said he, "to communicate to you a matter that nearly concerns me, and I trust to your honor to keep it inviolable." I told him that I recollected him, and requested him to relate his

history with candor, as the most effectual means of securing my services; and such was the narrative as would excite sympathy in every heart.

His fortune had been spoiled on the American continent; and after a long imprisonment he escaped to this asylum of liberty, where, his resources failing, and perhaps with pride above the occupation of a sturdy beggar, he rashly ventured upon the most dreadful alternative of the highway, where, in his second attempt, he met with me. I found his narrative was literally true, which induced me to try various means of obviating his distresses. To the commissioners for relieving the American sufferers application was fruitlessly made. At length he attended at Windsor and delivered a memorial to the Queen, briefly stating his sufferings and the cause of them. Struck with his appearance and pleased with his address, she graciously assured him of patronage, provided his pretensions should, on inquiry, be found justified. The result was that in a few days she gave him an office which rendered him independent. He died of yellow fever in the West Indies.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.

SHORTLY before the Revolutionary war, there were a few families of Friends who had moved from Dutchess county and settled at Easton, then in Saratoga county, State of New York. That country was then new, and there were but few inhabitants,

and the nearest Meeting being at too great a distance to be regularly attended, these Friends requested the privilege of holding a Meeting for religious worship, which was granted.

The section of country proved to be one which was so much distressed by scouting-parties from both the British and American armies, that the American government, unable to protect the inhabitants, issued a proclamation directing them to leave their country; and most of the people went. Friends requested to be permitted to exercise their own judgment, saying, "You are clear of us, as you have warned us." They accordingly remained at their homes, and kept up their Meetings.

Robert Nesbit, who lived at that time at East Hoosick, about thirty miles distant, felt a concern to walk through the wilderness country, and attend one of their week-day Meetings. After Friends had assembled, and were sitting in the Meeting with the door open, they perceived an Indian peeping round the door-post. When he saw Friends sitting in silence, he stepped forward and took a full view of everything that was in the house; then beckoning to his company, they placed their arms in a corner of the room, took seats, and remained till the Meeting closed.

Zebulon Hoxie, one of the Friends present, then invited the Indians to his house, and placing some bread and cheese on a table, desired them to help themselves. After they had eaten, they went quietly and harmlessly away. Robert Nesbit, who

could speak the French language, had a conversation with the leader of the Indians, who told him that they surrounded the Meeting-house, intending to destroy all who were in it; "but," said he, "when we saw you sitting with your door open, and no weapons of defence, we had no disposition to hurt you; we would have fought for you."

THE POOR MOUSE.

From "The Friend."

ANTHONY BENEZET inculcated lessons of gentleness and mercy whenever opportunity presented. He denied himself the use of animal food, because he would avoid the taking of life. How far he was correct in this, I will not inquire. On a certain occasion, several of his scholars had a mind to test his temper and principles by the following plan: They constructed a *pillory*, on which they contrived to secure a living *mouse*, and having attached to this instrument the following lines:—

"I stand here, my honest friends,
For stealing cheese and candle-ends."

They deposited the mouse, thus punished, upon the teacher's desk some time before the boys met in the morning. Information of this adventure was generally circulated, and when the hour for the school to assemble came, all were on tip-toe to witness the effect of this cruel imprisonment of the mouse.

The boys took their seats ; profound silence prevailed. Mr. Benezet contemplated the unfortunate prisoner, and exclaimed in a tone of compassion :

“ Poor thing ! and who put thee here ? ”

Then casting his eyes over the school, he soon discerned who had been concerned in the matter by the significant looking of the boys towards W. D. and S. C., who, upon this evidence, without one word of accusation, were requested to “ stand on the bench.”

The interest of the scene now became very great. What would be the sentence which A. Benezet would pronounce for this offence, none could conjecture. The good man then said, “ Ah, this poor mouse may have taken the cheese and candles without leave, for which most people would have deprived it of its life ; but W. D. and S. C. more compassionately put it in this confinement.” Then cutting the strings which fastened the mouse, he added, “ Go, poor thing, go ! ” The emancipated mouse soon recovered from the inconvenience of its restrained position, and presently sought refuge in some neighboring cupboard. But the authors of this device remained to be disposed of. With their heads cast downward, and much confused, the spectacle of their fellows, they awaited their fate. A. Benezet seized the moment to impart to them a lesson of kindness, and concluded his remarks by saying, as W. D. and S. C. wisely and mercifully imprisoned the mouse rather than put it to death, they should go out at four o'clock that afternoon.

The narrator says the effect was powerful and durable on the minds of all the boys.

MILTON AND ELLWOOD.

From the Life of Thomas Ellwood.

WHEN I was a boy I had made some good progress in learning, but lost it all again before I came to be a man. Nor was I rightly sensible of my loss therein until I came amongst the Quakers. But then I both saw my loss and lamented it, and applied myself with utmost diligence, at all leisure times, to recover it; so false I found that charge to be, which in those times was cast as a reproach upon the Quakers, that they despised and decried all human learning, because they denied its being essentially necessary to a gospel ministry, which was one of the controversies of those times.

But though I toiled hard, and spared no pains to regain what once I had been master of, yet I found it a matter of so great difficulty, that I was ready to say, as the noble Ethiopian to Philip in another case, "How can I, unless I had some man to guide me?" This I had formerly complained of to my especial friend, Isaac Penington, but now more earnestly, which put him upon considering and contriving a means for my assistance.

He had an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Paget, a physician of note in London, and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning

throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This person having filled a public station in the former times, lived now a private and retired life in London; and having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him, which usually was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve in his learning.

Thus, by the mediation of my friend, Isaac Pennington, with Dr. Paget, and of Dr. Paget with John Milton, was I admitted to come to him, not as a servant to him (which at the time he needed not), nor to be in the house with him, but only to have the liberty of coming to his house at certain hours, when I would, and to read to him what books he should appoint me, which was all the favor I desired.

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr. Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me; to both of whom he bore a great respect. And having inquired divers things of me with respect to my former progression in learning, he dismissed me to provide myself with such accommodations as might be suitable to my future studies. I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house (which was then in Jewen street) as conveniently as I could, and from henceforward went every day in the afternoon (except on the First days of the week), and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him in such books in the Latin tongue as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me, if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue, not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either at home or abroad, I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he instructed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English, that with some variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases (as C before E or I, like ch; se before I, like sh, etc.), the Latin thus spoken, seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

I had before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar (in which I had once been very ready) that I could both read a Latin author, and after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read, than it was before to understand when read.

But,

———"Labor omnia vincit
Improbis" ——
"Incessant pains,
The end obtains."

And so did I, which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave not only all the encouragement, but

all the help he could. For having a curious ear, he understood by my tone when I understood what I read and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me.

Thus I went on for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoons, and exercising myself with my own books in my chamber in the forenoon; I was sensible of an improvement. But, alas! I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree for health; my lungs (as I suppose) were too tender to bear the sulphurous air of that city. So that I soon began to droop; and in less than two months' time, I was fain to leave both my studies and the city, and return into the country to try to preserve life; and much ado I had to get thither.

Some little time before I went to Alesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master Milton to take a house for him in the neighborhood where I dwelt, that he might go out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family; the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles-Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well settled in it; but was prevented by that imprisonment.

But now being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country. After some common discourse had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which

being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me take it home with me and read it at my leisure; and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem, which he entitled *PARADISE LOST*! After I had with the best attention read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment of the favor he had done me in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him: "Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, but what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?" He made no answer, but sat sometime in a muse, then broke off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and became safely habitable again, he returned thither. And when afterwards I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing when my occupations drew me to London), he showed me his second poem, called *PARADISE REGAINED*; and in a pleasant tone said to me, "This is owing to you, for you put it into my head, by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which before I had not thought of."

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

JOHN CROOK, one of the most eminently gifted ministers of the Society of Friends, was once brought before a justice of the peace for preaching in a meeting, and the justice being a moderate man, was loath to send him several miles to prison so late in the evening as he was brought before him, and told the informer to call in the morning, and he would then hear his accusation. He told John Crook that as he appeared a decent man, he should have lodgings in his house that night, if he had no objection to sleep in a room which his servant said was haunted, no other being unoccupied, as he had company.

John expressed his acknowledgment for this favor, and accepted the offer. He was kindly entertained, and had much conversation with the company on religious subjects, with which he and they appeared well pleased.

He was shown his lodging, at the further end of a long gallery, by the justice himself, and slept well until about one o'clock, and then awoke with the overflowings of sweetness and peace covering his mind, and such intimations of Divine favor as greatly refreshed him. Just at this time a rattling noise was heard along the gallery, which continued for some time : and on its ceasing, a shrill voice, as if coming through the keyhole of the door, said, "You are damned," repeating it three different times. J. Crook answered : "Thou art a liar; for I

feel this moment the sweet peace of my God flow through my heart." All the noise and the voice ceased, and he soon after fell asleep, and did not awake until about his usual hour for rising.

He then walked about the garden, waiting for the justice rising. While there, a servant-man came to him, and fell on his knees and begged forgiveness, and that he would pray to God to forgive him; and he confessed that it was he who made the noise near the chamber in the night and spoke those wicked words, but that the reply he received pierced him to the heart. He also said that his master had been robbed by him and others for several years, and concealed their practice with the pretence of spirits haunting the house. All this, at J. Crook's request, the servant told his master with penitence, and obtained his pardon, as did John his dismissal from the informer.

This servant became soon after an honest Friend and a minister.

PREVENTING THE INROAD OF WAVES.

From "Farm Implements," by John J. Thomas.

STONE and timber bulwarks are often made needlessly liable to injury, by being built nearly perpendicular, and the waves break suddenly and with full force, like the blows of a sledge, against them. A better form is, where a slope is first presented to weaken their force, without imposing a full resist-

ance, and their strength is gradually spent as they rise in a curve. It is on this principle that the stability of the world-renowned Eddystone light-house depends. The base spreads out in every direction, like the trunk of a tree at the roots, and although the spray is sometimes dashed over its lofty summit by the violence of the storm, it has stood unshaken on its rocky base far out in the sea, against the billows and tempests, for nearly a century.

An instance occurred many years ago in England, where the superiority of knowledge over power and capital without it, was strongly exemplified. The sea was making enormous breaches on the Norfolk and Suffolk coast, and inundated thousands of acres. The government commissioners endeavored to keep it out by strong walls of masonry and breakwaters of timber, built at great expense; but they were swept away by the fury of the billows as fast as they were erected. A skilful engineer visited the place, and with much difficulty persuaded them to adopt his simple plan. Observing the slope of the beach on a neighboring shore, he directed that successive rows of faggots or brush be deposited for retaining the sand, which was carted from the hills, forming an embankment with a slope similar to that of the natural beach. Up this slope the waves rolled, and became gradually spent as they ascended, till they entirely died away. The breach was effectually stopped, and this simple structure has ever since resisted the most violent storms of the German Ocean.

THE REPENTANT THIEF.

From Child's Life of Isaac T. Hopper.

WILLIAM SAVERY was a tanner by trade, remarked by all who knew him as a man who "walked humbly with his God." One night a quantity of hides were stolen from his tannery, and he had reason to believe that the thief was a quarrelsome, drunken neighbor, whom I will call John Smith. The next week the following advertisement appeared in the county newspaper: "Whoever stole a lot of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere wish to be his friend. If poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention; but the culprit alone knew whence the benevolent offer came. When he read it his heart melted within him, and he was filled with contrition for what he had done. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about retiring to rest, they heard a timid knock, and when the door was opened, there stood John Smith with a load of hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I can light a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," he replied; "then perhaps thou wilt come in, and tell

me how this happened. We will see what can be done for thee." As soon as they were gone out, his wife prepared some hot coffee, and placed pies and meat on the table.

When they returned from the barn she said, "Neighbor Smith, I thought some hot supper would be good for thee." He turned his back towards her, but did not speak. After leaning against the fireplace in silence for a moment, he said, in a choked voice: "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it. I don't know how it is. I am sure I did not think once that I should ever come to be what I am; but I took to drinking, and then to quarrelling. Since I began to go down hill, everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man who ever offered me a helping hand. My wife is sickly, and my children are starving. You have sent them many a meal, God bless you! and yet I stole the hides from you, meaning to sell them the first chance I could get. But I tell you the truth when I say it is the first time I was ever a thief."

"Let it be the last, my friend," replied William Savery. "The secret shall remain between ourselves. Thou art still young, and it is in thy power to make up for lost time. Promise me that thou wilt not drink any intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow at good wages. Perhaps we may find some employment for thy family also. The little boy can at least pick up stones. But now eat a bit, and drink some hot coffee. Per-

haps it will keep thee from craving anything stronger to-night. Doubtless thou wilt find it hard to abstain at first; but keep up a brave heart for the sake of thy wife and children, and it will soon become easy. When thou hast need of coffee, tell Mary, and she will always give it to thee."

The poor fellow tried to eat and drink, but the food seemed to choke him. After an ineffectual effort to compose his excited feelings, he bowed his head on the table, and wept like a child. After a while, he ate and drank with a good appetite; and his host parted with him for the night with this kindly exhortation: "Try to do well, John, and thou wilt always find a friend in me." He entered in his employ the next day, and remained with him many years, a sober, honest and faithful man. The secret of the theft was kept between them; but after John's death William Savery sometimes told the story to prove that evil might be overcome with good.

A DREAM FULFILLED.

ABOUT the middle of last century, Sarah Taylor, of Manchester, England, a faithful, humble-minded minister of the Society of Friends, in the leading and appointing of her blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and with the unity of her friends, engaged in a family visit to the members of her own religious society, in the city of Norwich. She was generally kindly received; but two brothers, Edmund

and John Gurney, children of Friends, who had been consistent Christian Quakers in their day, refused to receive a visit from her. They had joined a club of Infidels, and wishing to believe the doctrine they professed, they had no mind to listen to a woman preaching the faith they had forsaken. There was, doubtless, in their minds a secret foreboding that they were wrong, and a fear lest they should be brought to a humiliating confession that their avowed infidelity was but an opiate they were wilfully drinking in to quiet the pangs of a wounded conscience. They were at least very decided in positively declaring they would not receive a visit from Sarah Taylor, and that she should not enter their houses. This honest-hearted lover of the souls of men was much distressed at their conduct, and one night retired to bed not a little depressed about this matter. She, no doubt, before giving herself to sleep, endeavored in humility to cast her burden upon her dear Lord and Saviour, who knew that her wish to visit these young men was but from a desire to fulfil his will. At last she slept. The exercise of the previous day no doubt left its effects upon her mind, and when the sound sleep of the early part of the night was passed, she dreamed. In her dream she thought that she awoke, and finding that day had broken, arose, dressed herself, and went down stairs. She opened the front door and walked out into the street. The public lights were not all extinguished, and this, with the daylight, which was increasing, enabled her to see the names of the resi-

dents of the different houses on their door-plates. She thought she passed through several streets, making several turns, until at last she came to a house on which she saw the name of Edmund Gurney. Stepping up and ringing the bell, a porter quickly opened the door. She asked if Edmund Gurney was in. The man replied that he was in the garden, but he had ordered him not to admit any of the Quakers into the house. Sarah dreamed that she passed right by the astonished man, and seeing a side door, she opened it, and finding it was the way to the garden, she followed one of the walks until she came to a summer-house. A man was sitting therein, who, as she stepped within the door, said, "I believe the devil could not keep the Quakers out." Sarah dreamed she sat down on a bench, and he, who had risen on her entrance, sat down beside her, when she thought she was favored so to speak to him, that the witness for the truth in him was reached, and he was much affected and tendered. When her service seemed over she left him, and then she awoke, and behold it was a dream. Looking out of the window of her room, she saw that day was breaking, and, solemnly affected by the vision she had been favored with, she arose and dressed herself for going out, just as she had done in her dream. On opening the door looking into the street, everything seemed so entirely as she had seen it, that without hesitation, or speaking to any one in the house, she started onward, taking her dream for direction. As she passed along, the same

houses, with the same names on the door-plates, appeared as in her dream; and she followed, tracing them from street to street until the house with Edmund Gurney's name on it stood before her. She rang the bell, the porter opened the door, and to her inquiry if Edmund Gurney was in, he said, "Yes," but added, "he has commanded me not to admit any of the Quakers." This would probably have discouraged Sarah if it had not been for the dream; and had it not been for the remembrance of that, the very early hour in the morning would itself have deterred her, for probably most of the rich citizens of Norwich were still in their beds. As all things had as yet turned out as she had seen in her vision, she determined to trust it further, and so pushing by the man, she opened a side door and let herself into the yard. The garden appeared exactly as seen in her dream, and she soon found the summer-house, where Edmund Gurney was sitting with a book in his hand. As she entered, he arose, and approaching her, said, "I believe the devil could not keep the Quakers out."

Sarah sat down, and he took a seat beside her. She soon found her heart tenderly concerned for him, and her mouth was opened to address him in the persuasive utterance of gospel love. She told him he had professedly adopted sentiments which his heart refused to own, and that he was reading Infidel books to strengthen him in his infidelity. Edmund was affected under her ministry, and he knew her message to him was the truth. When she arose

to leave him he pressed her to stay and breakfast with him; but this she declined, saying she had nothing further to do there. Bidding him farewell, she returned to her lodgings; her heart warmed in grateful admiration of the Lord's wonderful leadings and marvellous loving kindness.

Edmund Gurney was, through the Lord's renewed and strengthening grace, thoroughly aroused from the slumber in which the Evil One had sought to keep him, to his utter ruin. He never again attended the Infidel club; and as in deep abasement and sorrow of heart he repented for the past, submitted to the baptisms of the Holy Ghost and fire, and bowed in reverent obedience to the teaching of the Lord's holy Spirit, he grew in religious experience, and in time came forth in the ministry. The effect of the blessed change wrought in Edmund was, through the Lord's mercy, made of heart-cleansing efficacy to his brother John. He also came to see that the root of infidelity is wickedness, and publicly renouncing all connection therewith, he witnessed, like his brother, true repentance towards God, and soul-saving faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

WAR ON CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES.

From the Providence Journal.

ONE of the conditions of the treaty with Mexico, it is said, is that any future war which may break out between the two countries shall be conducted

on Christian principles. Now, we all know that this is the age of progress, and that all sorts of improvements are constantly taking place in all sorts of matters; but war on Christian principles is certainly the latest, and if it is carried out, we think it will prove the greatest of them all.

Just imagine it; we think we can see two armies drawn out in battle array. A fair field is before them; the positions are taken, the great guns are unlimbered. General Scott is just about to give the order to fire, when an aide comes up and respectfully reminds him that the war is to be conducted on Christian principles, and that it will not do to fire. "Very true, very true," says the Commander-in-Chief; "but what are they? I have read Vauban, and Scheiter, and Turenne, and Coehorn. I have read the lives of the old conquerors, and have studied the campaigns of the greatest soldiers, but I never happened to come across these principles in any work on military art. Do you know anything about it, Colonel?"

"No."

"Nor you, Major?"

"Nor I, either."

"I really don't know how to begin; I suppose it would not do to shoot. Suppose we send for the chaplain."

The chaplain arrives—"Do you know anything about this fighting on Christian principles?"

"Oh, yes; it is the easiest thing in the world."

"Where are the books?"

"Here;" and the chaplain takes out the Bible.

"Really," says the General, "we ought to have thought of this before. It is a bad time to commence the study of tactics when the enemy is right before us; but I suppose we are bound by the treaty. What is the first thing, Mr. Chaplain."

"Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"But those are not neighbors, They are Mexicans."

"The same book tells us, a little further on, that the opportunity to do good to a man makes him our neighbor."

"Will you go on, Mr. Chaplain?"

"Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that despitefully use you. If a man smite you on one cheek, turn to him the other."

"But while we are praying for the Mexicans, they will be firing into us."

"No; they are bound by the treaty also. It works both ways."

"Then, what is the use of our arms?"

"This is all provided for in the same book. Bent your swords into ploughshares, and your spears into pruning-hooks."

"Then, I don't see as there is anything for us to do here."

"Nothing, unless you send over and ask Santa Anna if he needs anything in the way of medicines, provisions, or clothing; I rather think the treaty requires this of us. And I don't know but we

ought to send them a few schoolmasters, for I understand that they are a shockingly ignorant people."

"But how do you ever know which party conquers in this fighting on Christian principles?"

"That is the great beauty of it. Both sides conquer, and there are never any killed and wounded."

Now this is all the way that we know of conducting war on Christian principles. In any demand which may be made upon the State for men to carry on a future war with Mexico, we think the Governor will best consult the conditions of the treaty by directing that the recruits shall all come from the Peace Society. He should appoint Thomas Anthony, colonel of the regiment, and John Meader, major; and he should go down to Newport on the first Seventh day after the second Sixth day in Sixth month, and go right into the Yearly Meeting and ask the clerk to draw up a plan of the campaign. That is the way to fight on "Christian principles."

THE QUAKER MAJOR-GENERAL.

WHEN the announcement was made to Hon. Eli Jones, a member of the Society of Friends, that he was elected Major-General of the Second Division of the military of Maine, that gentleman made a brief speech in the House of Representatives declining the honor, in which he said: He had ever endeavored to regulate his own conduct by the principle that legislation should not go very far in advance of

public sentiment; and it seemed to him that this election might possibly be a little ahead of that sentiment. He would submit this suggestion in all candor. It was generally understood that he entertained peculiar views in respect to the policy of wars. If he was, in fact, an exponent of the views of the Legislature on that subject, he would cheerfully undertake to serve the State in the capacity indicated. With much pleasure would he stand before the militia of the Second Division, and give orders as he thought best. The first would be to "Ground arms!" the second would be "Right about face! Beat your swords into ploughshares and your spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more!" and he would then dismiss every man to his farm and his merchandise, with an admonition daily to read at his fireside the New Testament, and ponder upon its tidings of "Peace on earth and good-will to men!"—*Newspaper.*

PERSECUTION OF FRIENDS IN NEW ENGLAND.

ABOUT the year 1680, accounts were received in London of the dreadful persecution going on against Friends in New England; that the Governor had made a law to banish them out of the colonies on pain of death; that some having been so banished, and returned, were actually executed; and that many more were in prison, likely to undergo the

same treatment. Friends in London were deeply concerned at receiving this intelligence; and Edward Burrough speedily repaired to the Court, and having got audience of the King, told him "there was a vein of innocent blood opened in his dominions, which, if it were not stopped, might overrun all."

To which the king replied, "But I will stop that vein," and granted a mandamus, the sum of which was, that the Governor of New England should forbear any further proceedings against Friends. No time was lost by Friends in London to despatch the mandamus, and an agreement was made with the master of a good ship for £300, to sail immediately. Samuel Shattuck, who had himself been banished on pain of death if ever he returned there again, sailed with this vessel, along with a deputation from the king, carrying the mandamus; and they arrived in Boston in about six weeks.

When they knocked at the Governor's door, a man was sent to know their business; to whom they replied, their message was from the king of England, and they would deliver it to none but the Governor himself; upon which they soon obtained admission; and the Governor coming to them, his first salutation was a command that Shattuck's hat should be taken off; and it is not improbable, to judge from his former conduct, but a slight wish might cross his mind that the head could be taken off too.

As soon as he had read the mandamus, the Governor also took off his hat, and ordered Shattuck's

hat to be given to him again; and then going out, and consulting with the master of the ship and the Deputy Governor, he returned, and said, "We shall obey his majesty's command." Soon afterwards all the Friends in prison in Boston were released.

"The Friends of the town, and passengers of the ship," says George Fox, "met together to offer up their praises and thanksgivings to God, who had so wonderfully delivered them from the teeth of their devourer. Whilst they were thus met, there came in a poor Friend, who being sentenced by their law to die, had lain some time in irons, expecting execution. This added to their joy, and caused them to lift up their hearts in high praises to God, who is worthy forever to have the praise, the glory, and the honor, for He only is able to deliver."

PROVIDENTIAL DELIVERANCE FROM A WOLF.

PIERRE RABINAL was a worthy old man, a minister among the little company of Friends at Congenies, in the south of France. He earned a livelihood by pruning vines, as well as from the products of a small vineyard of his own, which he cultivated himself. The latter was situated on the declivity of a hill, in a retired part of the country.

One evening while the moon shone brightly, Pierre Rabinal, after pursuing his usual avocations—prun-

ing and digging about the roots of his vines—was about to proceed homeward. Hearing a noise near him, he looked up and saw a wolf advancing toward him, howling and showing his hungry teeth. The good old man fell on his knees, and poured forth an earnest prayer to his Heavenly Father to be his protector, and enable him to escape his fearful companion.

Rising from his knees, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on those of the ravenous beast, which was only distant from the length of the pickaxe he held in his hand. He now walked backward over a very stony path, if path it might be called, for at least a mile, the wolf keeping close to him all the way, when an unexpected noise so terrified the animal, that, after grinning at him, he suddenly turned away, and soon disappeared.

The Friend who related this circumstance is a native of Congenies, and says the story has been familiar to her since the days of her childhood, having often heard the good old man repeat it while she was sitting on his knee.

"He never related it," she adds, "without deep seriousness; and a recollection of the power which in so remarkable a manner kept the wolf at bay, frequently filled his eyes with tears of gratitude."

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.—INCONSISTENCY.

From "The Friend."

It has been well said, that a liar has need of a good memory, and he who makes false pretences, has not only need of a good memory, but of a good judgment also, or he will infallibly betray himself. The plain, simple, honest truth, is that, which if we keep to it, will preserve us from contradicting ourselves, or involving ourselves in absurdities.

During the Revolutionary war, whilst the English General Howe was advancing towards Philadelphia, his Hessians were one day busy in taking the honey out of some hives which they found in the garden of a Presbyterian farmer by the name of Dunwoody. They do not appear to have disturbed the family, who probably had left the habitation, except the owner, who had secreted himself in some elevated spot where he thought he should not be discovered, as they passed by. Finding they were among his bees, he peeped at them, and was so much astonished to perceive them coolly taking out the comb and devouring it, in spite of the stings of the irritated little creatures, that he forgot his caution, and continued gazing until one of them discovered him. A peremptory order to come down or they would shoot him, soon caused his descent. He was carried before Howe. Knowing that the Society of Friends were opposed to war, and supposing that

one of its members would receive more mercy at the hands of the English general than others, he determined to pass himself off as one. But he did not know how to act out the character he intended to assume. With hat in hand he approached Howe, and when questioned as to who he was, replied, "I am a Quaker, sir." Howe saw through the man's scheme at once, and with assumed harshness he again questioned, "What are you?" "I am a Quaker, sir." Howe instantly added, "Guards, here take this fellow and hang him, for he is the first *Quaker sir*, I ever saw." The guards perceived that Howe was not in earnest, and they stood quietly waiting the end. Dunwoody, who thought he was certainly to die, concluded the sooner he was out of his great fear the better, and said if he was to be hanged he would like them to do it quickly. Howe having given him a hearty fright for his flimsy subterfuge, said, "No! I guess you are an honest farmer," and directed the soldiers to let him go.

We can well understand how plainly the man's actions and speech contradicted the character he claimed. But, gentle reader, member of the Society of Friends, look around, first at thyself, and after that at thy companions; art thou not, and are not many of thy brethren, nay even many of the sisters in religious profession with thee, nothing better than "Quaker sirs!" Suppose thou or they were called before a military general; life and death, liberty or imprisonment, depending upon being taken for members among Friends—what evidence

would your dress or your address, your whole outward appearance and demeanor, furnish that you were the genuine descendants, spiritually, of Fox, Churchman, and Woolman, simple-hearted followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose whole garb bespoke they were not under bondage to the god of this world and his fashionable tyranny? Just consider the case. Could you blame him if to your plea of being a Quaker, he should demur and say, I see no evidence or likelihood of this being the truth? Could you wonder if he should say, "Here, guards, hang this hypocrite?"

I remember a valuable Friend, not long since gathered to his heavenly home, to receive the reward, through mercy, of a long dedication to the service of his dear Saviour, saying, that when on a religious visit in Ohio, a tavern-keeper told him some young Quakers had been there on a spree. "Ah," he said, "they were 'Quaker sirs.' They might be members, but they were not bearing the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, submission to which only can make a true Quaker."

Oh, how often, when appearing before those in authority, on behalf of members, in these times of draft and conscription, we have been sorrowfully affected at finding so many of them mere "Quaker sirs." No consistency in walk or appearance. The officers have generally taken our word for their membership, but the whole evidence furnished by their appearance has been at direct variance with our testimony. Oh, that the children of this people

did but feel the obligation of the Cross,—did but understand the force of the apostle's language, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Oh, for a holy conformity to the plainness, the simplicity, the loving modesty and unflinching faithfulness called for by our profession.

NANTUCKET.

BY OBED MACY.

From the Advocate of Peace.

THE persecution of the Quakers led to the settlement of this island. Thomas Macy having given shelter in his house to four Quakers for three-quarters of an hour, in a rain-storm, was compelled to seek among savages an asylum from the intolerance of our forefathers, and in the autumn of 1659, he took his family in an open boat around Cape Cod to Nantucket, of which the patent right had already been purchased by ten men belonging to Salisbury. These purchasers soon after associated with themselves ten more, and subsequently extended the shares to twenty-seven, by inviting seven mechanics to settle with them. This division of the island into twenty-seven shares, called commonage, continues to the present day, with a large number of subdivisions.

The whole history of Nantucket is curious and deeply interesting; but we are concerned mainly

with its pacific policy. This policy did not originate with the Quakers, for they had no meeting or society there till half a century after the settlement of the island and they have always formed only a small minority. The great body of the people have never adopted the strict principles of peace; but influenced chiefly by their situation and employment, they have, from the first, entertained "a strong and almost universal opinion that wars are wrong." They suffered intensely from our last and from the Revolutionary war; but their well-known aversion to war has proved a far better shield to them than fleets and fortifications could have been. Exposed on all sides, without the possibility of defence, without a single fort, arsenal or military company, they have been left secure in their homes, and permitted to enjoy in war exemptions and privileges granted to no others. Nantucket, though utterly defenceless, was actually safer from plunder and conflagration than fortified seaports, or even many inland towns.

Our militia system is entirely disregarded on this island. Nor is it found necessary for the enforcement of law, or any domestic or foreign purposes of government. The people, almost to a man, are opposed to its introduction, and no military organization of any kind has ever been attempted with any success. Public opinion executes law, and their pacific character is a surer guarantee against foreign invasion than a rampart bristling with cannon all around the island. This is not mere theory, but the

actual result of experiments tried there for nearly two hundred years.

An incident which occurred at Nantucket, is thus related by an eye-witness :

“ During the Revolutionary war, they were informed that some privateers were lying at a neighboring port to the north, on their way to Nantucket, to ‘ burn, sink and destroy.’ Struck with terror and dismay, the poor islanders wandered from house to house, and vainly sought for that consolation which no one could give.

“ The wind was east—blew strong from the east—and no vessel sailing could come to the island until the wind changed. The next morning the wind was still east. One more day their houses were spared to them—one more night they had their beds to sleep upon. The few persons who had treasure of any kind, silver or gold, buried it; for now they began to feel that time was given them to make a little effort for themselves.

“ The third morning, wind still east. Their faith in the protecting hand of Divine Providence increased; and the power of the wind seemed greater than the power of muskets and cannon-balls. ‘ But,’ thought they, ‘ the wind bloweth which way it listeth;’ in a few hours it may change, and in five or six hours the privateers may come.

“ On the fourth morning—wind still east—and the fifth, the sixth, the seventh, and so on, day after day, till there had been twenty-one successive days of east wind. One morning the inhabitants arose,

and lo, the wind had changed ! but no privateers came, for the very day before the change, tired of waiting, they spread their sails, and went away.

“ Who, after such a manifestation of power greater than the power of man, shall presume to ask, ‘ By what way is the light parted which scattereth the east wind upon the earth ? ’ ”

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM, THE QUAKER DOCTOR.

IN the cluster of the Virgin Islands in the West Indies, Tortola is the largest. Edward Lettsom was the owner of three of the smaller islands, and mostly resided on Little Vandyke, where he cultivated cotton. The Society of Friends, of which he was a member, had not then testified against slavery, and he owned about fifty slaves. On that island John Coakley Lettsom and a twin-brother were born in 1744. They were the only survivors of seven pairs of twins (all boys), of Edward Lettsom and his wife. At six years of age John was sent to England to be educated, and placed at the school of a Friend who was a celebrated teacher. Gilbert Thompson encouraged active out-door exercise among his scholars ; they acquired great fleetness in running, and excelled in swimming. Every boy was allowed to keep a bird, and the cages were hung in the parlor and dining-room, and their combined notes and melody filled

the house. Such was the good health enjoyed at this school, that during forty years, but one death occurred, and that was Springett Penn, son of William Penn, who was consumptive when he entered. When Lettsom was seventeen years old, Samuel Fothergill, who was his guardian, placed him as an apprentice with Abraham Sutcliff, a surgeon and apothecary at Settle in Yorkshire. Thirty years afterwards, he wrote to a friend: "I went to Settle, an apprentice, a fatherless lad. I rode from the house of Samuel Fothergill at Warrington alone; and my guardian, when he parted with me, impressed upon my mind his last words: 'Please thy master, and above all *please thy mistress.*' If thou turnest out well, I will recommend thee to my brother, the Doctor, and never forget that to be good is to be happy."

After five years' apprenticeship he entered the great metropolis. Many years after he wrote: "When I came to London, clothed in a long flapped coat, and carrying on my head a little bob-wig, unknown and knowing no one, I was revolving as I walked along Lombard street, what an atom of insignificance am I in this new world! At this moment a person abruptly interrupted my reveries, by asking, '*Art thou not from Tortola?*' '*Yes.*' '*I am glad to see thee: wilt thou dine with me?*' '*With all my heart: for I am here, like Adam, without one associate.*' I do not know why Long Beezley thus accosted me and took me to his lodgings; for we were total strangers. He was some inches taller

than I; his coat had large flaps, which added to his height; his arms and legs made up in length what they wanted in circumference. I remember once, as he walked up Cheapside, a little impudent boy kept strutting before him, crying out, 'Ladies and gentlemen, make way, make way, the Monument is coming.' Beezley never minded this, but kept his pace, throwing his arms about him, and forming a periphery of three yardsequilaterally from the centre of motion. But Beezley possessed a most liberal heart, his mind was extended like his body, beyond that of his associates. I shall ever love him. He told me what he thought might be improved in my conduct."

Lettsom met his old teacher Gilbert Thompson in London, who procured him lodgings at the same house with himself; and Dr. Fothergill had him take breakfast with him once a week as long as he was in London, and was like a parent to the young student.

His pecuniary circumstances did not allow him to remain in that city more than twelve months, but during that time he devoted himself to attending lectures and visiting the hospitals. When obliged to leave London, on account of the expense of residing there, he visited his guardian at Warrington, and then embarked for his native island. His object was to take possession of the little property left him by his father, which was a small portion of land and fifty slaves. At this time he was not possessed of fifty pounds, but viewing the traffic in living blood as wicked and unlawful, he immediately emancipated

them and was without any money at twenty-three years of age.

At Tortola Doctor Lettsom commenced practice, and in five months he had acquired 2,000 pounds, half of which he gave to his mother (who had again married), and with the remainder he returned to London, with the view of following the steps of the great Doctor Fothergill.

After spending a short time with Samuel Fothergill, Doctor Lettsom attended lectures in Edinburgh, then proceeded to Paris, where he pursued his studies, and finally took his degree of Doctor of Medicine at Leyden, in 1769.

In 1770 he returned to London and commenced practice under the protection of Doctor Fothergill, and soon after married, and rapidly rose to eminence in his profession.

He was earnestly engaged in the establishment of benevolent institutions, and was one of the first to establish a "Medical Dispensary for the relief of the sick poor," and "the Medical Society of London." He also wrote many pamphlets for the promotion of public good, and on the condition of the poor. In one he wrote, "During the last three years, I have attended nearly six thousand poor persons, into many of whose habitations I have entered, and been conversant with their sufferings, and their resignation under them; in both of which they have exceeded many of their fellow-creatures, whose lot has cast them in a superior station, and whose contentment

under temporary miseries should ever be sustained by this comparative reflection,

“What myriads wish to be as blest as I.”

In 1773 he published the “Naturalist’s and Traveller’s Companion,” containing instructions for collecting and preserving objects of natural history, which was translated into French and German. In this year was born his son John Miers Lettsom, who, when 28 years of age and a physician in full practice, died from a fever originating from his arduous attendance on the sick poor. His wife declined from the time of his death, and did not survive him a year.

Dr. Lettsom wrote in defence of inoculation, but when vaccination was discovered by Dr. Jenner, he evinced the deepest interest to prevent the former, and to introduce the cow-pox. He sent the first vaccine matter to America. He also examined into the state of prisons, and published his observations in relation to the prevention of fevers and other diseases in them, and suggested sanitary reforms.

At forty years of age Dr. Lettsom was at the head of his profession, which brought him £12,000 annually.

Dr. Lettsom was of a tall, delicate, attenuated structure; his face was strongly furrowed, and his skin of a dark yellow tint. He was remarkably neat in his dress, which was uniformly the same, and constructed after the manner of the religious society to which he belonged. He was, by birth

and education, as well as by inclination, a Quaker. He was astonishingly active to the last; he usually walked to attend his patients for two or three hours in the morning, then took his carriage for the remainder of the day. Before going to rest he uniformly bathed his limbs in cold water, and in the morning aspersed the whole of his body in the same. To this practice he attributed his excellent health. His conversation was sprightly, and he was an attractive companion for the young or the aged. He was the recipient of honors from more than twenty literary, medical, or humane associations, in his own and other nations. Several were from America, and students from that country were thought not properly equipped without letters to Dr. Lettsom. He made extensive donations of books, minerals, and specimens of natural history to the various institutions with which he was connected. His anxiety to have the woods, etc., of America explored, to increase our knowledge of its animals, vegetables, and minerals, induced him to propose a society for that purpose, and he offered to subscribe ten guineas annually. He introduced the cultivation of mangel-wurzel into England, and transmitted seeds to Europe, America, and the West Indies. He encountered ridicule and satire thereby, but the plant is esteemed of value for feeding and fattening cattle.

The winter of 1794-5 was one of extreme severity, and food was very expensive. Dr. Lettsom published hints to alleviate the distresses of the poor.

He strongly recommended the system of relief to the poor of the religious society to which he belonged. This system, he says, is comprehended in two words: "PRINCIPIIS OBSTA—*remove the distress in its commencement.*" He deprecated the practice of some of the opulent, of treating the poor with whole roasted oxen and hogsheads of beer, feasting one day to fast many; and he objects to powdering the hair, as consuming vast quantities of flour.

In Tenth month, 1815, Dr. Lettsom, in examining a body, remained in a cold room two hours, and on the following day was chilly and unwell, which was succeeded by fever. The next day, after a severe chill, he insisted on visiting a poor patient, and on his return was unable to get out of his carriage, and in a few days his valuable life terminated, in his seventy-second year. His wife and several children survived him. At the time of his decease his library consisted of twelve thousand volumes; they are now in the British Museum. A large part of his library and museum were sold, when a train of adverse circumstances, originating in the prodigality of his benevolence, obliged him to dispose of his splendid residence and gardens at Grove Hill, and live altogether at his city house.

The following letters from Dr. Lettsom will show his humility, and the gratitude of his emancipated slaves:

"TENTH MONTH 14, 1784.

"When I think I have nothing to recommend

me, I am often humbled in dust and ashes; and in the depth of gratitude to Him, who has vouchsafed to make me happy in this world, I cry out, under a sense of my unworthiness, 'What am I, Beneficent Creator, to whom I am indebted for innumerable blessings? May humility and gratitude ever accompany me in the contemplation of Thy infinite goodness. As I cannot add to Thy happiness, may I with reverence endeavor, though at an infinite distance, to diffuse a share of that happiness to my fellow-creatures.' I often remember a question in Scripture which is in these cogent words, '*How much owest thou unto thy Lord?*' I owe more than I can ever pay, though I am humbly thankful that I am enabled to pay off a little, but a very little portion of it.

"About the time thou receivest this, thou wilt have a little pot of sweetmeats. It is in itself of no value, but gratitude renders it intrinsically so. To my slaves I gave liberty, and that, too, at a time when my fortunes were small indeed. If I had done it when affluent, I think I should not have felt half the comfort. My poor negroes often send me little things, which they can procure, as presents; sometimes a common coral or trifling shell. It is the intention I value. This little trifle of sweetmeats is the present of Teresa, a beautiful mulatto of mine. She has long hair: is a brunette; a fine eye and symmetry of shape. She has one quality I wish to divide with her, and that is gratitude. Taste this sweetmeat, think of Teresa, and let us be

thankful at the universality of Christian virtues. Poor Teresa! thou little thinkest how much thy master values thy present. He will probably never see thee in this world! In the next thou may appear white as a European, and happy as he who has said, 'Be free.'

"J. C. LETTSOM."

"ELEVENTH MONTH 10, 1784.

"I am happy to find that Teresa was pleasing. *Ne crede colori* is truly philosophical, and is true philosophy. I shall make her happy soon by a letter I have just transmitted. Her brother Sam was my slave. I took care of his education in England, taught him myself the rudiments of arithmetic and writing. He chose to be christened, and applied for that purpose to Townley. When Townley heard he was my slave, he came to me previous to the operation to acquaint me with the application. 'I will christen him if you choose, but I believe he never will be good for anything afterwards.' I replied, 'that I had no choice, and if he could mend him by the process, it would give me pleasure.' So he was christened Sam Coakley. After that he walked on tiptoes, and became too big for a servant. He was made steward of a King's ship, and in a dreadful storm he sank into the billows. Some rascals, I believe, forged his will. I told the supposed forgers that I would spend £500 to prevent them from receiving Sam's wages. I had them a dozen times examined and cross-examined, but without effect;

however, they agreed to divide the profits of the will; and this money I have transmitted for Teresa, as next of kin to Sam. They are of the same mother, and possession goes by the female line. Sam's hair was curled. Teresa's is fine, long flowing hair, like that of a Seapoy's. Teresa is handsome, and Sam was extremely genteel. Poor Sam! how I remember, with lively pleasure, thy ardor, when I returned from a long journey, and stopped near home, and sent my cane that I rode with before me, how thou kissed the cane, and kissed it, saying: 'I am glad my master has returned safe!' These are effusions of the heart. That kiss was not like Judas'. It left the impression of the purest affection. I hope heaven in mercy has remembered him for it. His old master will never forget it.

"I am thy friend,

"J. C. LETTSOM."

KINDNESS THE BEST PUNISHMENT.

A QUAKER of most exemplary character, having been disturbed one night by footsteps around his dwelling, rose from his bed, and cautiously opened a back door to reconnoitre. Close by was an out-house, and under it a cellar, near a window of which was a man busily engaged in receiving the contents of his pork-barrel from another within the cellar. The old man approached, and the man outside fled. He stepped up to the cellar window and received the piece of pork from the thief within, who, after

a little while, asked his supposed accomplice, in a whisper, "Shall we take it all?" The owner of the pork said softly, "Yes, take it all;" and the thief industriously handed up the balance through the window, and then came up himself. Imagine his consternation, when, instead of greeting his companion in crime, he was confronted by the Quaker. Both were astonished; for the thief proved to be a near neighbor, of whom none would have suspected such conduct. He pleaded for mercy, begged him not to expose him, spoke of the necessities of poverty, and promised faithfully never to steal again. "If thou hadst asked me for the meat," said the old man, "it would have been given thee. I pity thy poverty and thy weakness, and esteem thy family. Thou art forgiven." The thief was greatly rejoiced, and was about to depart, when the old man said, "Take the pork, neighbor." "No, no," said the thief, "I don't want the pork." "Thy necessity was so great that it led thee to steal. One-half of the pork thou must take with thee." The thief insisted that he could never eat a morsel of it. The thoughts of the crime would make it choke him. He begged the privilege of letting it alone. But the old man was inflexible, and, furnishing the man with a bag, had half the pork put therein, and laying it upon his back, sent him home with it. He met his neighbor daily for many years afterwards, and their families visited together, but the matter was kept secret; and though in after years the circumstance was mentioned, the name of the delinquent was never

made known. The punishment was severe and effectual. It was probably his first—it was certainly his last—attempt to steal. Had the man been arraigned before a court of justice, and imprisoned for the petty theft, how different might have been the result! His family disgraced, their peace destroyed, the man's character ruined, and his spirit broken, revenge, not penitence, would have swayed his heart. The scorn of the world would have blackened his future, and in all probability he would have commenced a course of crime at which, when the first offence was committed, his soul would have shuddered. And what would the owner of the pork have gained? Absolutely nothing. Kindness was the best punishment, for it saved while it punished.

DR. JOHNSON AND MARY KNOWLES

From a Letter from Anna Seward.

BEHOLD, dear M., the promised minutes of that curious conversation which once passed at Mr. Dilly's, the bookseller, in a literary party, formed by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell, Dr. Mayo, and others, whom Mrs. Knowles and myself had been invited to meet, and in which Dr. Johnson and that lady disputed so earnestly. It is, however, previously necessary that you should know the history of the very amiable young woman who was the subject of their debate.

Jenny Harry was the daughter of a rich planter in the East Indies. He sent her over to England to receive her education, in the house of his friend, Mr. Spry, where Mrs. Knowles, the celebrated Quaker, was frequently a visitor. Mr. Spry affected wit, and was perpetually rallying Mrs. Knowles on the subject of Quakerism, in the presence of this young, gentle, and ingenuous girl, who, at the age of eighteen, had received what is called a proper education—one of modern accomplishments—without having been much instructed in the nature and grounds of her religious belief. Upon these visits, Mrs. Knowles was often led into a serious defence of Quaker principles. She speaks with clear and graceful eloquence on every subject. Her antagonists were shallow theologists, and opposed only idle and pointless raillery to deep and long-studied reasoning on the precepts of Scripture, uttered in persuasive accents, and clothed with all the beauty of language. Without any *design* of making a proselyte, she gained one.

Miss Harry grew pensively serious, and meditated perpetually on all which had dropt from the lips of Mrs. K. on a theme, the infinite importance of which she then, perhaps for the first time, began to feel. At length, her imagination pursuing this, its primal religious bias, she believed Quakerism the only true Christianity. Beneath such conviction, she thought it her duty to join, at every hazard of worldly interest, that class of worshippers. On declaring these sentiments, several ingenious clergymen were commissioned to reason with her; but we all know

the force of first impressions in theology. This young lady was argued with by the divines, and threatened by her guardian in vain. She persisted in resigning her splendid expectations for what appeared to her the path of duty.

Her father, on being made acquainted with her changed faith, informed her that she might choose between a hundred thousand pounds and his favor, or two thousand pounds and his renunciation, as she continued a Churchwoman or commenced a Quaker.

Miss Harry lamented her father's displeasure, but thanked him for the pecuniary alternative, assuring him that it included all her wishes as to fortune. Soon after, she left her guardian's house and boarded in that of Mrs. Knowles; to her she often observed that Dr. Johnson's displeasure, whom she had often seen at her guardian's, and who always appeared fond of her, was among the greatest mortifications of her then situation. Once she came home in tears, and told her friend he had met Dr. Johnson in the street, and had ventured to ask him how he did; but that he would not deign to answer her, and walked scornfully on. She added; "You are to meet him soon at Mr. Dilly's—plead for me." Thus far as prefatory to those requested minutes which I made at the time of the ensuing conversation. It commenced with Mrs. Knowles saying,—“I am to ask thy indulgence, Doctor, towards a gentle female to whom thou usedst to be kind, and who is uneasy at the loss of that kindness. Jenny Harry weeps at

the consciousness that thou wilt not speak to her."

"Madame, I hate the odious wench, and desire you will not talk to me about her."

"Yet what is her crime, Doctor?"

"Apostasy, madam; apostasy from the community in which she was educated."

"Surely the quitting one community for another cannot be a crime, if it is done from motives of conscience. Hadst thou been educated in the Romish Church, I must suppose thou wouldst have abjured its errors, and that there would have been merit in the abjuration."

"Madam, if I had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, I believe I should have questioned my right to quit the religion of my fathers; therefore, well may I hate the arrogance of a young wench who sets herself up for a judge on theological points, and deserts the religion in whose bosom she was nurtured."

"She has not done so: the name and the faith of Christians are not denied to the sectaries."

"If the name is not, the common-sense is."

"I will not dispute this point with thee, Doctor, at least at present; it would carry us too far. Suppose it granted, that, in the mind of a young girl, the weaker arguments appeared the stronger; her want of better judgment should excite thy pity, not thy resentment."

"Madam, it has my anger and my contempt, and always will have them."

“Consider, Doctor, she must be sincere. Consider what a noble fortune she has sacrificed.”

“Madam, madam, I have never taught myself to consider that the association of folly can extenuate guilt.”

“Ah, Doctor, we cannot rationally suppose that the Deity will not pardon a defect in judgment (supposing it should prove one), in that breast where the consideration of serving Him according to its idea, in spirit and truth, has been a preferable inducement to that of worldly interest.”

“Madam, I pretend not to set bounds to the mercy of the Deity; but I hate the wench, and shall ever hate her. I hate all impudence; but the impudence of a chit’s apostasy I *nauseate*.”

“Jenny is a very gentle creature. She trembles to have offended her parent, though far removed from his presence; she grieves to have offended her guardian, and she is sorry to have offended Dr. Johnson, whom she loved, admired and honored.”

“Why then, Madam, did she not consult the man whom she pretends to have loved, admired and honored, upon her new-fangled scruples? If she had looked up to that man with any degree of the respect she professes, she would have supposed his ability to judge of fit and right, at least equal to that of a raw wench just out of her primer.”

“Ah! Doctor, remember it was not from amongst the witty and the learned that Christ selected his disciples, and constituted the teachers of his precepts. Jenny thinks Dr. Johnson great and good;

but she also thinks the gospel demands and enjoins a simpler form of worship than that of the Established Church; and that it is not in wit and eloquence to supersede the force of what appears to her a plain and regular system, which cancels all typical and mysterious ceremonies, as fruitless and even idolatrous; and asks only obedience to its injunctions, and the ingenuous homage of a devout heart."

"The homage of a fool's head, madam, you should say, if you will pester me about the ridiculous wench."

"If thou choosest to suppose her ridiculous, thou canst not deny that she has been religious, sincere, disinterested. Canst thou believe that the gate of Heaven will be shut to the tender and pious mind, whose *first* consideration has been that of apprehended duty?"

"Pho, pho, madam, who says it will?"

"Then if Heaven shuts not its gate, shall man shut his heart? If the Deity accept the homage of such as sincerely serve him, under every form of worship, Dr. Johnson and this humble girl, will, it is to be hoped, meet in a blessed eternity, whither human animosity must *not* be carried."

"Madam, I am not fond of meeting fools anywhere; they are detestable company, and while it is in my power to avoid conversing with them, I certainly shall exert that power; and so you may tell that odious wench, whom you have persuaded to think herself a saint, and of whom you will, I

suppose, make a preacher; but I shall take good care she does not preach to *me*."

The loud and angry tone in which he thundered out these replies to his calm and able antagonist frightened us all, except Mrs. Knowles, who gently, not sarcastically, smiled at his injustice. Boswell whispered to me, "I never saw this mighty lion so chafed before."

In a letter to Mary Knowles, Anna Seward writes: "Mrs. Granville showed me Jenny Harry's apologetic tract on quitting our Church in favor of Quakerism, at so vast a sacrifice of worldly interest. We all agreed, for it was read aloud in the Wellsburn circle, that this tract evinced depth of thought, and powers of reasoning, that in a girl of twenty were very extraordinary."

Jenny Harry married a Friend, and died in less than a year afterwards. A. Seward wrote to M. Knowles:

"We talked of the dear saint, your Jenny Harry. I read to the animated party the whole of your charming letter. They were much impressed by the pathos with which it describes that soft resignation, which, dying in the bloom of her life, drew the sting of death from her bosom; and by those angelic aspirations that lighted with more than a sun the chambers of the opening grave. My friends listened with an air of tender and pious delight to a description which chased away all sorrow for her loss, so much *her* gain. It augmented the esteem with which they had always viewed the noble sacri-

fice she made to apprehended duty, of an interest so dazzling."

JANE STUART.

To the Editor of "The Irish Friend."

FOURTH MONTH 10, 1840.

RESPECTED FRIEND:—A friend of mine, traveling some time since in Cambridgeshire, found a curious and interesting entry in the Friends' Register of Burials at Wisbech, respecting Jane Stuart, of that place. The following is an exact copy of the Register:—

J. S.	{	Jane Stuart departed this life on 12th of	} 1742.
		7th mo. on first day, about one o'clock ye	
		14th, aged 88.	

Supposed to be descended from King James
2nd she lived in a cellar in the old
Market Wisbech—the house has been
rebuilt by Chs Freeman—

Respecting this extraordinary individual, the following notices appeared, thirty years ago, in the 28th and 29th vols. of the "Monthly Magazine, or British Register," at that time one of the most influential periodicals of the day:—

From the Monthly Magazine, 10 mo. 1st, 1809.—Extracts from the Portfolio of a Man of Letters.

"A natural daughter of King James 2nd, was convicted of Friends' principles, and imprisoned for the

same with Thomas Ellwood, &c. Upon her being engaged to a young man for marriage, and the day fixed, as they were on the road the coach overturned and her intended husband was killed, and his brother broke his leg. She stayed in London, and nursed the young man till he recovered; when, assuming some habit of disguise, she travelled on foot to the Isle of Ely, and inquiring at some Friend's house for employment, the master asked her 'What could she do?' She answered, she was willing to put her hand to anything. He then said, 'Canst thou reap?' She replied, she could hardly tell, but if he pleased she would try. So he sent her into the field; and, before evening, she discovered herself to be so great a proficient at reaping as to be called 'Queen of the Reapers.' She constantly attended the adjacent meeting; and, observing a rock hard by, she either put up with a natural cave in the rock, or had a cell made therein, where she lived quite recluse, spinning for her employment. She told Sarah Taylor that she enjoyed such contentment and peace, that she would not leave her cell and spinning-wheel to be 'Queen of England.' She had been at most of the European Courts, particularly at the Hanoverian and Prussian; and the Pretender being her supposed brother, she once travelled, by chaise, into Scotland to see him."

From the Monthly Magazine, 2nd mo., 1st, 1810.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE:

"Jane Stuart, the extraordinary character of whom

some account is given in the *Mo. Magazine* of October last, supposed to be a daughter of King James 2nd, after renouncing the world, and splendor of Courts, resided at Wisbech, in Cambridgeshire. It is to be regretted that few memorials remain of her; but two ancient and respectable inhabitants, now deceased, have related to the writer of this, the following incidents.—

“When she first came, she sought employment by standing (as is usual with laborers, at this day, who want work) on or near the foot of the bridge, where in haytime and harvest the farmers resort every morning to hire. She selected for her abode, a cellar, in a part of the town called the *Old Market*, where she spun worsted; to dispose of which, she regularly had a stall on the market-day. Being once thus employed, she recognized, by the arms and livery, a coach and attendants, going to the principal inn, (the *Rose and Crown*,) near to which her stall stood; upon which, she immediately packed up her worsted, retired to her cell, and carefully concealed herself. The owner, who was said to be the Duke of Argyle, endeavored to find her, but without effect. The house under which she lived, has since been rebuilt; and part of it is now occupied by the Lady Mary Knollis, aunt to the present Earl of Banbury.

“She constantly attended, when in health, the meeting of the Society of Friends, in Wisbech; was humble and exemplary in her conduct—well esteemed by her neighbors—invariably avoiding all conversation relative to her family connections; and when in

the freedom of intercourse, any expression inadvertently escaped, leading to an inquiry, she stopped short, seemed to regret having disclosed so much, and silenced further research. She read the New Testament in Greek; but even this circumstance was discovered accidentally, by an unexpected call; was fond of birds, which were frequently allowed to leave their cages, and fly about in her apartment. When near eighty, she had a new set of teeth. She died the 12th of 7th mo., 1742, aged 88, and was buried in the Society of Friends' grave-yard, at Wisbech; where out of respect to her memory, box has been planted round her grave, with her initials, age and date, which still remain to mark the place of her interment.

“Yours, etc., A.”

I may add to these extracts, that the box-planting on the grave is yet preserved; and is trimmed short, so as still to exhibit the initials, &c., arranged as under:—

J. S.,
aged 88
1742

DR. WALKER AND THE COCKADE.

DR. WALKER being in France at the time of the Revolution, on account of refusing to wear the national cockade, was often subjected to many inconveniences, which, however, were generally escaped

when he announced himself a Quaker. Whilst in Paris, an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte came up to him in the hotel, and asked whether he was one of the proscribed conscripts. The reason of this was his not wearing the national cockade.

On entering France after leaving Holland, the town first arrived at was Malines. In the company, were some military officers and merchants. The sentinels at the gate furiously demanded that Dr. Walker should mount the national cockade. His fellow-travellers endeavored to persuade him to submit. "All the way to Paris," said they, "at every garrison your refusal will excite a similar storm. It is the law that every one shall wear the three-colored cockade. The Directory cannot excuse it."

To induce the Doctor to submit, they bought cockades for him; but he would not wear one. When they arrived at Brussels, Dr. Walker thus addressed his friends: "Citizens and fellow-travellers—I am very sensible of your kind attention to a stranger; but I wish no longer to prove a source of uneasiness to you. I propose to offer myself a prisoner to the commandant, as acting in opposition to your laws."

Dr. Walker proceeded forthwith to the commandant's, and on being introduced, said: "I render myself a prisoner."

"For what? Have you done something wrong?"

"No." He then explained, on which the secretary observed:

"Rest easy; religion is respected in France."

"Yes," rejoined Dr. Walker, "but unhappily Quakers are but little known there. If thou couldst favor me with any certificate or memorial of what thou knowest of our passive character, it might facilitate my journeyings in your land."

"If you saw us," said the secretary, "making preparations for the invasion of England, would you not endeavor to give your countrymen information of it?"

"If I knew," rejoined Dr. Walker, "that the English intended to make a descent on your coasts to-morrow, I should now be silent. In like manner, I should be silent towards my countrymen, if I knew you were about to invade England. I cannot mingle or take any part in the hostile proceedings of any people. They are all equal in my view. I wish the diffusion of peace among them."

"That is enough," said the secretary, who, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his engagements, completed a passport, which opened Dr. Walker's way through every interruption, military, ecclesiastical, and civil, on his presenting it to the constituted authorities.

"Parbleu!" said the astonished Parisians, "here is a passport that would carry you to the moon."

THE GRAVE OF JONATHAN DYMOND, THE
ESSAYIST.

STANDING by Exeter's cathedral tower,
My thoughts went back to that small grassy mound
Which I had lately left—the grassy mound
Where Dymond sleeps—and felt how small the power
Of time-worn walls to waken thoughts profound,
Compared with that green spot of sacred ground.
Dymond, death-stricken in thy manhood's flower,
Thy brows with deathless amaranths are crown'd;
Thou saw'st the world, from thy sequestered bower,
In old hereditary errors bound,
And such a truthful trumpet thou did'st sound,
As shall ring in man's ears till time devours
The vestiges of nations. Yet thy name
Finds but the tribute of slow gather'd fame. B

ON WOMEN'S PREACHING.

JOHN STRICKLAND, a respectable and serious man, a local preacher among the Methodists, used to relate the following anecdote to his friends: "In conversing once with a Dissenting Minister on the subject of the ministry of women, he told J. Strickland that some time before, he had himself delivered a discourse against that practice from the text: 'I suffer not a woman to teach.' After returning home, he had occasion to call his little girl to dinner. She tarried a little, being busied in reading the Bible. 'I asked her why she came not sooner.' She said: 'Oh, father,

I am reading something so pretty.' 'What is it?' said I. She replied: 'Paul went into Philip's house, and he had four daughters that did preach;' remarking—'the word in our version is *prophecy*, but I looked at the Greek word, and found it should be translated *preached*.' The minister added, 'I felt mortified to think my own little girl should pull down all my sermon; but I perceived my error, and hope I shall never speak against women's preaching any more.'"

TRUE STORY OF THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW JERSEY.

THE subject of the following interesting incidents was the honored great-aunt of the writer's venerated grandfather. The property continued in our family until a few years since, and the Bible she presented to him, nearly a century since, is still a highly-prized relic of that remarkable and truly excellent lady. The town of Haddonfield, in New Jersey, took its name from her.

The latter part of the seventeenth century saw rapid accessions to the Society of Friends. The strong humility, the indwelling life, which then characterized that peculiar sect, attracted large numbers, even of the wealthy, to its unworldly doctrines. Among these were John Haddon and his wife Elizabeth, well educated and genteel people, in the city of London. Like William Penn, and other proselytes from the higher classes, they encountered

much ridicule and opposition from relatives, and the grossest misrepresentations from the public. But this, as usual, only made the unpopular faith more dear to those who had embraced it for conscience' sake.

The three daughters of John Haddon received the best education then bestowed on gentlewomen, with the exception of ornamental accomplishments. The spinnet and mandolin, on which their mother had played with considerable skill, were of course banished; and her gay embroidery was burned, lest it should tempt others to a like expenditure of time. The house was amply furnished; but with the simplest patterns and the plainest colors. An atmosphere of kindness pervaded the whole establishment, from father and mother down to the little errand-boy—a spirit of perfect gentleness, unbroken by any freaks of temper or outbursts of glee, as mild and placid as perpetual moonlight.

The children in their daily habits reflected an image of home, as children always do. They were quiet, demure, and orderly, with a touch of quaintness in dress and behavior. Their playthings were so well preserved, that they might pass in good condition to the third generation; no dog's ears were turned in their books, and the moment they came from school they carefully covered their little plain bonnets from dust and flies. To these subduing influences were added the early consciousness of being pointed at as peculiar—of having a cross to bear—a sacred cause to sustain.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, was by nature strong, earnest, and energetic, with warm affections, uncommon powers of intellect, and a lively imagination. The exactly equal pressure on all sides in strict Quaker families is apt to produce too much uniformity of character, as the equal pressure of the air makes one globule of shot just like another. But in this rich young soul the full stream, which under other circumstances might have overleaped safe barriers, being gently hemmed in by high banks, quietly made for itself a deeper and wider channel, and flowed on in all its fulness.

Her countenance in some measure indicated this. Her large clear blue eye "looked out honest and friendly into the world," and there was an earnest seriousness about her mouth, very unusual in childhood. She was not handsome; but there was something extremely pleasing in her fresh, healthy complexion, her bright intelligent expression, and her firm elastic motions. She was early remarked by all her acquaintance as a very peculiar child. In her usual proceedings, her remarks, and even in her play, there was a certain individuality. It was evident that she never intended to do anything strange. She was original merely because she unconsciously acted out her own noble nature in her own free and quiet way.

It was a spontaneous impulse with her to relieve all manner of distress. One day she brought home a little half-blind kitten in her bosom, which her gentle eloquence rescued from two cruel boys, who

had cut off a portion of its ears. Another time she asked to have a large cake baked for her, because she wanted to invite some little girls. All her small funds were expended for oranges and candies for this occasion. When the time arrived her father and mother were much surprised to see her lead in six little ragged beggars. They were, however, too sincerely humble and religious to *express* any surprise. They treated the forlorn little ones very tenderly, and freely granted their daughter's request to give them some of her books and playthings at parting.

When they had gone, the good mother quietly said: "Elizabeth, why didst thou invite strangers instead of thy schoolmates?" There was a heavenly expression in her eye, as she looked up earnestly and answered: "Mother, I wanted to invite *them*, they looked so poor." The judicious parents made no circumstance of it, lest it should create a diseased love of being praised for kindness. But they gave each other an expressive glance, and their eyes filled with tears; for this simple and natural action of their child seemed to them full of Christian beauty.

Under such an education, all good principles and genial impulses grew freely and took vigorous root; but the only opening for her active imagination to spread its wings was in the marvellous account she heard of America and the Indians. When she was five or six years old, William Penn visited her father's house, and described some of his adventures in the wilderness, and his interviews with red men. The intelligent child eagerly devoured every word,

and kept drawing nearer and nearer, till at last she laid her head upon his knees, and gazed into his face.

Amused by her intense curiosity, the good man took her in his lap, and told her how the squaws made baskets and embroidered moccasins; how they called a baby a papoose, and put him in a birch-bark cradle, which they swung on the boughs of trees. The little girl's eyes sparkled as she inquired: "And hast thou ever seen a papoose baby thyself? and hast thou got a moccasin shoe?" "I have seen them myself, and I will send thee a moccasin," he replied; "but now thou mayst go to thy mother, for I have other things to speak of."

That night the usually sedate child scampered across the bedroom with but one sleeve of her night-gown on, and tossing up her shoe, shouting, "Ho! ho! Friend Penn is going to send me an Indian moccasin! Mother, ain't thou glad? Hannah, ain't thou glad?" This unwonted ebullition was not rebuked by words, but it soon subsided under the invisible influence of unwavering calmness.

From that time a new character was given to all her plays. Her doll was named Pocahontas; and she swung her kitten in a bit of leather, and called it a papoose. If she could find a green bough she stuck it in the ground for a tree, placed an earthen image under it for William Penn, and sticks with feathers on them for Indian chiefs. Then, with amusing gravity of manner, she would unfold a bit of newspaper, and read what she called Friend Penn's

treaty with the red men. Her sisters, who were of a far less adventurous spirit, often said: "We are tired of always playing Indian; why can't thou play keep school, or go to see grandfather?"

But Elizabeth would answer, "No! let us play that we all go to settle America. Well, now, suppose we are in the woods, with great great big trees all around us, and squirrels running up and down, and wolves growling." "Oh, I don't like wolves," said little Hannah; "they will bite thee. Father says they bite." "I should not be afraid," replied the elder sister; "I would run into the house and shut the door, when they came near enough for me to see their eyes. Here are plenty of sticks. Let us build a house; a wigwam, I mean. Oh, dear me! how I should love to go to America! There must be such grand great woods to run about in, and I should love to swing the papooses in the trees."

When Elizabeth was eleven years old she went with her parents to Yearly Meeting, and heard, among other preachers, a young man, seventeen years of age, named John Estaugh. He was a new proselyte, and came from Essex county, to join the annual assembly of Friends. Something in his preaching arrested the attention of the child, and made a strong impression on her active mind. She often quoted his words afterwards, and began to read religious books with great diligence. John Haddon invited the youth home to dine, but as there was no room at table for the children, Eliza-

beth did not see him. Her father afterwards showed her an ear of Indian-corn which John Estaugh had given him. He had received several from an uncle settled in America, and he brought some to London as curiosities. When the little girl was informed that the magnificent plant grew taller than herself, and had long waving green leaves, and long silken tassels, she exclaimed with renewed eagerness, "Oh, how I do wish I could go to America!"

Years passed on, and as the child had been, so was the maiden—modest, gentle, and kind, but always earnest and full of life. Surrounding influences naturally guided her busy intellect into inquiries concerning the right principles of human actions and the rationality of customary usages. At seventeen she professed to have adopted, from her own serious conviction, the religious opinions in which she had been educated. There was little observable change in outward manner; for the fresh spontaneousness of her character had been early chastened by habitual calmness and sobriety. But her views of life gradually became tinged with a larger and deeper thoughtfulness. She often spoke of the freedom of life away from cities and alone with nature; of mutual helpfulness in such a state of society, and increased means of doing good.

Perhaps her influence, more than anything else, induced her father to purchase a tract of land in New Jersey, with a view of removing thither. Mechanics were sent out to build a suitable house and barns; and the family were to be transplanted to

the New World as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed. In the meantime, however, circumstances occurred which led the good man to consider it his duty to remain in England. The younger daughters were well pleased to have it so; but Elizabeth, though she acquiesced in her father's decision, evidently had a weight on her mind. She was more silent than usual, and more frequently retired to her chamber for hours of quiet communion with herself. Sometimes, when asked what she had on her mind, she replied: "It is a great thing to be an humble waiter upon the Lord; to stand in readiness to follow wheresoever he leads the way."

One day some Friends who were at the house spoke of the New Jersey tract, and of the reasons which had prevented a removal to America. Her father replied that he was unwilling to have any property lying useless, and he believed he should offer the tract to any of his relatives who would go and settle upon it. His friends answered: "Thy relatives are too well established in England to wish to emigrate to the wilds of America." That evening, when the family were about to separate for the night, Elizabeth begged them to remain awhile, as she had something of importance to say. "Dear parents and sisters," said she, "it is now a long time since I have had a strong impression on my mind that it is my duty to go to America. My feelings have been greatly drawn towards the poor brethren and sisters there. It has even been clearly pointed out to me what I am to do. It has been lately signified that

a sign would be given when the way was opened, and to-night, when I heard thy proposition to give the house and land to whoever would occupy it, I felt at once that thy words were the promised sign."

Her parents having always taught their children to attend to inward revealings, were afraid to oppose what she so strongly felt to be a duty. Her mother, with a slight trembling in her voice, asked if she had reflected well on all the difficulties of the undertaking, and how arduous a task it was for a young woman to manage a farm of unbroken land in a new country; Elizabeth replied: "Young women have governed kingdoms; and surely it requires less wisdom to manage a farm. But let not that trouble us, dear mother. He that feedeth the ravens will guide me in the work whereunto He has called me. It is not to cultivate the farm, but to be a friend and physician to the people in that region that I am called."

Her father answered, "Doubt not, my child, that we shall be willing to give thee up to the Lord's disposal, however hard the trial may be. But when thou wert a very little girl, thy imagination was much excited concerning America; therefore thou must be very careful that no desire for new adventures, founded in the will of the creature, mislead thee from the true light in this matter. I advise thee for three months to make it the subject of solemn meditation and prayer. Then, if our lives be spared, we will talk further concerning it."

During the prescribed time, no allusion was made

to the subject, though it was in the thoughts of all; for this highly conscientious family were unwilling to confuse inward perceptions by any expressions of feeling or opinion. With simple undoubting faith, they sought merely to ascertain whether the Lord required this sacrifice. That their daughter's views remained the same, they partly judged by her increased tenderness towards all the family—not sad, but thoughtful and ever wakeful, as towards friends from whom she was about to separate. It was also observable that she redoubled her diligence in obtaining knowledge of household affairs, of agriculture, and the cure of common diseases. When the three months had expired, she declared that the light shone with undiminished clearness, and she felt more strongly than ever that it was her appointed mission to comfort and strengthen the Lord's people in the New World.

Accordingly, early in the spring of 1700, arrangements were made for her departure, and all things were provided that the abundance of wealth or the ingenuity of affection could devise. A poor widow of good sense and discretion accompanied her as friend and housekeeper, and two trusty men-servants, members of the Society of Friends. Among the many singular manifestations of strong faith and religious zeal connected with the settlement of this country, few are more remarkable than the voluntary separation of this girl of eighteen years old, from a wealthy home and all the pleasant associations of childhood, to go to a distant and thinly-

inhabited country, to fulfil what she considered a religious duty; and the humble, self-sacrificing faith of the parents in giving up their beloved child, with such reverent tenderness for the prompting of her own conscience, has in it something sublimely beautiful, if we look at it in its own pure light. The parting took place with more love than words can express, and yet without a tear on either side. Even during the long and tedious voyage, Elizabeth never wept. She preserved a martyr-like cheerfulness and serenity to the end.

The house prepared for her reception stood in a clearing of the forest, three miles from any other dwelling. She arrived in Sixth month, when the landscape was smiling in youthful beauty, and it seemed to her as if the arch of heaven was never before so clear and so bright, the carpet of the earth never so verdant. As she sat at her window, and saw evening close in upon her in that broad forest home, and heard for the first time the mournful notes of the whip-poor-will and the harsh scream of the jay in the distant woods, she was oppressed by the vastness of infinity, which she had never before experienced—not even on the ocean. She remained long in prayer, and when she lay down to sleep beside her matron friend, no words were spoken between them. The elder, overcome with fatigue, soon sank into a peaceful slumber; but the young enthusiastic spirit lay long awake, listening to the lone voice of the whip-poor-will complaining to the night.

Yet notwithstanding this prolonged wakefulness, she rose early and looked out upon the lovely landscape. The rising sun pointed to the tallest trees with his golden finger, and was welcomed with a gush of song from a thousand warblers. The poetry in Elizabeth's soul, repressed by the severe plainness of her education, gushed up like a fountain. She dropped on her knees, and with an outburst of prayer, exclaimed fervently: "Oh, Father, very beautiful hast thou made this earth! How bountiful are thy gifts, O Lord!" To spirit less meek and brave, the darker shades of the picture would have obscured these cheerful gleams; for the situation was lonely, and the inconveniences innumerable.

But Elizabeth easily triumphed over all obstacles, by her practical good sense and the quick promptings of her ingenuity. She was one of those clear strong natures who always have a definite aim in view, and who see at once the means best suited to the end. Her first inquiry was, what grain was best adapted to the soil of her farm; and being informed that rye would yield best, "Then I shall eat rye bread," said she. The ear of Indian-corn, so long treasured in her juvenile museum, had travelled with her across the Atlantic; and now, after the lapse of seven years, was planted in American soil. As the superb plant ripened, she acknowledged that it more than realized the pictures of her youthful imagination.

But when winter came, and the gleaming snow spread its unbroken silence over hill and plain, was

it not dreary then? It would have been dreary, indeed, to one who entered upon this mode of life from mere love of novelty, or a vain desire to do something extraordinary. But the idea of extended usefulness, which had first lured this remarkable girl into a path so unusual, sustained her through all its trials. She was too busy to be sad, and she leaned too trustingly on her Father's hand to be doubtful of the way. The neighboring Indians soon loved her as a friend, for they found her always truthful, just, and kind, and from their teachings she added much to her knowledge of simple medicines. So efficient was her skill, and so prompt her sympathy, that for many miles round, if man, woman, or child were alarmingly ill, they were sure to send for Elizabeth Haddon; and wherever she went, her observing mind gathered some new hint for farm or dairy.

Her house and heart were both large, and as her residence was on the way to the Friends' meeting-house in Newtown, it became a place of universal resort to Friends from all parts of the country travelling that road, as well as an asylum for benighted wanderers. When Elizabeth was asked if she was not sometimes afraid of wayfarers, she quietly replied, "Perfect love casteth out fear." And true it was that she, who was so bountiful and kind to all, found none to injure her. The winter was drawing to a close, when late one evening the sound of sleigh-bells was heard, and the crouching of snow beneath the hoofs of horses, as they passed through

the barn-yard gate. The arrival of travellers was too common an occurrence to excite or disturb the well-ordered family.

Great logs were piled in the capacious chimney, and the flames blazed up with a crackling warmth, when two strangers entered. In the younger, Elizabeth instantly recognized John Estaugh, whose preaching had so deeply impressed her at eleven years of age. This was almost like a glimpse of home—her dear old English home! She stepped forward with more than usual cordiality, saying, "Thou art welcome, friend Estaugh, the more so for being entirely unexpected." He replied, with a friendly shake of the hand, "It was not until after I landed in America that I heard the Lord had called thee hither before me; but I remember thy father told me how often thou hadst played the settler in the woods when thou wast quite a little girl." "I am a child still," she replied, smiling. "I trust thou art," he rejoined; "and as for these strong impressions in childhood, I have heard of many cases where they seemed to be prophecies sent of the Lord. When I saw thy father in London, I had even then an indistinct idea that I might some time be sent to America on a religious visit." "And hast thou forgotten the ear of Indian corn which my father begged of thee for me? Since then I have seen it growing: and a goodly plant it is, I assure thee. See!" she continued, pointing to several bunches of ripe corn, which hung in their braided husks against the walls of the ample kitchen;

"all that, and more, came from the corn left with my father. May the good seed sown by thy ministry be as fruitful." For a few minutes no one interrupted the silence. Then they talked much of England. John Estaugh had not seen any of the Haddon family for several years; but he brought letters from them which came by the same ship, and he had information to give of many whose names were familiar as household words.

The next morning it was discovered that snow had fallen during the night in heavy drifts, and the roads were impassable. Elizabeth, according to her usual custom, sent out men, oxen, and sledges, to open pathways for several poor families, and for households whose inmates were visited by illness. In this duty John Estaugh and his friend joined heartily, and none of the laborers worked harder than they. Two days after, when Elizabeth went to visit her patients with a sled-load of medicines and provisions, John asked to accompany her. There by the bedside of the aged and the suffering, she saw the clear serenity of his countenance warmed up with rays of love, while he spoke to them words of kindness and consolation; and there she heard his pleasant voice modulate itself into deeper tenderness of expression when he took little children in his arms.

The next First-day the whole family, as usual, attended Newtown meeting; and there John Estaugh was gifted with an outpouring of the Spirit in his ministry, which sank deep into the hearts of those

who listened to him. Elizabeth found it so marvellously adapted to the trials and temptations of her own soul, that she almost deemed it was spoken on purpose for her. She said nothing of this, but she pondered upon it deeply. Thus did a few days of united duties make them more thoroughly acquainted with each other than they could have been by years of fashionable intercourse. The young preacher soon after bade farewell, to visit other meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Elizabeth saw him no more until the Fifth month following, when he stopped at her house to lodge, with numerous other Friends, on their way to the Quarterly Meeting at Salem.

In the morning, quite a cavalcade started from her hospitable door on horseback; for wagons were then unknown in New Jersey. John Estaugh, alway kindly in his impulses, busied himself in helping a lame old woman, and left his hostess to mount her horse as she could. Most young women would have felt slighted, but in Elizabeth's noble soul the quiet deep tide of feeling rippled with an inward joy. "He is always kindest to the poor and the neglected," thought she. She was leaning over the side of her horse, to adjust the buckle of the girth, when he came up on horseback and inquired if anything was out of order; with slight confusion, and a voice less calm than her usual utterance, she replied, "Nothing, friend John; I was merely looking to see if Joseph had buckled the girth securely." They trotted along leisurely behind the procession of guests, speaking

of the soil and climate of this new country, and how wonderfully the Lord had provided a home for his chosen people.

Presently the girth began to slip, and the saddle turned so much on one side that Elizabeth was obliged to dismount. It took some time to adjust it, and when they again started, the company were out of sight. There was brighter color than usual in the maiden's cheeks, and unwonted radiance in her mild blue eyes. After a short silence she said, in a voice slightly tremulous, "Friend John, I have a subject of great importance on my mind, and one that dearly interests thee. I am strongly impressed that the Lord has sent thee to me as a partner for life. I tell thee my impression frankly, but not without calm and deep reflection; for matrimony is a holy relation, and should be entered into with all sobriety. Thou art to leave this part of the country to-morrow, and not knowing when I should see thee again, I felt to tell thee what lay upon my mind."

The young man was taken by surprise; though accustomed to that suppression of emotion which characterizes his sect, the color went and came rapidly in his face for a moment; but he soon became calmer, and replied: "This thought is new to me, Elizabeth, and I have no light thereon. Thy company has been right pleasant to me, and thy countenance ever reminds me of William Penn's title-page, 'Innocency with her open face.' I have seen thy kindness to the poor, and the wise management of thy household. I have observed, too, thy warm-

heartedness is tempered with a most excellent discretion, and that thy speech is ever sincere. Assuredly, such is the maiden I would ask of the Lord as a most precious gift; but I never thought of this in connection with thee. I came to this country solely on a religious visit, and it might distract my mind to entertain this subject at present. When I have discharged the duties of my mission, we will speak further."

This pure transparency of motive seemed less wonderful to John Estaugh than it would to a man more accustomed to worldly ways, or less familiar with the simplicity of primitive Quakers. Nevertheless, the perfect guilelessness of the maiden endeared her to his honest heart, and he found it difficult to banish from his thoughts the important subject she had suggested. It was observable in this singular courtship, that no mention was made of worldly substance. John did not say, "I am poor, and thou art rich;" he did not even think of it. And it had entered Elizabeth's mind only in the form of thankfulness to God that she was provided with a home large enough for both. They spoke no more concerning their union; but when he returned to England in the Seventh month, he pressed her hand affectionately, as he said, "Farewell, Elizabeth. If it be the Lord's will, I shall see thee soon."

In the Tenth month he returned to America, and they were soon after married, at Newtown Meeting, according to the simple form of the Society of Friends.

Neither of them made any change of dress for the occasion, and there was no wedding feast. Without the aid of priest or magistrate, they took each other by the hand, and in the presence of witnesses solemnly and calmly promised to be kind and faithful to each other. Their mutual promises were recorded in the Meeting books, and the wedded pair quietly returned to their happy home, with none to intrude upon those sacred hours of human life, when the heart most needs to be left alone with its own deep emotions.

They lived together nearly forty years in the greatest unity. During that period she three times crossed the Atlantic to visit her aged parents, and he occasionally left her for a season, when called abroad to preach. These temporary separations were felt as a cross, but the strong-hearted woman always cheerfully gave him up to follow his own convictions of duty. In 1742 he parted from her to go on a religious visit to Tortola, in the West Indies. He died there in the sixty-seventh year of his age. She published a religious tract of his, to which is prefixed a preface, entitled, "Elizabeth Estaugh's testimony concerning her beloved husband, John Estaugh."

In this preface she says: "Since it pleased Divine Providence so highly to favor me with being the near companion of this dear worthy, I must give some small account of him. Few, if any, in the married state, ever lived in sweeter harmony than we did. He was a pattern of moderation in all

things; not lifted up in any enjoyments, nor cast down at disappointments. A man endowed with many good gifts, which rendered him very agreeable to his friends, and much more to me, his wife, to whom his memory is most dear and precious."

The brick tomb in which he was buried at Tortola is still pointed out to Quaker travellers, one of whom recently writes: "By a circuitous route through a dense thicket, we came to a spot where Friends once had a meeting-house, and where are buried the remains of several of our valuable ministers, who visited this island about a century ago, from a sense of gospel love. Time has made his ravages upon the mansions of the dead. The acacia spreads thickly his thorny branches over them—near them the century-blooming aloe is luxuriantly growing."

Elizabeth survived her excellent husband twenty years, useful and honored to the last. The Monthly Meeting of Haddonfield, in a published testimonial, speaks of her thus: "She was endowed with great natural abilities, which, being sanctified by the Spirit of Christ, were much improved, whereby she became qualified to act in the affairs of the Church, and was a serviceable member, having been clerk to the Women's Meeting nearly fifty years, greatly to their satisfaction. She was a sincere sympathizer with the afflicted, of a benevolent disposition, and in distributing to the poor was desirous to do it in a way most profitable and durable to them, and if possible not to let the right hand know what the

left hand did. Though in a state of affluence as to this world's wealth, she was an example in plainness and moderation. Her heart and house were open to her friends, whom to entertain seemed one of her greatest pleasures. Prudently cheerful, and well knowing the value of friendship, she was careful not to wound it herself, nor to encourage others in whispering supposed failings and weaknesses. Her last illness brought great bodily pain, which she bore with much calmness of mind and sweetness of spirit. She departed this life as one falling asleep, full of days, like a shock of corn fully ripe."

She laid out an extensive garden in the rear of her house, which during her day was much celebrated for its herbs, vegetables, and fruit, liberally distributed all round the neighborhood. The house was burned down years ago; but some fine old yew trees, which she brought from England, are still pointed out on the site where the noble garden once flourished. Her medical skill is so well remembered, that the old nurses of New Jersey still recommend Elizabeth Estaugh's salve as the "sovereignest thing on earth."

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY WITHIN NEW YORK YEARLY MEETING.

Compiled from the Minutes.

THE first notice of slavery recorded is dated the 14th day of Eighth month, 1684, ten years before

the establishment of New York Yearly Meeting, when the following minute was made at the Half Year Meeting on Long Island :

The necessity "of John Adams being laid before this meeting for their consideration, advice, and assistance, for some speedy supply for part of payment for a negro man that he hath lately bought. The Meeting appointed John Bowne and William Richardson to procure on behalf of the Meeting a sum of money of some person on as cheap terms as they can, for the supply as aforesaid, and the Meeting doth promise to reimburse and pay the sum so procured."

The next minute on the book on the subject of slavery was a query from the Quarterly Meeting of Oblong, in 1767, as follows: "Is it not inconsistent with Christianity to buy and sell our fellow men for slaves during their lives, and their posterity after them? Also, is it consistent with a Christian spirit to keep those in slavery that we have in possession, by purchase, gift, or any other way?"

The query from Oblong Quarterly Meeting was not answered until the next year, when an essay was presented by a committee and adopted by the Meeting, which stated that "it is not convenient, considering the circumstance of things among us, to give an answer to this query, at least at this time, as the answering of it in direct terms manifestly tends to cause divisions, and may introduce heart-burnings and strife, which ought to be avoided, and charity exercised, and persuasive measures pursued, and that which makes for peace. We are, however,

fully of the mind that negroes, as rational creatures, are born free, and, where the way opens, liberty ought to be extended to them, and they not held in bondage for self ends. But to turn them out at large, indiscriminately, which seems to be the tendency of the query, will, we apprehend, be attended with great inconvenience, as some are too young and some too old to procure a livelihood for themselves."

In 1770 the Meeting concluded that "those Friends who have negroes shall not sell them to others for slaves, excepting in cases of executors, administrators, or guardians," and those were directed to advise with their Monthly Meetings on the subject.

The same year a committee was appointed to visit those who had slaves, to see if their freedom could be obtained, and, if not set free, whether they were suitably instructed and provided for.

1774. The Monthly Meetings were directed to treat with as disorderly persons, all who bought or sold negroes, or otherwise disposed of them, so they may be kept in bondage after the ages of eighteen or twenty-one years. And also to inquire into the manner of education of the slaves.

1776. Those Friends who still held slaves were officially informed that Friends can have no unity with them, so far as to employ them, or accept their services in the Church, or receive their contributions; and that it is inconsistent with our Christian testimony to hire any negro that is kept in bondage,

or receive as an apprentice, or otherwise, one not set free when of age, or do any other act whereby the right of slavery is acknowledged.

Some Friends still continued unwilling to release their slaves, and in 1777, just ten years after the subject of manumission was introduced into the Yearly Meeting, a minute was transmitted to the Monthly Meetings, directing that those who still kept the "poor blacks in bondage should be disowned from the Society." Not a single disownment was necessary, for Friends had waited patiently, and labored diligently, and were united on the subject, and the few remaining slaves were set free.*

1781. "A committee was appointed to take under consideration the subject relating to negroes, and whether Friends were clear of that people, and reported that it was the judgment of the committee that they are not. They have been set free at different periods of life, some long after they have attained to lawful age, and may have spent the prime of their days and strength in the service of their masters; to such, in justice, there appears to be something due, and likewise in relation to the right education of youth."

A committee was appointed by the Monthly Meeting to visit those who had set free their slaves, to induce them to pay to them what was justly their

* Three years previous, "in 1774, the Friends of Pennsylvania, as a body, had emancipated their slaves; every member who declined to make the sacrifice of profit to principle being excluded from membership." *Life of Anthony Benezet.*

due, for services performed after becoming of age. There appears to have been a willingness to comply with this requisition of the Yearly Meeting, but some objected because their estates were liable by law to maintain those who should become chargeable. To meet this view of the case, it was concluded that the sum judged due to those who had been slaves should remain in the hands of the Friends setting them free, to be handed out to them as their circumstances may require, under the direction of the Monthly Meetings.

This disposition of the Funds gave general satisfaction, and although some cases were difficult, owing to the remote situation of the negroes, yet four years afterwards every negro was remunerated for past services, except one case that was not practicable. In a number of cases the older negroes who had passed nearly all their lives on their master's farm, refused to receive compensation for past services, and it was only by handing it to them as they needed it that they could be paid. They clung to their old homes, and for many years one or two aged negroes were made comfortable in Friends' houses, and might be seen sitting by the ample kitchen fire, objects of love and interest to their former masters' children and grandchildren, who delighted in their hymns and stories of old times.

LETTER FROM BERNARD BARTON,
THE POET.*Ninth Month 1, 1837.*

My only remaining Quaker relative, my sister Lizzy—a discreet, sedate, and deliberate spinster of sixty or more, with a head as white as snow—has gone over to your Church, having received the ordinances from my nephew, a clergyman who married my sister Maria Hack's eldest daughter. My sister H. herself had been previously baptized; three of her children had long before done the same; my brother and his family are all Church-folks, Lucy* the same, and I am now almost the sole representative of my father's house, quite the only one of his children, left as an adherent to the creed he adopted from a conscientious conviction of its truth. I am left all alone, like Goldsmith's old widow in the Deserted Village, looking for water-cresses in the brook of Auburn. Lucy tells me I must turn too, but unfortunately, all the results of my reading, reasoning, reflection, observation, and feeling, make me more and more attached to my old faith. It seems only rendered dearer to me by the desertion of those whom I most love. Yet I love them not a whit the less for abandoning it, believing as I do that they have done so on principle. Still, principle on their

* B. B.'s only child.

part could be no warrant for the want of it on mine, so I must e'en be a Quaker still.

But the change in my dear, good, and orderly old maiden sister, in whom I thought there was no variableness nor shadow of turning, is the last I should have ever dreamt of, and I mourn over and marvel at it by turns. The first feeling however will soon subside, for I neither feel nor affect any horror of the rites and ordinances of your Church, though I cannot regard them as *essential*. I as firmly believe that there is a baptism that doth now save—a supper of the Lamb, whereof all the living members of the Church must and do partake—as any man can do; but I still retain my conviction that water has nothing to do with the first, nor outward bread and wine with the last, in the simple, spiritual, and sublime dispensation of the gospel. Such, my dear friend, is my creed touching ordinances.

An instance, here and there, of a change of religious opinions, even in riper years, I could suppose to be the result of calm, sober inquiry into doctrines taken on trust from mere education, and into which little if any inquiry had been seriously made; though even this conclusion implies no compliment to reflecting persons, who certainly ought, be their faith what it may, to know what it is, and why they hold it. But these secessions by the lump, this flocking off by families, looks to me more like an epidemic disease than the result of a patient inquiry and deliberate conviction.

I sometimes think that if Lucy, as well as a few

others who have left us, I believe from sincere but mistaken apprehension of duty, could have been content when they first doubted to have looked more inward and less outward, they might have found the object of their search without any separation from their early friends. When the woman in the parable had lost the piece of silver, she did not go out to seek for it, but lighted a candle, and swept her own house, and searched diligently till she found it; and I believe her case is applicable to many of the seekers after good of the present day.

SINGULAR DOCTOR'S FEE.

A CAPTAIN of a Philadelphia vessel, before the Revolutionary war, being in London, was taken very ill. Dr. Fothergill hearing of the case, voluntarily and gratuitously attended him until his health was established. The captain deeply felt the kindness thus showed to him, a stranger in a strange land, and being desirous of testifying his gratitude in something more substantial than words, he requested the doctor to point out some way in which he could render him some service. The doctor told him that if, as he was dropping down the Delaware river on his next voyage to England, he would send his men ashore, and from the natural hollows in wild and woody places, shovel up the surface soil, and bring him a hogshead or two of it, he would feel himself amply repaid for all he had done.

The astonished captain deemed the doctor hardly sane to make the request, yet he could not refuse to fulfil it. He left England, returned to America, and when fitting out for his next voyage, did not forget his benefactor nor his strange request. Although ashamed to employ his sailors in the work, yet prompted by gratitude, he acted in accordance with his instructions, and delivered the earth collected to the doctor's order in London. Some time after, being again in England, he called to see his old friend at his country seat. The doctor took him into his hot-houses and gardens, and showed him his various plants. Amongst them he pointed out to his visitor a collection of American wild-flowers, which were growing vigorously under his judicious care.

These he said were all the product of the hogsheds of surface earth from the banks of the Delaware. When he had received the bill of lading, he had a bed nicely prepared in his garden, over which he carefully spread the American soil; the seeds therein quickly took root, and many of the plants from them reached perfection. Thus the doctor obtained what he desired, the wild-flowers of the country. He knew if he asked the captain, who was no botanist, to bring him roots, seeds, or flowers from America, he would be likely to receive exotics—plants deemed valuable for their rarity—in short, just such as he had an abundance of in England, and did not want.

THOMAS BALES.

From Howitt's "Our Cousins in Ohio."

A FRIEND related that he had been convinced of the religious opinions of Friends in rather a singular manner, whilst he was yet a youth, and a soldier in garrison.

The Ohio, now the great aquatic highway of the West, was then but rarely crossed by white people; and all those now populous regions were then wilderness, inhabited by Indians and a few scattered settlers. He, the narrator, was then, as he said, a soldier under twenty, and was lying in garrison on the frontiers, when one day an old Quaker preacher, one Thomas Bales, then eighty years of age, and who had devoted himself for years to visiting these solitary dwellers, and in civilizing the Indians, was taken prisoner by a party of soldiers, and brought to the fort on suspicion of being a spy. He was ordered up before the whole garrison to be tried. He declared himself to be no spy, but a man of peace, and a preacher of the gospel. To prove whether his words were true, he was ordered there and then to preach a sermon. He made no objection, and after a short time of solemn silence, he addressed them. If he had been the apostle Paul himself, he could not have preached more effectively. When his sermon was ended, the officers invited him to dine with them; but he declined their offer. They were convinced he was a minister

of the gospel, and after many apologies and excuses, they allowed him to go his way.

The effect of his sermon was not soon effaced from the minds of many; and he who now related this circumstance soon afterwards obtained his discharge, joined the society of Quakers, and became himself a celebrated preacher amongst them.

The old preacher, Thomas Bales, nothing daunted by what had happened, continued to wander about, preaching as before, and fell sick and died on one of his remote journeys. There were, at the place where he died, no sawn planks of which to make a coffin; the trunk of a white walnut-tree was therefore hollowed out by fire, and in this his body was laid, and he was interred in the depths of the forest, where, for the purpose of his grave, the white man's spade first turned up the sod.

GILES AND MAUD TYDMARSH.

From Friends' Magazine.

JOHN AUDLAND and John Camm, in the course of their ministerial service, passing through Barton, in Oxfordshire, in the year 1654, stopped at the Cross, and exhorted the people to take heed to the light within them; after which they were walking along the street leading their horses, when a young woman named Maud Hierns observing, went home and said: "Father, there have been two men preaching at the Cross, and nobody has asked them to eat

or drink." He replied: "Go, Maud, and ask them to come here, and bring their horses;" which they did, and were hospitably received and entertained, continuing there till next day. During their visit they had much religious conversation with their host, William Hierns, who was an ancient man, a Baptist by profession. He assented to their doctrine, and said: "It is the truth, the very truth; but what would my brethren say to me were I to change my profession?"

While they were in conversation, Maud placed herself behind John Audland's chair, listening attentively to their communications. Her mind was opened to receive the principles they professed; and for her steady perseverance therein she suffered much unkind treatment from her parents, notwithstanding their house was open to receive travelling Friends. Her going to Meetings was much obstructed, particularly by her mother, who used to send her some distance into the fields to milk the cows, when she had several miles to walk to Meeting. At length her diligent conduct in the family awakened tenderness in her father towards her, so that he said to his wife: "My dear, if Maud will be a Quaker, let her be a Quaker; she is best of all the children, and she shall have a horse to go to Meeting on." Her situation was now rendered much easier: she attended Milton Meeting, to which young Giles Tydmarsch used to go. He one day said to her: "Maud, I want to speak to thee." She replied: "If thou hast anything to say to me, Giles, come to my father's house." He did so, and making matrimo-

nial proposals, it met with the old man's approbation, who thereupon said to his wife: "My dear, if Maud will be a Quaker, a Quaker husband is best for her, and, I like Giles well. I will go and speak to his father about it."

Giles Tydmarsch the elder was then a prisoner in Oxford Castle, on an excommunication for not attending church. They met in the Castle yard with, "Ah! William, how dost do?" "How dost do, Giles? But to the matter in hand. Thy son Giles has a mind to my daughter Maud; what wilt thou give thy son?" "I will give him the house in the Nether Row at Chipping Norton." "That's enough, Giles." "And what wilt thou give thy daughter?" "I will give her seventy pounds." "That's enough, William." Matters being settled, they married, and lived in the said house.

Old Giles Tydmarsch continued a prisoner seven years, and was then released, with about four hundred more in the nation, by letters patent from King Charles, in the year 1672. During his confinement he used to make shoes, his wife or son going every two weeks with work, taking away what he had done. It does not appear that after his release he returned to his business again; but with his wife went to live with his son and daughter, Giles and Maud Tydmarsch, at Chipping Norton. They both lived to be about ninety years of age, she surviving her husband only one day. They were entered in one grave, at Milton. Some years previous to their death they were quite childish, and in that state

were tenderly cherished by their daughter-in-law Maud, who made it her daily practice, before any of the family were permitted to dine, to feed the old people, by placing herself on a stool between them, and giving first one and then the other a piece, till they were both satisfied. Giles and Maud Tydmarsh had four children. William Tydmarsh, their eldest son, removed with his family to Philadelphia, and his daughter Sarah married Joseph Lounds. Joseph and Sarah Lounds, or as the name is now written, Lownes, had eleven children, several of whom were still more remarkable instances of longevity than Giles Tydmarsh and his wife; not only living to be very old, but retaining their mental faculties in brightness and vigor nearly to the last.

The land on which William Tydmarsh settled was situated on the Neck, below the city, part of which is yet (or has been until recently, it is said) in the possession of some of the descendants; and Tydmarsh street, in the lower part of the city, thence derives its name.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

From Life of Peter Bedford.

AMONGST the most active of Peter Bedford's co-adjutors in the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents was a young man named Thomas Heaver. He had during twelve months examined one hundred juvenile delinquents in prison, and a

considerable number out of prison. Yet with all his experience he committed an offence which endangered the lives of two innocent boys and his own.

We will copy Peter Bedford's account :

"I was one day returning from Gloucestershire by coach, and as we drove through the Old Bailey I saw a body suspended from a gallows at Newgate. It proved to be that of a young man who had that morning been executed for forgery. I was of course very much shocked. Soon after reaching my house in Stewart Street, the door-bell was rung violently, and some one was admitted and shown into the parlor. On going thither to see who it was, I found Heaver, who had laid himself down upon the table, and was sobbing aloud in the greatest excitement imaginable. When he became able to speak, I ascertained that in his benevolent visits to Newgate he had become acquainted with the forger, and had been induced to sit up with him in the condemned cell during the last night, and then accompanied him to the foot of the gallows. He had just come from the fatal scene. In a short time he became more composed, yet his distress and agony of mind were very great.

"Thomas Heaver afterwards became intimate with some officers of the army, who led him into expensive habits, and, sad to relate, although he had witnessed the execution of a young man of nearly his own age for forgery, he himself, in about twelve months after that striking event, committed a forg-

ery of the worst character, and merely to meet his expensive habits.

"I learned that he had drawn a bill, at two months after date, for £36, upon a certain name, on a blank piece of paper. He then went to a youth, a school lad, and said: 'You write a better hand than I do; will you copy this for me?' at the same time handing the youth a stamped sheet on which to copy the bill. The lad copied it, and the signature likewise. Heaver then went to another lad, and got him in a similar manner to forge the acceptance.

"Happily I became acquainted with the matter, and went the Heaver's lodgings. It was after nine o'clock in the evening, and found he had gone out. However, I desired the servant to bring in the candles, and I would wait till his return. About midnight the front door was opened with a latch-key, and presently the young man entered the room where I was sitting. When he saw me, he looked astounded, and turned pale. Now, although I did not as yet know the amount of the bill, or the details of the circumstances of the forgery, I at once accosted him with the words: 'Heaver, I want that bill.' 'What bill?' said he. I replied, 'Do not attempt to deceive me; if thou dost, thou art my prisoner.' He then took a letter from his pocket containing the bill, and was about to destroy it. 'Stop,' said I, 'if thou tears it up, so as to prevent my seeing the document, I tell thee thou art my prisoner.'

"I had no warrant, but I meant to have called in the police at once, let the consequences be what they

might, and to have the case investigated. For I was not going to let those two youths, who were innocent of any real crime, be arrested for a capital offence.

"Well, Heaven threw down a bill on the table. It was the very document I was in search of. I put it into my pocket, looked at him sternly, and said : 'Heaven! thou art a villain.' I then turned round, and went out of the house.

"Heaven soon left the country and went to South America. I have never heard of him since. It is a most striking instance of the inefficacy of capital punishment to deter from the commission of crime."

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM BARTRAM.

As William Bartram was travelling in the south-east part of Georgia, in the year 1773, after he had gone beyond the white settlements, on a sudden an Indian appeared, crossing the path at a considerable distance before him. He says : "On perceiving he was armed with a rifle, the first sight of him startled me, and I endeavored to elude his sight by stopping my pace and keeping large trees between us ; but he espied me, and turning short about, set spurs to his horse and came up on a full gallop. I never before this was afraid at the sight of an Indian ; but at this time I must own, that my spirits were very much agitated ; I saw at once, that, being unarmed, I was in his power ; and having now but a few

moments to prepare, I resigned myself entirely to the will of the Almighty, trusting to his mercies for my preservation. My mind then became tranquil, and I resolved to meet the dreadful foe with resolution and cheerful confidence.

"The intrepid Seminole stopped suddenly three or four yards before me, and silently viewed me, his countenance angry and fierce, shifting his rifle from shoulder to shoulder, and looking about instantly on all sides. I advanced towards him, and, with an air of confidence, offered him my hand, hailing him, 'Brother!' At this he hastily jerked back his arm with a look of malice, rage, and disdain, seeming every way disconcerted; when again looking at me more attentively, he instantly spurred up to me, and with dignity in his look and action, gave me his hand. We shook hands and parted in a friendly manner, in the midst of a dreary wilderness; and he informed me of the course and distance to the trading-house, where I found he had been extremely ill-treated the day before. I now set forward again, and after eight or ten miles riding, arrived at the banks of St. Mary's opposite the stores, and got safe over before dark. The trading company here received and treated me with great civility.

"On relating my adventures on the road, particularly the last with the Indian, the trader replied, with a countenance that at once bespoke surprise and pleasure, 'My friend, consider yourself a fortunate man; that fellow is one of the greatest villains on earth, a noted murderer, and outlawed by

his countrymen. Last evening he was here; we took his gun from him, broke it in pieces, and gave him a severe drubbing; he, however, made his escape, carrying off a new gun, with which, he said on going off, he would kill the first white man he met."

THE PIRATES OF THE BALTIC.

A Remarkable Circumstance related to a Minister of the Society of Friends, while in Europe.

A NATIVE of Sweden, having occasion to go a short distance in the Baltic Sea, found the vessel in which he had expected to embark had sailed. On inquiry, he discovered a fishing-boat going that way, in which he took passage. The boatmen, observing he had several trunks, concluded he must be rich, and determined to throw him into the sea, and keep his property. This he overheard, and it gave him great uneasiness. To show them the trunks were not laden with money, he took occasion to open one of them containing books.

On seeing this they said one to another: "'Tis not worth while to throw him overboard, as we do not want books." They then asked him whether he was a priest? He told them he was. At this they appeared pleased, saying: "To-morrow is Sunday, and we will have a sermon." This increased the anxiety and distress of his mind, believing himself to be as incapable of such an undertaking as it was possible for any man to be; for he knew but little

about the Scriptures, neither did he believe in them, nor in any Divine revelation to man.

They came to a small island of rocks in the sea, about a quarter of a mile in circumference, where were a number more such men. By this time he found he had fallen into the hands of a company of pirates, who had chosen that little spot in which to deposit their treasure. He was taken to a cave, and introduced to a woman; the men told her that they had brought a priest, and would have a sermon the next day. She said she was glad, for she had not heard the word of God for a long time. His case appeared desperate indeed. Preach he must, and he knew nothing about preaching. If he refused he expected death would be his portion; and if he undertook it and did not succeed, it would be the same.

In this deplorable condition he passed the night, not having power to settle his mind upon anything to offer to the people; and to call upon a God whom he had believed to be inaccessible appeared altogether vain; and he could not devise any way by which he might be saved. When morning came, he arose and walked to and fro, still in darkness and distress, striving with all his might to collect something, but could not a single sentence. The time for the meeting to begin came, and he returned to the cave, where he found the men assembled, and a table with a Bible on it, and a seat for him. Upon sitting down, they all continued, he believed for half an hour, in profound silence, when the exercise

and anguish of his soul were as great as was possible for human nature to bear, without any way opening to address the people.

At length these words came before him: "Verily there is a reward for the righteous, verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth." With these words he arose, and having delivered them, some other pertinent matter presented, and so on, until by a Power stronger than human genius, his understanding became opened, and his heart enlarged in a manner wonderful to himself, to treat on subjects suited to their condition; such as the excellent rewards for the righteous, the just judgments of God awaiting the wicked, the necessity of repentance and amendment of life, the universality of the love of God to the children of men.

This had such a powerful effect on the minds of these poor wicked wretches, that they were exceedingly broken into tenderness, weeping to such a degree that the floor was wet with their tears. He was no less astonished at the unbounded goodness, power, and love of an Almighty Creator, in thus interfering for the saving of both his natural and spiritual life, and might well exclaim, It was the Lord's doing, and marvellous in his eyes! Under an awful sense of the favor, his heart became filled with such thankful acknowledgments, as were beyond the power of language to convey.

After the meeting ended, the poor creatures were very loving and affectionate, and willing to show him all the kindness in their power. The next day

they fitted out one of their vessels, and carried him where he wished to go. From that time he became, and continues to be, an entirely changed man. From being an unbeliever, he had entire faith in the efficacy and power of the unchangeable truth as it is in Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. He has since settled in the South of France.

WINTER TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

From the "Life of William Allen."

It seems the usual practice to go forward, night and day, only stopping at the stations to change horses, and occasionally take some refreshment. The kabitkas (which are a kind of sledge) are prepared with mattresses and leathern pillows, on which persons may lie down, but the inequalities of the snow render sleeping very uncertain. It is also necessary to be furnished with provisions, as there is great uncertainty whether any could be procured at the stations, or even cooked there. In a letter to his daughter, William Allen thus describes a night's journey:

"We approached the hills of Waldi, which continue for nearly thirty miles; though not high, they are really formidable from the snow and ice. Notwithstanding our wings on each side, which gave us a spread of about four yards, we were nearly overturned two or three times; it is true we had not far to fall; but if we had been completely turned over

the weight of our luggage upon us would have squeezed us a little. The single horse sledges, which pass in great numbers between Petersburg and Moscow, are continually deepening a hole when it is once made. One driver has the care of two or three of these sledges. Some of the holes were above four feet deep, and we often plunged in without any warning.

"I have since been informed that it is only owing to the very extraordinary mildness of this winter that they are not much deeper, and that in the usual winters they are sometimes ten or twelve feet in depth; so that a *kabitka* and horses at the bottom of one of these holes is for a moment completely hid from one that is immediately following. We must therefore consider ourselves as very well off, though we had not proceeded further than about two *versts* from the station before we were completely stuck, and were obliged to get out. It was very cold, and the snow, which had been partly melted by the sun in the day, was so slippery, that what with my mufflings and my clumsy fur boots, I could scarcely stand; but *Sobiesky* was kindly attentive to me. We all put our shoulders to the *kabitka* to assist the horses in getting it out; but we had not proceeded far before we had the same ceremony to perform over again, and the difficulties were so much increased that, after going about five *versts*, we were glad to creep into our nests, put down the mat, and lie quietly till break of day, for it would have been dangerous to go on.

"When it was light we found that one of our shafts was broken; it was tied up, however, just to enable us to get to a place where another could be procured, and the whole cost of our repairs, together with a handsome remuneration to two peasants, who came a mile and a half to our assistance, was not more than about three shillings sterling. We entered the town of Iver over a frozen river, and put up at the house of an Italian; but here again we found they had no beds: they however brought me some pillows, and as I had been in my clothes for six nights running, I got out my blanket and sheet, made up a bed of my schoub, and slept comfortably. Iver is a handsome town on the Wolga, at the confluence of three rivers. We started in the afternoon for Moscow, where we arrived the following day."

A THEATRE WELL FILLED.

DEBORAH DARBY and Rebecca Young of England, who together visited this country in Gospel love, about the year 1800, once appointed a meeting, of which the following account is given:

"Last week, papers to the following purport were distributed through the town of Whitby, in Yorkshire, England:

'WHITBY, 25 of 8 mo., 1804.

'Friends intend to hold a Meeting for Worship, at the Theatre, at six o'clock to-morrow evening,

when the company of those who incline to attend will be acceptable.'

"Accordingly at six o'clock on Sunday evening, the theatre in its various parts of boxes, pits, galleries, stages, and side-wings, was extremely crowded, many being obliged to return for want of room. At the appointed time, a female Friend, raised on the middle of the stage, delivered an appropriate discourse of three-quarters of an hour, on the Christian and moral duties. She was followed by another sister, who closed the whole by a pathetic prayer.

"The following lines were found attached to the door of the theatre that evening:

"If, readers, you have time to spare,
Turn o'er St. Matthew's leaves—
You'll find that once a house of prayer
Became a den of thieves.

But now the times are altered quite,
Oh, reformation rare!
This modern den of thieves, this night,
Became a house of prayer! "

A COACH WOMAN.

A YOUNG woman in England whose father kept a livery stable, was so fond of horses, that she usually drove one of the carriages, and stood beside the horses waiting for passengers. One day her father in passing her, inquired if she had had any call. She answered, no, for none had offered to engage her car-

riage but a Quaker, and she refused to take him, for she hated the Quakers. Her father reproved her, and asked where the Quaker went. She pointed out a house in which he had entered. He then ordered her to drive to the door, and wait till he came out again. She obeyed, and while standing there, a Friend before going into the house, stopped and addressed a few words to her on the subject of religion, which made a remarkable impression. She dwelt upon them, and by attending to the influence of grace, advanced step by step, until she became not only a Quaker, but a minister in the Society. Some years after she was visiting families in another part of England, and at one Friend's house was asked in what place she was brought up. On her mentioning the name of her native city, the Friend inquired, "What has become of a young woman who drove a hack in that place? I once spoke a few words to her while she was standing at a door." She replied, "I am she."

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

By E. C. Stedman.

O ! not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd ;
Where all is in beauty and splendor arrayed,
Where the nuptials perform'd of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,
By the altar, the mitre-crown'd bishop, and book ;
Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to Him
Before whom the pomp of religion is dim ;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveil'd, save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood ;
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,
Yet fair as the lily just pluck'd from its stem.

A tear glisten'd bright in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom half utter'd a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,
And the low murmur'd accents recorded in heaven.

I've been at the bridal, where wealth spread the board ;
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was pour'd ;
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said ;

I've seen the fond sire in his thin locks of gray,
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away ;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep furrow'd cheek,
And bow'd the assent which his lips might not speak :

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
Nought seemed to my eye so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's—"Until death I am thine."

THE QUAKERS DURING THE AMERICAN WAR.

From Howitt's Country Year-Book.

GEORGE DILWYN was an American, a remarkable preacher among the Quakers. About fifty years ago he came over to this country, on what we have already said is termed a "Religious Visit," and being in Cornwall, when I was there, and at George Fox's, in Falmouth—our aged relative still narrates—soon became an object of great attraction, not only from his powerful preaching, but from his extraordinary gift in conversation, which he made singularly interesting from the introduction of curious passages in his own life and experience.

His company was so much sought after, that a general invitation was given, by his hospitable and wealthy entertainer, to all the Friends of the town and neighborhood to come, and hear, and see him; and evening by evening, their rooms were crowded by visitors, who sat on seats, side by side, as in a public lecture-room.

Among other things, he related, that during the time of the Revolutionary war, one of the armies passing through a district in which a great number of Friends resided, food was demanded from the inhabitants, which was given to them. The following day the adverse army came up in pursuit, and stripped them of every kind of provision that remained; and so great was the strait to which they

were reduced, that absolute famine was before them. Their sufferings were extreme, as day after day went on, and no prospect of relief was afforded them. Death seemed to stare them in the face, and many a one was ready to despair. The forests around them were in possession of the soldiers, and the game, which otherwise might have yielded them subsistence, was killed or driven away.

After several days of great distress, they retired at night, still without hope or prospect of succor. How great, then, was their surprise and cause of thankfulness when, on the following morning, immense herds of wild deer were seen standing around their enclosures, as if driven there for their benefit! From whence they came none could tell, nor the cause of their coming, but they suffered themselves to be taken without resistance; and thus the whole people were saved, and had great store of provisions laid up for many weeks.

Again, a similar circumstance occurred near the sea-shore, when the flying and pursuing armies had stripped the inhabitants, and when, apparently to add to their distress, the wind set in with such unusual violence, and the sea drove the tide so far inland, that the people near the shore were obliged to abandon their houses, and those in the town retreat to their upper rooms. This also being during the night, greatly added to their distress; and, like the others, they were ready to despair. Next morning, however, they found that God had not been unmindful of them; for the tide had brought up with it a

most extraordinary shoal of mackerel, so that every place was filled with them, where they remained ready taken, without net or skill of man—a bountiful provision for the wants of the people, till other relief could be obtained.

Another incident he related, which occurred in one of the back settlements, when the Indians had been employed to burn the dwellings of the settlers, and cruelly to murder the people. One of these solitary habitations was in the possession of a Friend's family. They lived in such secure simplicity, that they had hitherto had no apprehension of danger, and used neither bar nor bolt to their door, having no other means of securing their dwelling from intrusion than by drawing in the leathern thong by which the wooden latch inside was lifted from without.

The Indians had committed frightful ravages all around, burning and murdering without mercy. Every evening brought forth tidings of horror, and every night the unhappy settlers surrounded themselves with such defences as they could muster—even then, for dread, scarcely being able to sleep. The Friend and his family, who had hitherto put no trust in the arm of flesh, but had left all in the keeping of God, believing that man often ran in his own strength to his own injury, had used so little precaution, that they slept without even withdrawing the string, and were as yet uninjured. Alarmed, however, at length, by the fears of others, and by the dreadful rumors that surrounded them, they yielded to their fears on one particular night, and,

before retiring to rest, drew in the string, and thus secured themselves as well as they were able.

In the dead of the night, the Friend, who had not been able to sleep, asked his wife if she slept; and she replied that she could not, for her mind was uneasy. Upon this he confessed that the same was his case, and that he believed it would be the safest for him to rise and put out the string of the latch as usual. On her approving of this it was done, and the two lay down again, commending themselves to the keeping of God.

This had not occurred above ten minutes, when the dismal sound of the war-whoop echoed through the forest, filling every heart with dread, and almost immediately afterward they counted the footsteps of seven men pass the window of their chamber, which was on the ground floor, and the next moment the door-string was pulled, the latch lifted, and the door opened. A debate of a few minutes took place, the purport of which, as it was spoken in the Indian language, was unintelligible to the inhabitants; but that it was favorable to them was proved by the door being again closed, and the Indians retiring without having crossed the threshold.

The next morning they saw the smoke rising from burning habitations all around them; parents were weeping for their children who were carried off, and children lamenting over their parents who had been cruelly slain.

Some years afterward, when peace was restored, and the colonists had occasion to hold conferences

with the Indians, this Friend was appointed as one for that purpose, and speaking in favor of the Indians, he related the above incident; in reply to which an Indian observed, that, by the simple circumstance of putting out the latch-string, which proved confidence rather than fear, their lives and their property had been saved; for that he himself was one of that marauding party, and that, on finding the door open, it was said: "These people shall live; they will do us no harm, for they put their trust in the GREAT SPIRIT."

During the whole American Revolution, indeed, the Indians, though incited by the whites to kill and scalp the enemy, never molested the Friends, as the people of Father Onas, or William Penn, and as the avowed opponents of all violence. Through the whole war there were but two instances to the contrary, and they were occasioned by the two Friends themselves. The one was a young man, a tanner, who went to his tan-yard and back daily unmolested, while devastation spread on all sides; but at length, thoughtlessly carrying a gun to shoot some birds, the Indians, in ambush, believed that he had deserted his principles and shot him. The other was a woman, who, when the dwellings of her neighbors were nightly fired, and the people themselves murdered, was importuned by the officers of a neighboring fort to take refuge there till the danger was over. For some time she refused, and remained unharmed amid general destruction; but at length, letting in fear, she went for one night to the fort, but was so

uneasy, that the next morning she quitted it to return to her home. The Indians, however, believed that she too had abandoned her principles and joined the fighting part of the community, and before she reached home she was shot by them.

THE WRONG MAN HUNG.

Abridged from Life of Peter Bedford.

A REMARKABLE circumstance first drew the attention of Peter Bedford to juvenile criminals. In the year 1815 a gentleman whilst in a crowd was robbed of his watch. John Knight was apprehended for it, tried, and condemned to death. Peter Bedford was solicited to do what he could to have the man's life spared, and he gave attention to the case, which he thus related to his friends :

"I called on Dr. Lushington, and told him I wanted him to go with me to Newgate. He replied: 'Well, Bedford, if you wish it, I will not say I will go with you with pleasure, but I will go with you,' and we went. Knight was left for execution on the following week.

"Previously to our reaching Newgate I said, 'Now, Lushington, it is necessary to take care not to raise any expectations of this poor fellow's life being spared.'

"We reached the prison, and I kept in the back-ground and left the Doctor to speak with him. After

he had addressed him in a very suitable manner on the occasion, the lad turned round to him and said, 'I didn't steal the watch.' 'Why, what do you mean?' said the doctor. 'Indeed, sir, I didn't steal the watch. It was John Grew, a weaver, and there is a boy now in the prison who can tell you all about it; his name is Green.'

"I seated myself on the bench by the side of the poor boy Knight, and said to him: 'Well, Knight, this is very extraordinary. Why do you attempt to say you are innocent of the crime for which you have been tried and pronounced guilty?' I spoke very kindly to him, but still he persevered in saying, 'Indeed, sir, I didn't steal it.'

"I afterwards learned that he did not steal the watch, though he had attempted to do so. It appeared that Knight raised the watch in the gentleman's fob, but withdrew without accomplishing his object, believing he was discovered. As he was retreating, another man, named Grew, effected the robbery. Grew, however, eluded the grasp of the gentleman, who seized Knight and held him, and afterwards on the trial swore he had never let him go. That was the ground on which Lord Sidmouth ordered his execution.

"We talked to Knight about the awfulness of his situation, and how serious it would be for him to die with a lie upon his tongue.

"With an impression that he was guilty we left him, and saw the boy Green, who confirmed all that Knight said."

They went to see the father of the condemned man, and found him so crushed and stupefied as hardly to be able to answer their questions. They told him to take them to the Virginia Planter, a public house, and a notorious place for thieves. They there found a well-known low character named Bill Horne, and stated the anxiety they felt to save poor Knight if they could prove his innocence.

"Bill knew all about it, and said, 'the real thief was John Grew.' 'Well,' we said, 'we must have him to-night.' Bill replied: 'You can't have him to-night; we don't know where he is; but you shall know to-morrow.' Bill's heart was touched with the kindness of the motive we had in view, and promised he would do the best he could to find him out. We requested that as soon as any information was obtained, Bill and his companions would come to my house. But here again I was in some difficulty, because I had only two female servants in the house (P. B. was a bachelor), in which also was a good deal of property. So I deliberated whether I should stay at home, and not go to our usual Meeting for worship. I decided to let everything go on as usual. Just before going to Meeting I informed the servant as to what kind of people might come during my absence, and requested her to send them to me. So I went off to Meeting, and had been there only about twenty minutes when I saw the door slowly open and the father of poor Knight enter. I left my seat and went out with him, and in the yard we found Bill Horne, Grew himself, and

the young man that received the watch from his hand, together with some other companions.

"Grew accosted me and said: 'As soon as I knew, Mr. Bedford, that you were wishing to find me out, I determined I would come to you; and there is the person that received the watch.' I said 'Walk with me to my house,' and thither I went, escorted with such a company as that. When we reached it, I took them into the parlor, and took down their depositions. I then fixed for them to be at my house again.

"Next day Dr. Lushington met the party at my house, and after investigating the case thoroughly, we were satisfied that Knight had only made the attempt to steal the watch, but though innocent of the fact, was guilty of being concerned. All our evidence was now complete except possession of the watch, which we ascertained had been lodged with a pawnbroker for £3. I resolved to obtain it, but as I knew it was stolen property, the doctor said to me, 'Bedford, mind what you are doing.' I replied, 'Yes, doctor, I think I do know what I am about.'

"I then took Knight's father aside and said: 'Knight, we *must* have that watch.' He replied: 'I have not got the money to get it.' I answered: 'The watch *must* be had.' I then talked to him about his son's case, and the poor man was much distressed. At length I dismissed him, previously however giving him £3. Had I not a right to give him £30 if I liked? And had I not said, 'we *must* have the watch?'"

Several other Friends agreed to accompany them to request an interview with Lord Sidmouth. "After going fairly into our plans two coaches were ordered; we went in one (with the watch), and Knight, Grew, and Horne in the other; and we promptly obtained an interview at the Home Office with Lord Sidmouth. After Fowell Buxton and others had stated the case, Lord Sidmouth said: 'I tell you that after investigating the case, or any such case, and giving it the best attention I could, even if I were mistaken, I should think it right under the circumstances that the execution should go on; for the person who lost the watch swore positively that he seized the man by the collar, and never let him go.' I believe Lord Sidmouth entertained the idea of the case most sincerely, but he was in error. We entreated him to see the young man. 'No,' he replied, 'but Mr. So-and-so at the office will examine him.'

"We went with Grew to the official named, and after his examination, when we got outside the building, Dr. Lushington clapped his hands and said: 'Oh, Bedford, we have saved his life.' But Fowell Buxton said: 'I am not so sure of that.' I now went into the country, where I received a note from Dr. L., saying: 'My dear Bedford, I have just seen Mr. Bowler at Newgate, and I find that Knight was executed, declaring his innocence three times, when the cap was drawn over his face; and thus he died.'"

ELIZABETH FRY'S "TEXT-BOOK."

From "Life of E. Fry, by S. Corder."

A TEXT-BOOK, bound in red leather, which Elizabeth Fry had given to a little grandson, fell out of his pocket at the Lynn Mart, where he had gone to visit the lions. He was a very little boy, and much disconcerted at the loss of his book, for his name was in it, and that it was "the gift of his grandmother," written by herself. The transaction was almost forgotten, when nearly a year afterwards, Richardson Coxe, the clergyman of Watlington, a parish about eight miles from Lynn, gave the following history of the lost book: He had been sent for to the wife of a man living on a wild common at the outskirts of his parish, a notorious character, between poacher and rat-catcher. The message was brought to the clergyman by the medical man who attended her, and who after describing her as being strangely altered, added: "you will find the lion become a lamb," and so it proved; she, who had been wild and rough, whose language had been violent, and her conduct untamed, lay on a bed of exceeding suffering, humble, patient, and resigned.

Her child had picked up the text-book, and carried it home as lawful spoil. Curiosity, or some feeling put into her heart by Him without whom a sparrow falleth not to the ground, had induced her to read it; the word had been blessed to her, and her understanding opened to receive the Gospel

truth. She could not describe the process ; but the results were there. Sin had in her sight become hateful ; blasphemy was no longer heard from her lips. She drew from under her pillow her "precious book," her "dear little book," which had been the means of leading her soul to Him who taketh away sin. She soon after died in peace and holy hope.

PRESERVATION FROM FAMINE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

From James Backhouse's Journal.

IN commenting on the merciful dealings of the Most High with them, and the manner in which He who careth for the sparrows provided for them in the seasons of dismay which had occurred in the previous year, M. Wimmer said : the drought prevailed so long that their milk failed, till they were really in want ; but then rain fell, while the weather was yet warm, and the grass began to spring, and the bushes to grow.

No sooner were their hopes thus revived, than a swarm of locusts came and devoured every green thing ; the milk again failed, but the people eat the locusts. When these were gone the cattle were too poor to support the people ; and he thought now, "Oh ! what will my poor people do ? Where will they obtain food ?"

At this juncture a vast herd of springboks overran the country, and though their destruction of the recruiting vegetation was scarcely less than that of the locusts, yet they afforded the necessary temporary supply of food. The people shot them as long as their ammunition lasted, and when it was spent they hunted them into places among the rocks, where they caught them, and by the time these were gone, they again had a supply of milk.

CONVINCEMENT OF A FRIEND.

WHEN I lived in the country, George Fox had several Meetings in those parts, to one of which I went, and while on my way to the Meeting, this query presented itself to my mind: What is that which I feel condemning me for evil, and that justifies me when I do well? What is it? At the Meeting, George Fox addressed the audience as follows: "Who art thou that quieriest—what is it that I feel that condemns me for evil, and justifies me when I do well? What is it? I will tell thee: Lo, He that formeth the mountains, and createth the wind, and declareth unto man what is his thought—the *Lord of Hosts* is his name." He then proceeded to recommend a close attention to this divine and inward teacher, as the means of redemption from evil.

Thus it was that I became convinced of the truth, and have since been desirous of keeping thereto.

A QUAKER FUNERAL.

From J. S. Buckingham's Travels in America.

DURING our stay at Saratoga, we had our house of feasting turned into a house of mourning, by the death of a young Quaker* from Providence. He came here with his parents, brother, and sisters, and was laboring under inflammatory rheumatism. He was considered to have recovered from this affection, when suddenly he was seized with spasms of the heart, and faintness, and before his father could come to him—though sleeping in the next room—he expired. This event, as might be expected, threw a sadness and a gloom over the inmates of the house in which it occurred; and when the funeral of the deceased took place, it was attended by all who were within the dwelling.

It was the first Quaker funeral at which I had ever been present; and it affected me very deeply, from the simple and unostentatious solemnity by which it was characterized. The coffin of plain mahogany, without the appearance of breast-plate, handles, or escutcheon, was brought from the bedroom by the young men who were his friends and

* Charles Jenkins, son of William Jenkins, of Providence, R. I.

companions in life (and by whom, also, it was alternately carried to the grave), and placed on a large table, prepared with a clean white linen cloth spread, on which to receive it. It was followed by the parents, relatives, and personal friends, who walked after it in pairs, but in their ordinary dresses, as neither black clothes, nor any other outward emblems are ever worn by the Quakers. They then took their seats on the sofas and chairs around the drawing-rooms, and soon after this the remaining space was occupied by nearly two hundred persons living in the house, and some few from the neighborhood belonging to the Society of Friends.

A dead silence prevailed, which continued for more than half an hour; and so unbroken and profound was the stillness, that the fall of a pin might be heard if dropped on the floor. There was something indescribably impressive in this spectacle of a gayly dressed assemblage of persons, congregated for pleasure at this focus of gayety and thoughtlessness, sitting in an ordinary drawing-room, with the dead body of one of their own companions—alive but two days before—lying in the cold shroud of death in the very midst of them. I do not think that any spoken discourse, however eloquent, could have more powerfully arrested the feelings, or awakened the attention to the certainty and frequent suddenness of death, and the hourly necessity for a preparation for it, than was effected by the silent scene before us; and accordingly many eyes besides

those of the friends and relatives of the deceased, were filled with tears.

At length a venerable old Quaker gentleman, upwards of eighty years of age, who had come in from the country to attend the funeral, arose and addressed the assembly. "It was unusual," he said, "but not unpleasing, to see so many strangers congregated together to witness the departure from among them of one of the number of their Society; and he felt impelled by an irresistible impulse to profit by the occasion, and to address a few words to those by whom he was surrounded." His observations were full of piety, beauty, and appropriateness; and there could hardly have been one present who did not respond to the aspiration with which he concluded,—"that all might be able to say in the language of the Apostle, 'It was good for me to have been here.'" Another pause of profound silence ensued, which was quite as impressive as before; and another short address from the same venerable patriarch, the last, he thought it probable, he might ever be permitted to utter in the presence of others, which made almost every one present weep copiously.

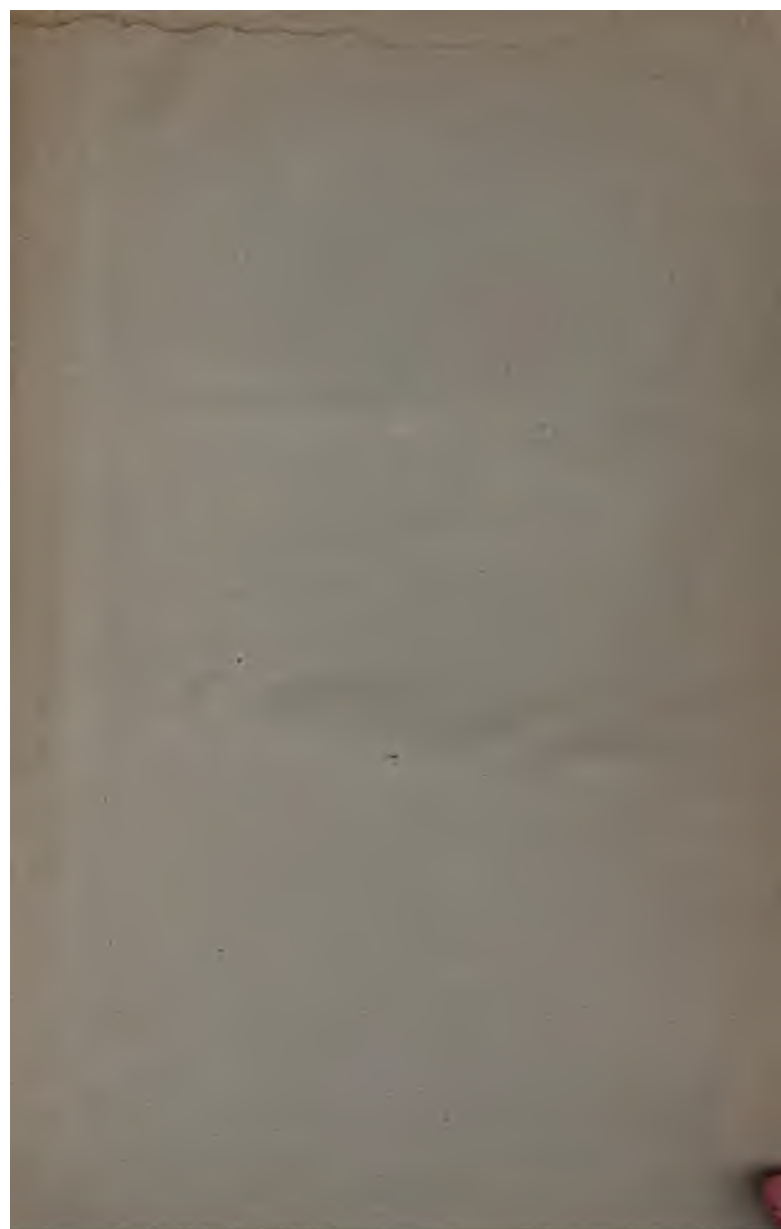
To the pause which succeeded the close of this followed a most touching scene. The stepmother of the deceased, who had sat beside her deeply afflicted husband, and surrounded by her sorrowing children, fell gently on her knees from the place where she sat, and while nearly all the strangers

present instinctively followed her, assuming the same supplicating attitude, she poured forth a prayer so full of eloquence, devotion, sweetness, tenderness, and simple beauty, as to penetrate many hearts. The evident struggles between her own feelings, and her sense of duty, which caused her voice every now and then to falter, and her utterance to become choked, and which shook her husband with deep and convulsive sobs, was so powerful and so truthful an exhibition of the genuine pathos of unaffected nature under bereavement with which all could sympathize deeply, that never perhaps was there an assembly of the same number of persons more completely absorbed in devotion, awe, and grief combined, as the kneeling mourners (for so all had become by sympathy) which surrounded the corpse of this young and suddenly snatched flower fading before their eyes ; while the sweetest accents of maternal love, piety, and resignation filled their ears, and penetrated the inmost recesses of their hearts.

I have seen many funerals, in many different lands, and conducted in many different modes, from the "pomp and vanities" which swell the death pageantry of heroes and kings, to the simple interment of the friendless mariner who is consigned to a watery grave, without prayer or chaplain, by the hands of his brother shipmates ; but I never remember to have witnessed anything half so heart-searching and mind-impressing as this ; and I can-

not but believe that if so simple, yet purely devotional a mode of interring were universally adopted by Christian nations, instead of the "plumed hearse, the hired mourners, the long, unmeaning cavalcade, with scarfs, and bands, and sable cloaks," when all within is coldness and indifference, the change would be highly beneficial, if the object of accompanying the interment of the dead with any ceremonial at all be to impress the living with the necessity of preparing to follow them.

THE END.





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